

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS,
The Son of ULYSSES.

WRITTEN BY
The Archbishop of CAMBRAY:

A
NEW TRANSLATION,
IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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M D C C L X X V I.



T H E
A D V E N T U R E S
O F
T E L E M A C H U S,

The Son of ULYSSES.
BOOK the THIRTEENTH.

The A R G U M E N T.

Idomeneus relates to Mentor his confidence in Protefilaus, and the artifices of this favourite, who had conspired with Timocrates to destroy Philocles, and to betray Idomeneus himself. He owns, that being prejudiced by these two men against Philocles, he had ordered Timocrates to go and kill him in an expedition wherein he commanded his fleet; that Timocrates having failed in his attempt, Philocles had spared his life, and retired to the isle of Samos, after having resigned the command of the fleet to Polymenes, whom Idomeneus had appointed to succeed him by an order under his own hand; and that notwithstanding Protefilaus's treachery, he could not prevail with himself to part with him.

AND now the fame of Idomeneus mild and gentle reign allures from all parts crowds of people who come to incorporate themselves with his, and to seek their happiness under so amiable a government. Already the fields, which had been so long over-run with thorns and brambles, promise rich harvests and fruits till then unknown; the earth opens her bosom to the plough-share, and prepares her riches to recompense the husbandman; hope dawns every where. Flocks of sheep are seen bounding on the grass in the valleys and on the hills, and herds likewise of bulls and heifers that make the lofty mountains echo with their lowings; these cattle fattened the fields. Mentor found the means of procuring them; for he advised Idomeneus to make with the Peucetes, a neighbouring nation, an exchange of all the superfluous things which were no longer suffered in Salentum, for these flocks and herds which the Salentines wanted.

At the same time the city and adjacent villages were full of lovely youths, who had long languished in want, and had not dared to marry for fear of increasing their miseries. When they saw that Idomeneus entertained sentiments of humanity, and was willing to be their father, they were no more apprehensive of hunger, or any other plagues which heaven inflicts on the earth. Nothing was now heard but shouts of joy, and the songs of swains and husbandmen celebrating their nuptials: insomuch that one would have thought one had seen the god Pan

with multitudes of Satyrs and Fauns interspersed among the nymphs, and dancing to their tuneful flutes in the shade. All was serene and smiling; but their joys were moderate, and their pleasures only a refreshment after long fatigues, which quickened and made them the purer.

The old men, surprised to see what they durst not hope for in the whole course of their long lives, wept through an excess of joy and love; and lifting up their trembling hands to heaven, O great Jupiter, said they, bless the king who resembles you, and is the choicest present you ever bestowed upon us. He is born for the good of mankind; return him all the blessings we receive from him. Our children's children, descended from these marriages which he encourages, will owe every thing even their very birth to him, and he will truly be the father of all his subjects. The lads and lasses who married, expressed their raptures by singing the praises of the author of their ravishing joys. Their mouths, and their hearts still more, were incessantly filled with his name; they thought themselves happy in seeing, and were apprehensive of losing him; for every family would bitterly have bewailed his loss.

Upon this, Idomeneus owned to Mentor that he had never felt so sensible a pleasure as that of being beloved, and of making many people happy. I could not have believed it, said he; I thought that all the grandeur of princes consisted in making themselves feared; that the rest of mankind were born for them; and all I had

heard of kings who were the darlings and delight of their people, seemed a mere fable to me; I am now convinced that it was truth. But I must inform you how my heart was poisoned in my very infancy with regard to regal authority, which was the cause of all the misfortunes of my life. Hereupon Idomeneus began the following narration :

Protesilaus, who is a little older than I, was of all the young men he whom I loved the most, his sprightly daring temper hit my taste. He entered into my pleasures, he flattered my passions, and made me suspicious of another young man, whose name was Philocles, whom I likewise loved. The latter feared the gods, had a great soul, and commanded his passions : He placed greatness not in raising but in conquering himself, and in doing nothing mean. He often told me freely of my faults; and even when he durst not speak, his silence and the grief of his countenance gave me sufficiently to understand what he meant to reproach me with.

At first his sincerity pleased me. I often protested to him, that I would hear and confide in him as long as I lived, in order to be preserved from flatterers. He told me all that I must do to tread in the steps of Minos, and to render my kingdom happy. He had not so profound a wisdom as you, Mentor ; but I now perceive that his maxims were good. By degrees the artifices of Protesilaus, who was jealous and very ambitious, gave me a disgust of Philocles. The latter not being forward or officious, suffered the other to get the ascendant, and was

contented with always telling me the truth, when I was willing to hear it; for it was my good, and not his own advancement that he sought.

Protesilaus insensibly persuaded me that he was a person of a morose and haughty temper, who censured all my actions, and asked nothing of me, because his pride would not let him stoop to be obliged, and made him aspire to the reputation of a man who is above all preferences. He added, That this young man who told me so freely of my failings, spoke of them as freely to others; that he let people see that he had very little esteem for me; and that by thus lessening my reputation, and by making a shew of an austere virtue, he sought to open himself a way to the throne.

At first I could not believe that Philocles had had any such design; for there is in true virtue a certain candour and ingenuity which can neither be counterfeited nor mistaken, provided we consider it with attention. The perseverance however of Philocles in condemning my weaknesses began to tire me; and Protesilaus's complaisance and unwearied diligence in finding me new pleasures, made me still more impatiently bear with the austerity of the other.

Mean time Protesilaus, unable to brook my not crediting all his insinuations against his rival, resolved to speak to me no more about him but to convince me of their truth by something stronger than words. He accomplished his design in deceiving me in the following manner. He advised me to send Philocles to command a

fleet which was to attack that of Carpathus. In order to induce me to it. You know, said he, that my commendations of him cannot be suspected; I own that he has courage, and genius for war; he will serve you better than any man, and I prefer your interest to all my resentment against him.

I was extremely glad to find Protefilaus's heart, to whom I had entrusted the administration of my most important affairs, so upright and just. I embraced him in a transport of joy, and thought myself exceeding happy in having reposed all my confidence in one who seemed so much above passion and self-interest. But alas! how greatly are princes to be pitied! This man knew me better than I knew myself: he knew that kings are usually suspicious and indolent; suspicious through their continual experience of the artifices of the corrupt persons about them; and indolent, because pleasures tyrannize over them, and they are habituated to have others to think for them, without taking the trouble of it themselves. He was sensible therefore that it would not be difficult for him to make me suspicious and jealous of a man who would not fail to perform great actions, especially as his absence would give him all opportunities of spreading snares for him.

Philocles at his departure knew what would befall him. Remember, said he, that I shall no longer have it in my power to defend myself; that my adversary only will have your ear; and that while I am serving you at the hazard of my life, I shall run the risk of hav-

ing no recompence but your displeasure. You are mistaken, said I; Protefilaus does not speak of you as you do of him : he praises you, he esteems you, he thinks you worthy of the most important employments. Should he offer to say any thing against you, he would lose my confidence. Fear nothing, go your ways, and mind only to serve me well. He departed, and left me in a strange situation.

I must confess, Mentor, that I plainly saw how necessary it was for me to have several persons to consult, and that nothing was more prejudicial either to my reputation or the prosperity of my affairs, than to give myself up to one only. I had experienced that the wise counsels of Philocles had saved me from several dangerous errors, into which Protefilaus's haughtiness would have made me fall. I clearly perceived that there was in Philocles a fund of probity and just principles, which was not so visible in Protefilaus ; but I had suffered the latter to assume a certain peremptory air ; which I now could hardly resist. I was tried with being continually between two men whom I could not reconcile ; and in this irksome situation was so weak as to chuse rather to run the risk of prejudicing my affairs, than not to enjoy my liberty. I durst not even tell myself the shameful motive of this resolution ; and yet this shameful motive, which I dared not discover, operated secretly in the bottom of my heart, and was the true spring of all my actions.

Philocles surprised the enemy, obtained a complete victory, and was hastening to return,

in order to prevent the ill offices of which he was apprehensive. But Protefilaus, who had not yet had time to deceive me, wrote him word that I ordered him to make a descent on the isle of Carpathus, to reap the fruits of his victory. And indeed he had persuaded me that I might easily make a conquest of that island; but then he managed matters so, that Philocles wanted several things which were necessary to such an enterprize, and tied him down to certain orders which occasioned various disappointments in the execution of it.

Mean while he made use of a very corrupt domestic of mine, who took notice of the minutest things, to give him an account of them; though they appeared seldom to see each other, and never to agree in any thing. This domestic, whose name was Timocrates, came one day to tell me as an important secret, that he had discovered a very dangerous affair. Philocles, said he, designs to make use of your naval forces to render himself king of the island of Carpathus. The commanders of the troops are his creatures; all the soldiers are won over by his profuse liberalities, and yet more by the pernicious licentiousness in which he permits them to live. He is puffed up with his victory. Here is a letter he wrote to one of his friends about his project of making himself king, which it is impossible to doubt of after so evident a proof.

I read the letter, and it seemed to me to be Philocles's hand, which Protefilaus and Timocrates had counterfeited with great exactness.

This letter threw me into a strange surprize. I read it again and again; and could not persuade myself that it was written by Philocles, when I recalled to my troubled mind all the strong proofs he had given me of his disinterestedness and integrity. And yet what could I do? How could I not credit a letter, in which I thought I certainly knew the hand-writing of Philocles?

When Timocrates saw that I could no longer withstand his artifice he pushed it yet further. May I presume, said he, with some hesitation, to desire you to take notice of one particular in this letter? Philocles tells his friend that he may talk in confidence with Protefilaus concerning something which he expresses only in a cypher: Protefilaus is certainly engaged in the design of Philocles, and they are reconciled at your expence. You know that it was Protefilaus who urged you to send Philocles against the Carpathians. He has lately ceased to speak against him as he often did heretofore. On the contrary, he extolls him, he excuses him on all occasions: they for some time visited each other with great civility. Without doubt Protefilaus has concerted measures with Philocles to share the conquest of Carpathus with him. You yourself know how he pressed the undertaking of this enterprize contrary to all rules, and that he exposes your naval forces to destruction, to gratify his ambition. Do you believe that he would be thus subservient to that of Philocles, if there were still a misunderstanding between them? No, no, there is no doubt but that they are closely united together to raise

themselves to an high pitch of power, and perhaps to subvert the very throne on which you yourself reign. In speaking to you in this manner, I know that I expose myself to their resentment, if, notwithstanding my sincere advice, you still leave your authority in their hands. But no matter, provided I tell you the truth.

These last words of Timocrates made a deep impression upon me. I no longer doubted of the treason of Philocles, and mistrusted Protefilaus as his friend. Timocrates in the meanwhile was incessantly saying, If you wait till Philocles has conquered the isle of Carpathus, it will be too late to put a stop to his designs. Hasten therefore to make sure of him while you can. I was shocked at the deep dissimulation of men, and knew no longer in whom to confide; for having discovered Philocles's treachery, there was not a man on the earth whose virtue could cure me of my suspicions. I resolved to put the perfidious wretch to death as soon as possible; but I dreaded Protefilaus, and knew not what to do with regard to him: I was afraid to find him guilty, and afraid likewise to trust him.

At length I could not help telling him, in my confusion, that I was grown jealous of Philocles. He seemed surprised at it; he represented to me his upright and moderate conduct; he magnified his services; in a word, he did all that was necessary to convince me that he had too good an understanding with him. On the other side, Timocrates lost no oppor-

tunity to make me take notice of their friendship, and to induce me to destroy Philocles, while it was in my power to do it. See, my dearest Mentor, how unhappy kings are, and how liable to be made the tools even of those who seem to tremble at their feet.

I thought I should act a master-piece of policy, and disconcert the measures of Protefilaus, by privately sending Timocrates to the fleet to put Philocles to death. Protefilaus played the hypocrite to the last, and deceived me the more effectually, the more naturally he acted the part of one who is deceived himself. Timocrates departed, and found Philocles under great difficulties in his descent. He was in want of every thing; for Protefilaus, not knowing whether his forged letter would effect the ruin of his enemy, was willing to have another expedient ready at the same time, the miscarriage of an enterprize of which he had given me very raised expectations, and could not fail to irritate me against Philocles. The latter sustained this difficult war by his courage, capacity, and the love which the soldiers had for him. Though the whole army knew that this descent was rash, and would be fatal to the Cretans, yet every one laboured as much to make it succeed, as if his life and happiness depended on its success; every one was contented hourly to hazard his life under a leader so wise and so intent on making himself beloved.

Timocrates had every thing to apprehend in attempting to dispatch a general in the midst of an army who so passionately loved him; but

mad ambition is blind. Timocrates thought nothing difficult to gratify Protefilaus with whom he imagined he should share an absolute dominion over me after the death of Philocles; and Protefilaus could not bear a man of probity, whose very sight was a secret reproach of his crimes, and who by opening my eyes might ruin all his projects.

Timocrates seduced two captains who were continually with Philocles; he promised them great rewards in my name, and then told Philocles that he came by my order to acquaint him with some secret affairs, which he was to communicate to him in the presence of these two captains only. Whereupon Philocles having shut himself up with him, Timocrates stabbed him with a poinard, but it slipt aside and did not penetrate far, Philocles, with great composure of mind, wrested it from him, and made use of it against him and the other two; and calling out at the same time, some soldiers ran to the door, broke it open, and disengaged Philocles from the hands of the three assassins; who being confused, had made but a faint attack upon him. They wrere seized, and would have been torn in pieces by the enraged army, had not Philocles withheld them. He then took Timocrates aside, and asked him who had put him upon committing so black a deed. Timocrates, terrified with the apprehension of death, mediately showed him the order I had given him under my own hand to kill Philocles; and, as traitors are always cowards, endeavour'd to save his life by discovering Protefilaus's

Philocles, though he was shocked at finding so much malice in mankind, acted a very moderate part. He declared to the whole army that Timocrates was innocent ; he provided for his safety, and sent him back to Crete. He then resigned the charge of the army to Polymenes, whom I had appointed, by an order written with my own hand, to command when Philocles should be slain. And lastly, having exhorted the soldiers to continue faithful in their allegiance to me, he went by night on board a small bark, which carried him to the isle of Samos, where he now lives in peace poverty and solitude, making statues to get his bread, and not caring to hear of false and unjust men, but especially of kings. whom of all men he deems the blindest and most unhappy.

Here Mentor interrupted Idomeneus. Well, said he, were you long in discovering the truth? No, replied Idomeneus: I perceived by degrees the artifices of Protefilaus and Timocrates; they quarreled with each other, (for the wicked find it very difficult to continue united) and their dissention plainly shewed me the deep abyss into which they had plunged me. Well, answered Mentor, did you not resolve to get rid of them both? Alas! replied Idomeneus, are you ignorant of the weaknesses and difficulties which princes labour under? When they have once delivered themselves up to corrupt and presumptuous men, who have art enough to make themselves necessary, they can no longer hope for the least freedom. Those whom they despise the most, are the very persons whom they treat the

best, and on whom they heap their favours. I abhorred Protefilaus, and yet I continued him in his power. Strange illusion! I was overjoyed that I knew him, and yet had not resolution enough to resume the authority I had given him. Besides, I found him good-natured, complaisant, industrious in flattering my passions, zealous for my interest; in short I found reasons to excuse my weakness to myself, because I was a stranger to true virtue, for want of chusing men of probity to conduct my affairs. I thought that there were none on the earth, and that integrity was only a beautiful phantom. What signifies it, said I, to make a great stir to get out of the hands of one corrupt man, only to fall into those of another, who will not be more disinterested nor more sincere than he? Mean time the fleet under the command of Polymenes returned. I thought no more of the conquest of the isle of Carpathus, and Protefilaus could not dissemble so deeply, but that I discovered how vexed he was to hear that Philocles was safe in Samos.

Mentor interrupted Idomeneus in order to ask him, If he continued, after so black a piece of treachery, to entrust all his affairs to Protefilaus. I was, replied Idomeneus, too averse to business, and too suspicious to be able to get out of his hands; for then I must have disconcerted the scheme I had laid down for my own ease, and have been at the trouble of intrusting somebody else, which I had not resolution enough to undertake: I rather chose to shut my eyes, that I might not see Protefilaus's arti-

fices ; and only eafed my mind by letting fome of my particular confidants know, that I was not a ftranger to his villanies. Thus did I fancy that I was but half deceived, fince I knew that I was deceived. Sometimes, however, I made Protefilaus himfelf fenfible that I bore his yoke with impatience ; and often took a pleafure in contradicting him, in publicly cenfuring fome of his actions, and indetermining contrary to his opinion ; but as he knew my floth and fupinenefs, he gave himfelf no concern about any difcontent of mine. He obftinately returned to the attack : fometimes in an importune and fometimes in a cringing and infinuating way. And when he perceived that I was exasperated againft him, he then particularly doubled his diligence to furnifh new amufments which were likely to mollify or embark me in fome affair, wherein he might have an opportunity to render himfelf neceffary, and to make the moft of his zeal for my honour.

Though I was upon my guard againft him, yet this way of foothing my paffions always got the better of me. He knew my fecrets ; he eafed me under my difficulties ; he made every body tremble at my power. In fhort, I could not refolve to part with him ; and, by maintaining him in his poft, I put it out of the power of all honeft men to fhew me my true intereft. From this time there was no freedom of fpeech in my counfels ; truth fled far from me, and error which paves the way to the downfal of princes, was a judgment upon me for having facrificed Philocles to Protefilaus's

cruel ambition. Even they, who had most zeal for my person and the good of the state thought themselves under no obligation to undeceive me, after so dreadful an example. I myself, my dear Mentor, was afraid lest truth should break through the cloud, and reach even to me, in spite of all my flatterers; for not having the resolution to follow it, its light was troublesome to me: and then I was conscious that it would have occasioned me the bitterest compunction, and not have rescued me from so unhappy a situation. My effeminacy, and the ascendant which Protefilaus had insensibly gained over me, plunged me into a kind of despair of ever recovering my liberty. I was unwilling to view my shameful condition myself, or to suffer others to do it. You know, my dear Mentor, the vain pride and false glory in which kings are bred up; they will never be in the wrong. To hide one fault they commit a hundred. Rather than own that they are mistaken, and give themselves the trouble of rectifying their errors, they suffer themselves to be deluded all their lives long. Such is the condition of weak and indolent princes, and such was mine precisely, when I was obliged to go to the siege of Troy.

At my departure I left the management of my affairs to Protefilaus, and he governed in my absence with pride and inhumanity. The whole kingdom of Crete groaned under his tyranny; but nobody durst send me word of the oppression of my people; knowing that I was afraid of seeing the truth, and that I gave up to Pro-

Protesilaus's cruelty all who ventured to speak against him. But the more fearful people were of discovering the evil, the more violent it grew. He afterwards constrained me to dismiss the valiant Merion, who had attended me with great glory to the siege of Troy, He was grown jealous of him, as he was of all whom I loved, and who gave any proofs of virtue.

You must know, my dear Mentor, that this is the source of all my misfortunes. It was not so much my son's death that occasioned the revolt of the Cretans, as the vengeance of the gods, who were incensed at my crimes, and the hatred of the people, which Protesilaus had drawn upon me. When I shed my son's blood, the Cretans tired of my rigorous government, had lost all patience; and the horror of this last action only induced them to make a public discovery of what long since had been concealed in their hearts.

Timocrates attended me to the siege of Troy, and gave an account privately in his letters to Protesilaus of all the discoveries he could make. I plainly perceived my thralldom, but endeavoured not to think of it, despairing of a remedy. When the Cretans revolted at my arrival, Protesilaus and Timocrates were the first who fled. They would without doubt have deserted me, had I not been constrained to fly almost as soon as they. Be assured, my dear Mentor, that men who are insolent in prosperity, are always the most abject cowards in adversity. Their heads turn as soon as absolute power forsakes them; they become as cringing as they

were proud, and pass in a moment from one extreme to the other.

Mentor said to Idomeneus, But whence comes it, as you so thoroughly know those two wicked men, that you still keep them about you, as I see you do? I am not surpris'd at their following you, as they could do nothing better for their own interest, and I think that you have done a generous action in affording them an asylum in your new settlement; but why do you deliver yourself up to them again after so many fatal trials?

You know not, answered Idomeneus, how useless all experience is to effeminate, supine, and unthinking princes. They are dissatisfied with all things, and have not courage to redress any thing. So many years of familiarity were chains of iron which linked me to these two men, who beset me every hour. Since I have been here, they have put me upon the excessive expences which you have seen; they have exhausted this rising state; they have drawn this war upon me, which but for you I should have sunk under. I should have soon experienced at Salentum the same misfortunes which I suffer'd in Crete; but you at length have opened my eyes, and inspir'd me with the courage I wanted, to deliver myself from bondage. I know not what you have done to me; but since you have been here, I find myself quite another man.

Mentor then asked Idomeneus, how Protefilaus behaved in the present change of affairs. Nothing is more artful, replied Idomeneus,

than his conduct since your arrival. At first he used all indirect methods to make me suspicious. He himself, indeed, said nothing against you, but several persons came and told me that these two strangers were much to be feared. One, said they, is the son of the deceitful Ulysses; the other wears a disguise, and has a deep head: they are used to wander from kingdom to kingdom, and who knows that they have not formed some design upon this? These adventurers themselves relate that they have caused great confusions in the countries through which they have passed. Ours is an infant unsettled state, and the least commotions might overturn it.

Protefilaus said nothing, but he endeavoured to make me see the danger and extravagance of all the reformations which you made me undertake. My own interest was the argument he made use of; if you let your subjects abound, said he, they will work no longer, but grow proud, intractable, and be always ready to revolt. Nothing but weakness and poverty makes them pliable, and hinders them from resisting authority. He has often endeavoured to resume his former ascendant over me, covering it with a pretended zeal for my service. By easing the people, said he, you debase the royal power, and thereby do the people themselves an irreparable injury; for it is necessary for their own quiet that they should be kept humble.

To all this I answered, that I should easily keep the people firm in their allegiance to me by making myself beloved by them; by remitting nothing of my authority, though I light-

ened their burden ; by resolutely punishing all offenders ; by giving children a good education, and by being strict in keeping all my subjects up to a plain, sober, and laborious life. How ! said I, is it not possible to make people obedient without starving them to death ? What inhumanity ! what brutal policy ! how many nations do we see mildly governed, and yet loyal to their princes ! that which causes rebellions, is the restless ambition of the grandees of a state, when they are entrusted with too much power, and their passions suffered to stretch beyond bounds ; it is the neglecting to punish the licentiousness of other orders in the state ; it is the multitude of the great and the vulgar who live in luxury, in pomp and idleness ; it is the too great number of military men, who have neglected all the employments which are useful in time of peace ; in short, it is the despair of the injured people ; it is the cruelty and pride of princes, and their luxury, which makes them incapable of watching over the members of state, in order to prevent disturbances : these are the causes of rebellions, and not the permitting the labourer to eat the bread in peace, which he has earned by the sweat of his brows.

When Protefilaus saw that I was immovable in these maxims, he took a course quite contrary to his former, and began to act agreeable to principles which he could not destroy ; pretending to relish them, to be convinced of their truth, and to be obliged to me for having enlightened his understanding in these matters. He anticipates all my desires to ease the poor,

and is the first to represent their wants to me, and to cry out against extravagance. You yourself know that he praises you, that he pretends to repose a confidence in you, and does every thing to please you. As for Timocrates, he begins to lose the good graces of Protefilaus, having had thoughts of rendering himself independent. Protefilaus is jealous of him, and it was partly by their differences that I discovered their perfidy.

Have you then, said Mentor to Idomeneus with a smile, been so weak as to suffer yourself to be tyrannized over for so many years by two traitors, whose treasons you knew! ah! you know not, replied Idomeneus, the ascendant which artful men have over a weak and idolent prince, who gives up the management of his affairs to them. Besides, I have told you already, that Protefilaus now enters into all your schemes for the public good.

Mentor with a grave air proceeded thus: I but too plainly see how much the wicked prevail over the good in the courts of kings: you are a sad example of it. But you say that I have opened your eyes as to Protefilaus, and yet they are still so far closed, as to leave the administration of your affairs to him, though he is not worthy to live. Know that the wicked are not incapable of doing good: they do that, or evil, indifferently, when it subserves their ambition. They do themselves no violence in committing evil, because no sentiment of goodness, nor no principle of virtue with-holds them; neither is it any pain to them to do good, because their

depravity inclines them to do it in order to seem good, and thereby impose upon the rest of mankind. Properly speaking, they are incapable of virtue, though they appear to practise it; but to the rest of their vices they are capable of adding hypocrisy, the most detestable of all. As long as you are absolutely determined to do good, Protefilaus will be ready to do it also, in order to preserve his authority; but if he finds you ever so much inclined to slacken, he will use all arts to make you relapse into your errors, that he may be at liberty to resume his fraudulent and cruel disposition. Can you live with honour and in peace, while such an one is hourly about you, and you know that the wise, the faithful Philocles lives in poverty and disgrace in the island of Samos?

You ingenuously acknowlege, Idomeneus, that bold and wily men who are present, have an absolute ascendant over weak princes; but you ought to add, that princes labour under another and no less an unhappiness, the easily forgetting the virtue and services of the absent. The multitudes who surround princes, are the cause that no one makes a deep impression upon them: they are struck only with what is present, and flatters them; every thing else is soon effaced. Virtue especially but slightly affects them, because virtue, instead of flattering them, contradicts and condemns them for their follies. And is it any wonder that they are not beloved, since they love nothing but their grandeur and their pleasures?

End of the Thirteenth Book.

T H E
A D V E N T U R E S
O F
T E L E M A C H U S,
The Son of U L Y S S E S.

B O O K the F O U R T E E N T H.

The A R G U M E N T.

Mentor prevails on Idomeneus to send Protefilans and Timocrates to the isle of Samos, and to recall Philocles, in order to replace him with honour near his person. Hegisippus, who is charged with this commission, executes it with joy. He arrives with these two men at Samos, where he finds his friend Philocles contentedly leading an indigent and solitary life. Philocles does not consent without much reluctance to return to his countrymen: but when he knows that it is the pleasure of the gods, he embarks with Hegisippus, and arrives at Salentum, where Idomeneus, who is no longer the same man, receives him in a friendly manner.

HAVING spoken these words, Mentor convinced Idomeneus that it was necessary to put away Protefilans and Timocrates, as

soon as possible, and to recall Philocles. The only difficulty which withheld the king from it, was his apprehension of the severity of Philocles. I own, said he, that I cannot help being a little apprehensive of his return, though I love and esteem him. I have from my earliest youth been accustomed to praises, to an officiousness and complaisance which I cannot hope to find in Philocles. Whenever I did any thing which he disliked, his gloomy looks sufficiently shewed that he condemned me, and when he was in private with me, his manners, though respectful and decent, were rough and austere.

Do you not observe, answered Mentor, that princes who are corrupted by flattery, think every thing rough and austere which is free and ingenuous? Nay, they go so far as to imagine that a man is not zealous for their service, and is an enemy to their authority, who has not a slavish soul, and is not apt to flatter them in an unrighteous use of their power. All freedom and generosity of speech appears to them insolent, censorious, and seditious. They are so delicate, that every thing which is not flattery, galls and provokes them. But let us go farther: supposing that Philocles is rough and austere, is not his austerity more valuable than the pernicious adulation of your counsellors? Where will you find a man without failings? And is not the failing of telling you the truth too freely that which you ought to apprehend the least? Or rather, is it not a failing which is necessary to correct yours, and to overcome

that antipathy to the truth which flattery has given you? You stand in need of a man who loves nothing but truth; who loves you more than you love yourself; who will tell you the truth whether you will or not, and force your intrenchments; and Philocles is this necessary man. Remember that a prince is exceeding happy, if one such generous person who is the most precious treasure of his kingdom, be born in his reign; and that the greatest punishment which he has to apprehend from the gods, is the losing such an one, if he renders himself unworthy of him for want of knowing how to make a proper use of him. As for the failings of men of virtue, you should contrive means to know them, but should not let them deprive you of their service. Rectify them, but never give yourself blindly up to their indiscreet zeal. Give them a favourable hearing, honour their virtue, let the public see that you know how to distinguish it; and above all, take care to be no longer what you have hitherto been. Princes who have been spoiled as you were, contenting themselves with despising corrupt men, make no scruple to employ them, and to heap benefits upon them. On the other hand, they boast that they can distinguish men of virtue, but they give them only empty praises; not daring to trust them with employments, nor to admit them into their familiarity, nor to bestow favours upon them.

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Hereupon Idomeneus said, that he was ashamed of having so long delayed to deliver oppressed innocence, and to punish those who had

imposed upon him. And Mentor had now no difficulty at all to determine the king to discard his favourite; for as soon as favourites are rendered suspected and troublesome to their master the weary and embarrassed prince seeks only to get rid of them. His friendship vanishes, services are forgotten, and the fall of favourites gives him no pain at all, provided he sees them no more.

The king immediately gave secret orders to Hegesippus, who was one of the principal officers of his household, to arrest Protefilaus and Timocrates, and to convey them in safety to the island of Samos; to leave them there, and to bring back Philocles from this place of his exile. Hegesippus, surprised at this commission, could not help weeping for joy. Now, said he to the king, you are going to win the hearts of your subjects. These two men have been the cause of all your misfortunes, and of all those of your people. For these twenty years have all men of virtue groaned under them, and their tyranny was so cruel, that they hardly durst to do that: they bear down all who attempt to come at you by any canal but theirs.

Hegesippus then discovered to the king a great number of perfidious and inhuman actions committed by these two men, which had never come to Idomeneus's ear, because no body durst to accuse them. He gave him an account likewise of his discovery of a secret conspiracy to destroy Mentor. The king shivered with horror at what he heard.

Hegesippus hastened to seize Protefilaus in

his house. It was not so large, but more commodious and pleasanter than the king's. The architecture was in a better taste, and Protefilaus had embellished it with the riches he had extracted out of the blood of the unfortunate. He happened at that time to be in a marble saloon near his bath, negligently lying on a purple couch embroidered with gold; he seemed weary and spent with his toils, and his eyes and brows discovered I know not what of trouble, of melancholy and wildness. The great officers of state were ranged around him on carpets, adjusting their faces to his, and observant even of the minutest glance of his eyes. His mouth was hardly open, when every body cried out with admiration of what he was going to say. One of the principle persons of the company repeated to him with ridiculous exaggerations, what Protefilaus himself had done for the king. Another assured him that Jupiter having deceived his mother had begotten him, and that he was the son of the father of the gods. A poet came and sung verses to him, wherein he affirmed, that Protefilaus, being taught by the muses, had equalled Apollo himself in all the various works of wit. Another poet, yet more base and impudent, stiled him in his verses the inventor of the polite arts, and the father of the people whom he rendered happy, and described him with the horn of plenty in his hand.

Protefilaus heard all these praises with a cold, heedless and scornful air, like a man who is very conscious that he merits yet greater, and that he is too condescending in suffering himself

to be praised. There was a flatterer who took the liberty to whisper in his ear a sarcasm against the policy which Mentor was endeavouring to establish. Protefilaus smiled, and the whole assembly burst out into a laugh, though it was impossible for the greater part of them to know what had been said; but Protefilaus resuming his severe and haughty air, every one was awed and silent again. Several of the nobles waited for the happy moment when Protefilaus might condescend to come and hear them, and seemed anxious and confounded because they had some favours to ask of him. Their suppliant posture spoke for them. They appeared as submissive as a mother at the foot of the altar, imploring the gods to restore her only son to health. All seemed pleased, and to love and admire Protefilaus, though they harboured in their hearts an implacable enmity against him.

At this very instant Hegesippus enters, seizes Protefilaus's sword, and tells him that he was going by the king's command to carry him to the island of Samos. At these words all Protefilaus's arrogance fell like a loosened rock from the top of a steep mountain. Lo! he now throws himself quaking with fear at Hegesippus's feet, he weeps, he falters, he stammers, he trembles, he embraces the knees of a man whom an hour before he did not deign to honour with a look. All his flatterers seeing him ruined past redemption, changed their adulations into merciless insults.

Hegesippus would not allow him time either

to take a last farewell of his family, or to fetch some private papers. Every thing was seized, and carried to the king. Timocrates being arrested at the same time, was extremely surpris'd; for he imagined as he had quarrell'd with Protefilaus, that he could not be involved in his ruin. They depart in a bark which was got ready for them, and arrive at Samos, where Hegefippus leaves these two wretches; and to fill up the measure of their misfortunes, he leaves them together. Here they furiously reproach each other with the crimes they had committed, and which were the cause of their fall; despairing of ever seeing Salentum again, and condemned to live far from their wives and their children; I do not say far from their friends, for they had none. The very men who had spent so many years in pomp and pleasure, being now left in an unknown country, where they had no means of getting their bread but by their labour, were, like two wild beasts, continually ready to tear each other in pieces.

Hegefippus in the mean time enquired in what part of the island Philocles lived, and was told that it was on a mountain at a good distance from the city, where a cave served him to dwell in. Every body spoke with admiration of this stranger. Since he has been in this island, say they, he has offended no body. Every one admires his patience, his labour, and tranquillity of mind. Though he has nothing, he always seems satisfied; and though he lives here quite out of the way of business, destitute

of money and without authority, yet he obliges all who deserves it, and has a thousand ingenious ways of doing good offices to all his neighbours.

Hegesippus goes towards the cave, and finds it open and empty; for Philocles's poverty and simplicity of manners were so great that he had no occasion to shut the door when he went out. A coarse bulrush-mat served him for a bed. He seldom kindled a fire, because he eat nothing dressed; living all the summer on fresh-gathered fruits, and on dates and dried figs in the winter; and slaking his thirst at a fountain which poured in crystal sheets from a rock. He had nothing in his cave but carving tools, and a few books which he read at set hours, not to embellish his wit or gratify his curiosity, but to inform his mind when he umbent it from labour, and to learn to be good. As for sculpture, he applied himself to it only for the sake of exercise, to avoid idleness, and to get his bread without being obliged to any body.

Hegesippus, as he entered the cave, admired the statues which Philocles had begun; particularly a Jupiter, whose serene countenance was so full of majesty, that he was easily known to be the father of gods and men. In another part was a Mars with a rugged, fierce and threatening aspect. But what was most striking, was a Minerva encouraging the arts: her countenance was soft and noble; her stature tall and easy, and her attitude so lively, that one would have thought she was going to walk. Hegesippus having viewed the statues with pleasure,

went out of the grotto, and at a distance, under a large tree, beheld Philocles reading on the grass; he goes towards him; Philocles sees him, and knows not what to think. Is not that Hegesippus, said he to himself, with whom I so long lived in Crete? But what probability is there that he should come to so remote an island? Or is it not rather his ghost returned since his death from the Stygian shore?

While he was thus doubting, Hegesippus came so near him, that he could not but know and embrace him. Is it then you, said he, my dear old friend? What chance, what tempest has thrown you on this shore? Why have you left the island of Crete? Is it such a misfortune as mine, that tears you from our native country?

Hegesippus answered, It is not a misfortune, but on the contrary the goodness of the gods which brings me hither. He then related to him Protefilaus's long tyranny, his intrigues with Timocrates, the evils into which he had plunged Idomeneus, the fall of that prince, his flight to the coasts of Hesperia, the building of Salentum, the arrival of Mentor and Telemachus, the wise maxims which Mentor had instilled into the king's mind, and the disgrace of the two traitors: he added, that he had brought them to Samos to suffer the banishment which they had caused Philocles to suffer: and concluded with saying, that he had orders to conduct him to Salentum, where the king, who was sensible of his innocence, would intrust him with his affairs, and load him with riches.

Lo that cave, replied Philocles, properer to

harbour wild beasts than to be inhabited by men. I have there for many years tasted more comfort and peace of mind, than I ever did in the gilded palaces of the island of Crete. Men no longer deceive me; for I neither see them, nor hear their flattering and poisonous discourse. I have no further need of them; for my hands, hardened to labour, easily furnish me with the simple food which is necessary for me. A slight cloth, as you see, suffices to cover me. Having now no wants, and enjoying the utmost tranquillity and all the sweets of liberty, which my books teach me how to make a good use of, what should I go in quest of among jealous, fraudulent, and inconstant men? No, no, my dear Hegesippus, do not envy me my happiness. Protefilaus, by endeavouring to betray the king and to destroy me, has betrayed himself, and done me no harm at all: on the contrary, he has done me the greatest good; he has delivered me from the hurry and slavery of public affairs, and to him I am indebted for my dear solitude, and all the innocent pleasures I here enjoy. Return, Hegesippus, return to the king; help him to support the miseries of his greatness, and what you desire me to do for him, do yourself. Since his eyes, so long shut against the truth, have at last been opened by the wise person you call Mentor, let him be retained in his service. As for me, it is not proper after my shipwreck that I should quit the haven into which the storm has so happily thrown me, and commit myself again to the mercy of the winds. O how greatly are kings to be pitied!

how worthy those who serve them, of compassion! If they are wicked, how miserable do they render mankind, and what tortures are prepared for them in the black gulf of Tartarus! If they are good, what difficulties have they to overcome! What snares to avoid! What evils to suffer! Once again, my dear Hegesippus, leave me, I say, in my happy poverty.

While Philocles was talking thus with great vehemence, Hegesippus beheld him with wonder. He had formerly seen him in Crete, during his administration of the most important affairs, meagre, languishing, exhausted; for his ardent and austere temper made him wear himself away in fatigues; he could not without indignation see vice unpunished; he required a certain exactness which is never found in business; his employments therefore ruined his tender health; but at Samos Hegesippus beheld him plump and vigorous. The bloom of youth in spite of his years was renewed on his countenance. A sober, quiet and laborious life had given him as it were a new constitution.

You are surprised, said Philocles with a smile, to see me so altered. I owe this freshness and perfect health to my solitude. My enemies have given me what I could never hope to find in the most elevated station. Would you have me quit substantial blessings to pursue imaginary ones, and to plunge myself again in my former miseries? Be not more cruel than Protefilaus; at least do not envy me the happiness I derive from him.

Hegesippus then represented to him, but in

vain, every thing which he thought proper to move him. Are you then, said he, insensible of the pleasure of seeing your friends and relations again, who long for your return, and whom the bare expectation of embracing you overwhelms with joy ? But can you who fear the gods, and love to do your duty, esteem as nothing the serving your king, the assisting him in all his good designs, and the rendering so many people happy ? Is it allowable for a man to abandon himself to a savage philosophy, to prefer himself to all the rest of mankind, and to love his own ease more than the happiness of his fellow-citizens ? Besides, it will be thought that it is out of resentment that you refuse to see the king ; if he designed to do you an injury, it was because he did not know you : it was not the true, the good, the just Philocles whom he designed to destroy ; it was a very different person whom he designed to punish. But now he knows you, and does not mistake you for another, he feels all his former friendship revive in his heart ; he expects you ; he already stretches out his arms to embrace you, and impatiently numbers the days, the hours, till he sees you. Is your heart so hardened as to be inexorable to your king and to all your dearest friends ?

Philocles, who was moved when he first perceived Hegefippus, resumed his austere air on hearing this discourse. Like a rock against which the winds rage, and all the groaning billows break in vain, he remained immovable ; nor intreaties nor arguments could find

any passage to his heart. But the moment Hegeſippus began to deſpair of prevailing upon him, Philocles having conſulted the gods, diſcovered by the flight of birds, the entrails of victims, and divers other omens, that he was to go with Hegeſippus.

Hereupon he oppoſed it no longer, but prepared for his departure ; though not without regretting the deſert where he ſo many years had lived. Alas ! ſaid he, muſt I leave you, my delightful grotto, where peaceful ſlumbers nightly came to reſreſh me after the toils of the day ! Here the fatal ſiſters, in the miſt of my poverty, ſpun my days of a gold and ſilken thread. He fell on the earth, and weeping adored the naiad who had ſo long ſlack'd his thirſt with her limpid wave, and the nymphs that dwelt on all the neighbouring mountains. Echo heard his wailings, and with a plaintive voice repeated them to all the rural deities.

Philocles then went to the city with Hegeſippus, in order to embark. He imagined that the unhappy Proteſilaus, overwhelmed with ſhame and indignation, would avoid ſeeing him ; but he was miſtaken : for corrupt men have no ſhame, and are always ready to ſtoop to any kind of meanness. Philocles modeſtly kept out of the way, that he might not be ſeen by this wretch ; being apprehenſive that the ſight of a proſperous rival, who was going to be raiſed on his ruin, would increaſe his miſery. But Proteſilaus eagerly ſought after Philocles, and endeavoured to move his pity, and to engage him to ſolicit the king that he might return to

Salentum. Philocles was too sincere to promise, that he would try to get him recalled ; for he knew better than any one how pernicious his return would have been. He talked to him however with great mildness ; he pitied him, endeavoured to comfort him, and exhorted him to appease the gods by the purity of his manners, and an exemplary patience under his sufferings. And as he had heard that the king had stript Protefilaus of all his ill-gotten wealth, he promised him two things which he afterwards faithfully performed : one was, to take care of his wife and children, who remained at Salentum, in a frightful state of poverty, exposed to public indignation ; the other was, to send Protefilaus, in this remote island, some supplies of money to alleviate his misery.

Mean while the sails swelling with a favourable gale, Hegesippus grows impatient, and hastens the departure of Philocles. Protefilaus sees them embark ; his eyes are motionless and fixed on the shore ; they then pursue the bark as it cleaves the waves, and is continually driven farther off by the winds : and even when he could see it no longer, its image remains in his mind. At length distracted, furious, despairing, he tears off his hair, rolls himself on the sand, upbraids the gods with their rigour, and calls relentless death to his aid, but calls in vain ; for death, regardless of his prayers, deigns not to deliver him from his numerous woes, nor has he the courage to deliver himself.

Mean time the bark, favoured by Neptune and the winds, quickly arrives at Salentum.

The king being told that it was entering the port, immediately ran with Mentor to meet Philocles. He tenderly embraced him, and expressed a great concern for having so unjustly persecuted him. This confession, instead of seeming a weakness in a prince, was looked upon by all the Salernines as the effort of a great soul, which rises above its errors by owning and resolving to repair them. Every body wept with joy to see this virtuous lover of the people, and to hear the king talk with so much wisdom and goodness.

Philocles received the king's caresses with a respectful modest air; he was impatient to steal away from the acclamations of the people, and followed Idomeneus to the palace. Mentor and he quickly reposed as much confidence in each other, as if they had passed their lives together, though they never saw one another before; for the gods, who have not given eyes to the wicked to know the good, have given eyes to the good to know one another. They who relish virtue, cannot be together without contracting a friendship, by means of the virtue they love. Philocles soon asked the king's leave to retire to a solitary place near Salentum, where he continued to live in poverty as he had done at Samos. The king and Mentor went almost every day to visit him in his retirement, where they concerted the means of strengthening the laws, and of giving a solid form to the government for the good of the public.

The two principal things which they considered, were the education of children, and the

manner of living in time of peace. As to children, said Mentor, they are less the property of their parents than of the public; they are the children of the people, and are their hope and strength; it is too late to correct them, when they are corrupted; it avails little to exclude them from employments, when they have rendered themselves unworthy of them; it is better to prevent the evil than to be obliged to punish it. The king, added he, who is the father of all his people, is still more particularly the father of all the youth; they are the blossom of the whole nation, and the fruits must be prepared in the blossom. Let not the king therefore disdain to be watchful, and to cause others to be watchful of the education of children. Let him be steady in causing the laws of Minos to be observed, which ordain that children be educated in a contempt of pain and death; that honour be placed in flighting pleasures and riches; that injustice, lying, ingratitude, and luxury be accounted infamous vices; that they be taught from their tenderest infancy to sing the praises of heroes who were beloved of the gods, who have done generous actions for their country, and have distinguished their courage in battle; that the charms of music strike their souls, in order to soften and purify their manners; that they be taught to be kind to their friends, faithful to their allies, just to all mankind, even to their most cruel enemies; and that they be less apprehensive of death and tortures, than of the least upbraiding of their conscience. If children are early imbrued with

these important maxims, and the melody of music insinuate them into their hearts, there will be few who will not burn with a love of glory and virtue.

Mentor added, That it was of great importance to institute public schools, in order to habituate the youth to the hardest bodily exercises, and to prevent effeminacy and idleness, which ruin the best constitutions. He was likewise for having a great variety of games and shows, that might be a spur to the people, but especially such as would exercise and render their bodies active, pliant and vigorous; and to these be annexed rewards in order to excite a generous emulation. But what he was most zealous for, as being conducive to purity of manners, was, that young men should marry betimes, and that their parents, without any views of interests, should leave them to chuse wives of agreeable tempers and persons, to whom they might be constant in their love.

But while they were thus concerting means to keep the youth chaste and innocent, and to make them laborious, tractable, and fond of glory, Philocles who delighted in war, thus address himself to Mentor: in vain will you employ our youth in these exercises, if you let them languish in a perpetual peace, wherein they will have no experience of war, nor no need to give proofs of their valour. You will thereby enfeeble the nation; its courage will insensibly be unnerved, its manners corrupted by pleasures, and other warlike nations will find no difficulty in making a conquest of it. and

thus by endeavouring to avoid the evils of war, they will fall into the miseries of slavery.

Mentor answered, the evils of war are more terrible than you imagine. War exhausts a people, and continually exposes them to the danger of being ruined, even when they obtain the greatest victories. With whatever advantages a man enters into a war, he is never sure of ending it without being liable to the most tragical reverses of fortune. With whatever superiority of forces he engages in battle, the least mistake, a panic, a nothing snatches the victory out of his hands, and transfers it to his enemies. And though he held the victory as it were in chains in his camp, yet he destroys himself in destroying his foes. For he depopulates his own country; he leaves the lands almost uncultivated; he interrupts trade; and what is much worse, he weakens the best laws, and winks at a depravity of manners. The youth no longer addict themselves to letters. The necessity of the times obliges him to tolerate a pernicious licentiousness in the army. Justice, government, every thing suffers in the confusion. A king who sheds the blood of such multitudes, and causes so many calamities, in order to acquire a little glory, or to extend the bounds of his kingdom, is unworthy of the glory he pursues, and deserves to lose what he possesses for having endeavoured to usurp what he has no right to.

But the courage of a nation may be exercised in times of peace. You already know what

bodily exercises we institute; the prizes to excite emulation, and the maxims of glory and virtue, with which the songs of the great actions of heroes will fill the souls of children almost from their very cradles: add to these helps, that of a sober and laborious life. But this is not all: as soon as any nation in alliance with yours, is engaged in a war, the flower of your youth must be sent thither, especially those who have discovered a genius for war, and are the best qualified to profit by experience. You will thereby maintain an high reputation among your neighbours, who will court you alliance, and be afraid of losing it. And thus without having a war at home and at your own expence, you will have always a warlike and intrepid body of youth. Notwithstanding you have peace in your own kingdom, you must not fail to treat those with great honour who have talents for war; for the true way to avoid a war and to maintain a lasting peace, is to cultivate arms, to honour men who excell in the profession of them, always to have some who have been trained up in foreign countries, and who know the strength and discipline of neighbouring nations, and their manner of making war; and to be equally incapable of making it through ambition, and of dreading it through effeminacy. By being thus always prepared for it on occasion, one is hardly ever reduced to the necessity of making it at all.

As for your allies, when they are ready to engage in a war with each other, it is your part

to become their mediator. You thereby acquire a more solid and unquestionable glory than that of conquerors; you win the love and esteem of strangers; they all stand in need of you, and you reign over them by the confidence they repose in you, as you reign over your subjects by your outhority. You are the repository of their secrets, the arbiter of their treaties, the master of their hearts. Your fame flies to the most distant countries, and your name is like a sweet perfume which diffuses itself from country to country even to the remotest nations. If a neighbouring people attack you in these circumstances contrary to the rules of justice, it finds you a warlike, prepared, and, what is much greater security, beloved and succoured: all your neighbours are alarmed for you, and persuaded that the public safety depends on your preservation. This is a much stronger rampart than all the walls of cities, or the most regular fortifications: this is substantial glory. But how few princes are there who are wise enough to pursue it, or rather, who do not fly from it! They pursue a delusive phantom, and leave true honour behind them for want of knowing it.

When Mentor had spoken thus, Philocles looked upon him with astonishment; and then turning his eyes on the king, was charmed to see how greedily Idomeneus stored up in his heart all the words which poured like a torrent of wisdom from the mouth of this stranger.

Thus did Minerva, in the form of Mentor,

establiſh all the beſt laws and moſt uſeful maxims of government at Salentum ; not ſo much to make the kingdom of Idomeneus flouriſh, as to ſhow Telemachus, when he ſhould return, a ſtriking example of the effects of a wiſe adminiſtration with regard to the happineſs of the people and the laſting glory of the prince.

End of the Fourteenth Book.

T H E
A D V E N T U R E S
O F
T E L E M A C H U S,
The Son of U L Y S S E S.
B O O K the F I F T E E N T H.

The A R G U M E N T.

Telemachus in the camp of the allies wins the affection of Philoctetes, who was at first prejudiced against him on account of his father Ulysses. Philoctetes relates to him his adventures, with which he interweaves the particulars of the death of Hercules, occasioned by the poisoned tunic which the Centaur Nessus had given to Dejanira. He informs him how he obtained of this hero his fatal arrows, without which the city of Troy could not have been taken; how he was punished for betraying his secret, by all the miseries he suffered in the isle of Lemnos; and how Ulysses employed Neopolemeus to engage him to go to the siege of Troy, where he was cured of his wound by the son of Esculapius.

IN the mean time Telemachus was signalizing his courage amidst the dangers of war. When he departed from Salentum, he was ve-

ry assiduous to win the affection of the old captains, whose reputation and experience were the most consummate. Nestor, who had seen him before at Pyles, and who always loved Ulysses treated him as if he had been his own son; giving him instructions which he enforced by various examples, and relating to him all the adventures of his youth, and all the most remarkable things which he had seen performed by the heroes of the last age. The memory of this wise senior, who had lived thrice the age of man, was as it were an history of ancient times engraved on brass and marble.

Philoctetes had not at first the same affection for Telemachus as Nestor had. The hatred which he had so long harboured in his heart against Ulysses, prejudiced him against his son; and he could not without uneasiness see all that he thought the gods were doing in favour of this youth, in order to render him equal to the heroes who had subverted the city of Troy. But at length the prudent deportment of Telemachus entirely overcame the resentment of Philoctetes, who could not help loving his engaging and modest virtue. He often took him aside, and said, my son (for I no longer scruple to call you so) your father and I were, I own, a long while enemies to each other. I own also that my heart was not appeased after we had subverted the haughty city of Troy; and that I found it difficult when I saw you, to love virtue in the son of Ulysses: with this I often reproach myself. But virtue, when it is gentle, unaffected ingenuous and modest, at

length overcomes every thing. Philoctetes was afterwards insensibly engaged to tell him what had kindled in his heart so much enmity against Ulysses.

I must, said he, begin my history higher. I every where attended the great Hercules, who freed the earth from so many monsters, and in whose sight the other heroes were but as feeble reeds near a large oak, or little birds in the presence of the eagle. His misfortunes and mine proceeded from love, the source of all the most terrible disasters. Hercules, who had conquered so many monsters, could not conquer this shameful passion: Cupid, the cruel boy, made him his sport. Nor could he recollect without blushing with shame, and he had formerly been so forgetful of his glory, as to spin with Omphale queen of Lydia, like the most abject and effeminate of mankind; so far was he hurried away by his blind passion. An hundred times has he confessed to me, that this part of his life had tarnished his virtue, and almost effaced the glory of all his labours. How great, ye gods! is the weakness and inconstancy of men! they think themselves all sufficient, though they can withstand nothing. Alas! the great Hercules was entangled again in the snares of love, which he had often detested. He conceived a passion for Dejanira: she was his wife, and happy had he been had he been constant to her; but Iole's youth, on whose face the graces were pictured, quickly ravished his heart. Dejanira, burning with jealousy, bethought her of the fatal tunic, which the centaur Nessus had bequeathed her at

his death, as a certain means to awaken the love of Hercules, as often as he should seem to neglect her, and to be fond of another. This tunic, imbrued with the venemous blood of the centaur, contained the poison of the arrows with which that monster was slain. You know that the arrows with which Hercules killed this perfidious centaur, had been dipt in the blood of the Lernæan Hydra, and that this blood poisoned these arrows to such a degree that all their wounds were incurable.

Hercules having put on this tunic, presently felt the devouring fire, which insinuated itself even into the marrow of his bones. He roared in an horrible manner, making mount Oeta and all the deep valleys ring with his cries; nay, the sea itself seemed to be moved: the most furious bulls in their conflicts could not have made a more terrible bellowing. The ill-fated Lychas, who had brought him this tunic from Danaïra, presuming to approach him, Hercules seized him in the transports of his anguish, and as a slinger whirls a stone in a sling, in order to cast it the farther, whirled him swiftly round, and then with his potent hands hurled him from the top of the mountain into the billows of the sea; where he was immediately transformed into a rock, which still retains an human shape, and being continually beaten by the angry waves, alarms the wary pilot at a distance.

After this misfortune of Lychas, believing I should no longer be safe with Hercules, I thought of hiding myself in the deepest caverns of the

earth. With one hand I beheld him easily uproot the lofty firs and antient oaks, which for several ages had braved the winds and the tempests; with the other, he vainly endeavoured to tear the fatal tunic from his back; it was glued to his skin, and as it were incorporated with his limbs: as he tore that, he tore off his skin and his flesh, and drenched the earth with torrents of blood. At length his virtue getting the better of his anguish, he cried out, You see, my dearest Philoctetes! the evils which the gods inflict upon me; they are righteous; I have offended them; I have violated conjugal love: having vanquished so many enemies, I meanly suffered myself to be vanquished by a beautiful stranger; I perish and am willing to perish to appease the gods. But alas! my dear friend, whither do you fly? My excessive tortures have indeed made me commit an act of cruelty on the wretched Lycas, for which my conscience upbraids me; he knew not that he presented me poison, nor deserved to suffer. But do you think that I can forget my friendship for you, and that I would rob you of your life? No, no; I shall never cease to love Philoctetes. Philoctetes shall receive my fleeting soul in his bosom: he shall collect my ashes together. Where are you then, my dear Philoctetes! Philoctetes! the only hope which is left me here below?

This said, I immediately ran towards him: he stretches out his arms to embrace me, but draws them back again, for fear of kindling in my bosom the cruel fire with which he himself was consumed. Alas! said he, even this con-

solation is no longer allowed me. As he speaks thus, he collects together the trees he had torn up by the roots: he makes a funeral pile of them on the top of the mountain; he ascends it with tranquillity; he overspreads it with the skin of the Nemean lion, which he had so long worn on his shoulders, when he travelled from one end of the earth to the other to destroy monsters, and deliver the distressed; he leans on his club and bids me light the pyre.

My hands trembling with horror could not deny him this cruel office; for his life was so racked with tortures, that it was no longer a gift of the gods. I was moreover apprehensive lest the violence of his pangs should transport him to act something unworthy of the virtue which had astonished the universe. Perceiving the flames begin to catch the pyre, Now cried he, my dear Philoctetes, I am convinced of the sincerity of your friendship; for you love my honour more than my life: may the gods reward you for it! I bequeath you what I have of the most valuable in the world, these arrows dipt in the blood of the Lernæan Hydra.

You know that their wounds are incurable: they will render you as invincible as I have been, and no mortal will dare to contend with you. Remember that I die your faithful friend, and never forget how dear you have been to me. And if you are really touched with my sufferings, you will afford me the last consolation in your power, a promise never to discover to any mortal either my death, or the place where you conceal my ashes. Alas! I promised, nay I

swore it as I bedewed his pyre with my tears ; a beam of gladness darted from his eyes. But he was suddenly involved in curling flames, which stifled his voice, and almost snatched him from my sight. However, I beheld him through the fire with a countenance as serene as if it had been crowned with flowers, perfumed and encircled by his friends, amidst the merriments of a sumptuous banquet.

Soon did the fire consume all his earthly and mortal part : soon was there nothing left of what he had received from his mother Alcmena at his birth ; but he preserved by Jupiter's decree that subtle and immortal substance, that celestial flame, the true principal of life, which he had received from the father of the gods. He ascended therefore to drink nectar with them under the gilded roofs of shining Olympus ; where the immortals gave him for his wife the lovely Hebe, the goddess of youth ; who used to pour the nectar into Jupiter's cup, before Ganymede was preferred to that honour.

For my part, I found an inexhaustible source of sorrows, in the very arrows he bequeathed me in order to raise me above the heroes. The confederate kings quickly undertook to revenge Menelaus on the infamous Paris, the ravisher of Helen, and to subvert the empire of Priam. The oracle of Apollo gave them to understand that they must not hope for an happy issue of that war, unless they had the arrows of Hercules.

Your father Ulysses, who in all their councils constantly discovered the greatest wisdom

and art, undertook to persuade me to accompany them to the siege of Troy, and to carry the arrows thither, which were, he thought in my possession. Hercules had not been seen for a long while ; there was no talk of any new exploit of his ; monsters and wicked men began to appear again with impunity. The Greeks knew not what to think concerning him ; some said that he was dead, and others that he was gone as far as the frozen Bear in order to tame the Scythians ; but Ulysses maintained that he was dead, and undertook to make me confess it. As he came to me while I was yet inconsolable for the loss of the great Alcides, he found it very difficult to accost me ; for I could not bear the sight of men, nor the thoughts of being torn from the deserts of mount Oeta, where I had seen my friend die ; I needed but recall the image of that hero to my mind, and to weep at the sight of those scenes of sorrow. But soft and powerful persuasion hung on your father's lips ; he seemed almost as much afflicted as I ; he poured forth floods of tears ; he insensibly won my heart and my confidence, and moved me with pity for the kings of Greece, who were going to fight in a just cause, and could not succeed without me. He could not however exort from me the secret of Hercules's death, which I had sworn never to reveal ; but he no longer doubted of it, and pressed me to show him where I had concealed his ashes

Though I had, alas ! an abhorance of being guilty of perjury, by revealing a secret which I promised the gods never to reveal ; yet was I

so weak as to evade the oath which I durst not violate; the gods have punished me for it; I stamped with my foot on the earth where I had deposited the ashes of Hercules. I then went and joined the confederate kings, who received me with the same joy as they would have received Hercules himself. As I was passing through the island of Lemnos, I had a mind to show all the Greeks the efficacy of my arrows, I heedlessly let the arrow fall from my bow on my foot where it made a wound which I still feel. I was immediately racked with the same tortures which Hercules himself had suffered, and filled the island both night and day with my wailings; black corrupted blood issuing from my wound, infected the air, and diffused a stench through the whole Grecian camp, which was enough to suffocate men of the most robust constitutions. The whole army was struck with horror at my distress; every one concluding that it was a judgment which the righteous gods had inflicted upon me.

Ulysses, who had engaged me in this war, was the first to forsake me. I have since been convinced that he did it, because he preferred victory and the common interest of Greece to all motives of friendship and decency with regard to any particular person. It was no longer possible to sacrifice in the camp, so much did the horror and infection of my wound, and the violence of my shrieks disturb the whole army. But as soon as I saw myself deserted by all the Greeks at the instigation of Ulysses, his conduct seemed to me to be full of the most

shocking inhumanity and the blackest treachery. Alas ! I was blind, and did not see that it was just that the wisest men should be my enemies, as well as the gods whom I had offended.

I remained, during almost the whole siege of Troy, all alone, without succour, without hope, without comfort, a prey to the most terrible tortures in this desert and savage island, where I heard but the roaring of the billows that dashed against the rocks. In the midst of this solitude I found an empty cave, in a rock that lifted its two points like two heads to the heavens, and poured forth a limpid spring. This cave was a harbour for wild beasts, to whose fury I was exposed both night and day. I heaped some leaves together for a bed : my whole furniture was a wooden bowl rudely wrought, and some tattered cloaths, with which I bound up my wound to stop its bleeding, and with which I likewise used to cleanse it. Here, abandoned by men, the object of the wrath of the gods, I spent my time in shooting doves and other birds which flew around the rock, with my arrows. And when I had killed any for my sustenance, I was forced with extreme pain to crawl along the earth to pick up my prey. In this manner did my hands provide me wherewithal to subsist on.

The Greeks indeed, when they went away, left me some provisions, but they did not last long. I used to kindle my fire with flints. This life, dreadful as it was, as it was remote from false ungrateful men, would have seemed plea-

sant to me, had I not been borne down by my pains, and incessantly ruminating on my dire mischance ! What ! said I ; entice a man from his native country, under pretence of his being the only one who could avenge Greece, and then leave him in this desert island while he was asleep ! For I was asleep when the Greeks departed. Judge how great was my surprise, and how many tears I shed, when I awaked and saw their vessels ploughing through the waves. I searched every corner of this savage and frightful island, but alas ! I found in it nothing but sorrow. In fact, there is neither harbour, nor trade, nor hospitality, nor does any man willingly land there. One sees but wretches who have been driven upon it by storms, and one cannot hope for society but from shipwrecks ; and even those durst not take me along with them : they dreaded the wrath of the gods and that of the Greeks. Here for ten long years did I suffer pain and hunger ; here I fed my devouring wound, and even hope itself was extinguished in my heart.

Returning one day from seeking some medicinal herbs for my wound, I saw in my cave an handsome graceful youth, but of an haughty air and heroic stature. Methought I beheld Achilles himself, so much had he of his features, looks and gait ; his age only convinced me that it could not be he. I beheld both pity and confusion blended together in his face ; he was moved at seeing with what pain and how slowly I crawled along ; my piercing and doleful cries, which the echoes of every shore resounded, melted his very heart.

O stranger! said I, while I was yet a good way off, what disaster has brought you to this uninhabited island? I know the Grecian habit, that habit which is still so dear to me. Oh! how I long to hear thy voice, and to find on thy lips the language which I learnt in my infancy, and which I have spoke to nobody for so long a time in this solitude. Be not startled at the sight of so wretched a creature; you ought rather to pity him.

Neoptolemus had hardly told me that he was a Greek, when I cried out, O enchanting words after so many years of silence and never-ceasing pain! O my son! what misfortune, what storms, or rather what propitious winds have brought you hither to end my woes! He replied, I am of the island of Scyros; I am returning thither, and am said to be the son of Achilles: you know the whole.

So short an answer not satisfying my curiosity, I said, O son of a father whom I greatly loved, thou darling of thy grandfire Lycomedes, what brings you hither? whence come you! He replied, that he came from the siege of Troy. You were not, said I, in the first expedition. Why, said he, were you? I plainly see answered I, that you are a stranger to Philoctetes's name and misfortunes. Alas! wretch that I am, my persecutors insult me in my miseries! Greece is ignorant of my sufferings; my sorrows increase; the Atridæ have brought be to this; may the gods require them for it!

I then told him how the Greeks had deserted me. As soon as he heard my complaints,

he made his. After the death of Achilles, said he—I immediately interrupted him, saying, How! Achilles dead! O my son! excuse my breaking in upon your narration by the tears I owe your father. You comfort me, replied Neoptolemus, by your interruption. How delightful is it to me to see Philoctetes bewail my father!

Neoptolemus resuming his discourse, said: After the death of Achilles, Ulysses and Phænix came to me, assuring me that they could not subvert the city of Troy without me. They had no difficulty to persuade me to go with them; for my grief for the death of Achilles, and my desire of inheriting his glory in that famous war, were sufficient motives to induce me to do it. I arrive at the siege, the army gathers around me, and every one swears that he beholds Achilles again; but he, alas! was no more. Young and unexperrienced, I thought I might expect every thing from persons that bestowed such praises upon me. I immediately ask the Attidæ for my father's armour; they cruelly reply you shall have every thing else that belonged to him; but as for his armour it is designed for Ulysses.

Upon this I am troubled, I weep, I rave: but Ulysses without the least emotion said, Young man, you have not borne your part with us in the perils of this long siege; you have not merited such arms, and already talk too haughtily; you shall never have them. Unjustly robbed by Ulysses, I am now returning to the isle Scyros, less incensed against him than

against the Atreidæ. May all who are their enemies, be beloved of the gods ! O Philoctetes ! I have told you all.

I then asked Neoptolemus, why Ajax Telamon did not prevent such a piece of injustice ? He is dead, answered he. Dead ! cried I ; and Ulysses not dead ; he on the contrary prospers in the army ! I then enquired after Antilochus the son of the wise Nestor, and Patroclus so dear to Achilles. They are dead also, said he.

Hereupon I once again cried out, How ! dead ! What, alas ! do you tell me ! This cruel war mows down the good and spares the wicked. Ulysses then is living ; and so no doubt is Thersites ! These are the doings of the gods, and yet we celebrate their praises !

While I was in this rage against your father, Neoptolemus went on to deceive me, adding these melancholy words. Far from the army of the Greeks where evil prevails over good, I am going to live contented in the rude island of Scyros. Farewel, I go ; may the gods heal your wound.

I instantly said, O my son, I conjure you by the manes of your father, by your mother, by all that is dearest to you in the world, not to leave me alone in this miserable condition. I am not ignorant how burdensome I shall be to you, but it would be dishonourable in you to forsake me ; throw me into the prow, the stern, the sink itself, or where-ever I may incommode you the least. None but great souls know how much glory there is in being good. Leave me not in a desert, where there is no human foot-

step; take me into your own country, or into Eubœa, which is not far from mount Oeta, Trachinium, and the pleasant banks of the river Sperchius: send me back to my father. Alas! I fear he is dead: I desired him to send me a ship: either he is dead, or those who promised to tell him my distress, did not do it. O my son, I fly to you for succour. Remember the instability of all human things: who is in prosperity, should apprehend the abusing it, and relieve the distressed.

This is what the excess of my anguish prompted me to say to Neoptolemus; he promised to take me with him. I then burst into acclamations again. O happy day! O lovely Neoptolemus, worthy of thy father's glory. Ye dear companions of this voyage, permit me to bid this dismal mansion adieu. Lo! where I have lived; imagine what I have suffered; no body else could have borne it: but necessity was my tutor, and she teaches men what they would never otherwise know; they who have never suffered, know nothing; they know neither good nor evil, they are strangers to mankind, they are strangers to themselves. This said, I took my bow and my arrows.

Neoptolemus desired me to let him kiss those celebrated arms which had been consecrated by the invincible Hercules. I replied, You may do what you please, I can deny thee nothing; it is thou, my son, who now restorest me the light, my country, my aged father, my friends, myself; you may touch these arms, and boast of being the only Greek that has deserved to

touch them. Hereupon Neoptolemus enters my grotto to admire my arms.

Mean while I am seized with exquisite pains ; I rave ; I no longer know what I do ; I ask for a sharp sword to cut off my foot, and cry out, O much desired death, why comest thou not ? O young man ! burn me this instant as I burnt the son of Jupiter. O earth, earth, receive a dying wretch that can rise no more ! In this agony I fell suddenly, as usual, into a sound sleep ; a copious discharge of sweat began to relieve me ; black corrupted blood issued from my wound. During my sleep it had been easy for Neoptolemus to have taken my arms and gone away ; but he was the son of Achilles, and was not born to deceive.

When I awaked I perceived his confusion ; he sighed like one who knows not to dissemble, and acts contrary to his inclination. Wilt thou deceive me, said I ? What's the matter ? You must go with me, said he, to the siege of Troy. I instantly replied, Ah ! what said you, my son ? give me back the bow ; I am betrayed ; rob me not of my life. Alas ! he answers not ; he looks calmly upon me ; nothing moves him. O ye shores ! ye promontories of this island ! ye savage beasts ! ye steepy rocks ! it is to you I make my complaints ; for I have but you to whom I can complain : my groans are familiar to you. Must I be betrayed by the son of Achilles ? He robs me of the sacred bow of Hercules ; he would drag me in triumph to the Grecian camp ; not perceiving that this were triumphing over a corpse, a shadow, a phan-

tom. Oh! had he attacked me in my vigour! Nay, even now he does it unawares. What shall I do? O my son! restore my arms; be like thy father, be like thyself. What sayest thou! Nothing! Thou savage rock, to thee I return naked, miserable, abandoned, destitute of food. In this den shall I die all alone; having my bow no longer to kill the wild beasts, they will devour me: no matter. But, my son, you seem not a bad man; ill advice prompts you to this; return me my arms, and begone.

Neoptolemus with tears in his eyes and a low voice said, Would to the gods that I had never departed from Scyros! Mean time I cry out, Ah! what do I see! Is not that Ulysses? I instantly hear his voice; he replies, yes, it is Ulysses. Had Pluto's fable realm yawned, and shown me dismal Tartarus, which the gods themselves dread to see, I should not, I own, have been seized with greater horror. I then exclaimed again, witness thou Lemnian earth! and thou, O sun! canst thou behold and suffer this? Ulysses, perfectly calm, replied, Jupiter commands, and I obey. Darest thou name Jupiter, said I? seest thou this youth who was not born for fraud, and hurts himself in doing what you force him to do? We come not, said Ulysses, to injure or deceive you; we come to deliver you, to cure you, to give you the glory of subverting Troy, and to carry you back to your own country; it is you, and not Ulysses, who are Philoctetes's enemy.

I then said to your father every thing which rage could dictate. Since thou desertedst me

on this shore, said I, why do you not leave me here in peace? go, seek renown in battle and every kind of pleasure; share your happiness with the Atridæ, and leave me my misery and pain. And why would you force me away? I am nothing now, I am already dead. Why do you not think at present, as you did heretofore, that I am not able to go; that my wailings and the stench of my wound would interrupt the sacrifices? O Ulysses, author of my woes, may the gods — but the gods hear me not; nay, they stir up my enemy against me. O my native country! never shall I see thee more! Punish, ye gods! if there be one just enough to pity me, punish Ulysses, and I shall think myself cured.

While I was speaking thus your father, quite composed, beheld me with an air of compassion, like a man who instead of being provoked at, bears with, and excuses the misfortunes of a wretch soured by misfortunes. Like a rock on the top of a mountain which derides the fury of the winds, and lets them waste their rage while it remains immoveable; your father silently waited till my anger had spent itself. For he knew that the way to reduce mens passions to reason is not to attack them till they begin to grow languid through a kind of weariness. He afterwards addressed me thus. O Philoctetes! what have you done with your reason and your courage? This is the time to use them. If you refuse to go with us in order to fulfill the glorious designs of Jupiter with regard to you, farewell; you are unworthy of being the deliver-

er of Greece and the subverter of Troy. Remain at Lemnos; these arms I bear away shall give me the glory which was destined to you. Let us begone, Neoptolemus; it was in vain to talk to him; pity for a single person ought not to make us neglect the common safety of Greece.

Upon this I was like a lioness robbed of her young, that fills the woods with her roarings. Thou cave said I, I will never forsake thee, thou shalt be my grave! O mansion of my woes! Nothing now to subsist on, no remains of hope! O lend me a sword to slay myself! O that the birds of prey were able to bear me hence! I shall no longer shoot them with my arrows. O precious bow consecrated by the hands of the son of Jupiter! Dear Hercules! if thou still retainest the left compassion, art thou not filled with indignation! Thy bow is no longer in the hands of thy faithful friends; it is in the impure, the fraudulent hands of Ulysses. Ye birds of prey, ye savage brutes, no longer fly this cave, my hands are no longer armed with arrows; I, wretch that I am, can do you no harm, come, devour me; or rather, may merciless Jupiter's thunder strike me dead!

Your father having tried all other means of persuading me, at last thought that it would be best to return me my arms. He accordingly made a sign to Neoptolemus, who immediately restored them. Hereupon I said, O worthy son of Achilles, you prove yourself to be so; but suffer me to dispatch my enemy. I was going to shoot an arrow at your father, but Neoptolemus withheld me, saying, Resentment

disturbs your reason and hinders you from seeing the baseness of the action you are going to commit.

As for Ulysses he seemed as unconcerned at my arrows as my reproaches. I was struck with his intrepidity and patience, and ashamed of having endeavoured in the first transports of my rage to make use of my arms to kill him who had caused them to be restored to me ; but as my resentment was not yet appeased, I could not bear to be obliged for them to one I so greatly hated. Neoptolemus in the mean while said Know that the divine Helenus, the son of Priam, coming out of the city of Troy by the command and inspiration of the gods, unveiled futurity to us. Ill fated Troy shall fall, said he ; but it cannot fall till it is attacked by him who has Hercules's arrows ; neither can that man be cured till he comes before the walls of Troy, where the sons of Æsculapius will cure him.

I now felt a conflict in my bosom ; being affected with Neoptolemus's frankness and justice in restoring me by bow, but unable to prevail with myself to live. If I must submit to go with Ulysses : a faulty shame held me in suspense. Shall I be seen, said I to myself, in the company of Ulysses and the Atridæ ? What will the world think of me !

While I was in this uncertainty, I all of a sudden hear a voice more than human, and see Hercules in a bright cloud encircled with rays of glory. I easily recollected his many features, his robust body, and plain manner ; but he had a loftiness and majesty which were never

so conspicuous in him while he was subduing of monsters. He bespoke me thus:

You hear, you see Hercules, I have left lofty Olympus to tell you the commands of Jupiter. You know by what labours I obtained immortality. You must go with the son of Achilles to tread in my steps in the paths of glory. You shall be cured, and shall kill Paris, the author of so many woes, with my arrows. After the taking of Troy, send rich spoils to your father Pæan on mount Oeta, and let them be placed on my grave as a monument of the victory owing to my arrows. And you, son of Achilles, I tell you that you cannot be victorious without Philoctetes, nor Philoctetes without you. Go therefore like two lions in quest of prey together. I will send Æsculapius to Troy to cure Philoctetes. Above all, ye Greeks, love and practise religion; every thing else dies, but that lives for ever.

Having heard these words, I cried out, O happy day! O pleasing delight! that after so many years dost manifest thyself at last! I obey thee, I will depart the moment I have bid these scenes adieu. Farewel, dear cave! Thou nymph of these humid meads, farewell; I no more shall hear these murmuring billows. Farewel, thou shore, where the bleak winds have so oft pierced me. Farewel, ye promontories, where echo so often repeated my groans. Farewel, ye sweet springs, that were so bitter to me. Farewel, thou Lemnian land; let my departure be happy since I am going whither the will of the gods and my friends calls me.

We then departed, and arrived at the siege of Troy. Machaon and Podalirius by the divine science of their father Æsculapius cured me, or at least put me in the condition wherein you now see me. I have no pain; I have recovered all my strength, but am a little lame: I killed Paris, as the huntsman shoots a timorous fawn with his arrows. Ilion was soon reduced to ashes; you know the rest. The remembrance however of my sufferings made me retain some aversion to Ulysses, and his virtue could not appease my resentment; but the sight of a son that resembles him, and whom I cannot forbear loving, begets a tenderness in my heart for the father himself.

End of the Fifteenth Book.

T H E
A D V E N T U R E S
O F
T E L E M A C H U S,
The Son of U L Y S S E S.
B O O K the S I X T E E N T H.

The A R G U M E N T.

Telemachus quarrels with Phalantus about some prisoners which they both claim; he fights with and overcomes Hippias, who, despising his youth, had forcibly carried away those prisoners for his brother Phalantus. But Telemachus, little satisfied with his victory, privately laments his rashness and error, which he would be glad to repair. At the same time Adrastus, king of the Daunians, being informed that the confederate kings were solely intent on making up the breach between Telemachus and Hippias, goes and attacks them unawares. Having surprised an hundred of their ships to transport his troops to their camp, he immediately sets it on fire, begins the attack on Phalantus's quarter, kills his brother Hippias, and very much wounds Phalantus himself.

WHILE Philoctetes was thus relating his adventures, Telemachus remained as it were suspended and motionless, and fixed his eyes on the great man that was speaking. All the different passions which had agitated Hercules, Philoctetes, Ulysses and Neoptolemus, were seen as they were represented in their turns on the artless countenance of Telemachus. During the course of this narration he sometimes cried out and interrupted Philoctetes, without thinking on what he did; sometimes he appeared thoughtful, like one who is maturely weighing the consequences of things: and when Philoctetes was describing the confusion of Neoptolemus who knew not to dissemble, Telemachus seemed to be in the same confusion; one would at that instant have taken him for Neoptolemus himself.

Mean while the confederate army was marching in good order against Adrastus the king of the Daunians, who despised the gods, and sought only to deceive men. Telemachus found it very difficult to behave with prudence among so many princes who were jealous of each other. He was to render himself odious to none and to make himself beloved of all. Now tho' he was naturally frank and good natured, yet he was not over complaisant; he seldom considered what might oblige others; he was not fond of money, but then he knew not the art of giving. Thus with a noble and well-disposed heart, he seemed neither obliging, nor friendly, nor liberal, nor grateful for the care

which was taken of him, nor attentive to distinguish merit. He followed his own inclination without reflection. His mother Penelope had bred him up in spite of mentor, in an haughtiness and pride, which sullied all his amiable qualities. He looked upon himself to be of a different nature from the rest of mankind; others seemed to him to be sent into the world by the gods only to please him to serve him, to prevent all his wishes, and to make him their sole arbiter in all things, as tho' he were a god. The happiness of serving him was in his opinion a sufficient recompence for these who did it. Nothing must ever be impossible in which his satisfaction was concerned and the least delays moved his hasty temper.

Had any one seen him thus in his natural disposition, he would have thought him incapable of loving any thing but himself, and that he was affected with nothing but his own glory and pleasure. This indifference however as to others, and perpetual regard for himself, proceeded only from the ferment he was continually thrown into by the violence of his passions. He had been fondled and humoured by his mother from his cradle, and was the signal instance of the misfortunes of a high birth. The calamities he suffered even from his greenest years had not been capable to qualify this haughtiness and vehemence of his temper. Though he had been destitute of all things, forsaken and exposed to numerous evils, yet had he lost nothing of his pride: that continually rose up again, as the pliant palm incess-

fantly rises of itself, whatever efforts are made to depress it.

While Telemachus was with Mentor, these failings did not appear, and were daily decreasing. Like a fiery courser that bounds over the spacious meadows, that stops neither at steepy rocks, nor precipices, nor torrents, and that obeys but the voice and hand of a single person who knows to manage him; Telemachus, full of a noble ardor could not be restrained but by Mentor alone; but then a look of his would instantly stop him in his swiftest career; he immediately comprehended his meaning; he recalled every sentiment of virtue to his heart, and his reason in a moment rendered his countenance calm and serene: Neptune when he lifts his trident, and threatens the swelling billows, does not more suddenly still the lowering tempest.

When Telemachus was alone, all his passions that had been restrained like a torrent by a strong dike, took their natural course; he could not brook the arrogance of the Lacedæmonians and of Phalantus who was at their head. This colony, which had founded Tarentum, was composed of young men who were born during the siege of Troy, and had never had any education. Their illegitimate birth, the dissolute lives of their mothers, and the licentiousness in which they had been bred up, gave them something of wildness and barbarity; they resembled a band of robbers more than a colony of Greeks.

Phalantus sought all opportunities of con-

tradiſting Telemachus. He often interrupted him in council, deſpiſing his advice as that of an unexperienced youth; he bantered and treated him as an effeminate ſtrippling; he made all the chiefs of the army take notice of his flighteſt failings; he endeavoured to ſow jealousies every where, and to render Telemachus's high ſpirit odious to all the allies.

One day Telemachus having taken ſome Daunians priſoners, Phalantus pretended a right to them, alleging that he, at the head of his Lacedæmonians, had defeated that party of the enemy, and that Telemachus, finding the Daunians already vanquiſhed and put to flight, had no trouble but the giving them quarter, and the conducting them to the camp. Telemachus on the contrary maintained, that he had hindered Phalantus from being defeated, and had gained the victory over the Daunians. They both pleaded their cauſe in an aſſembly of the confederate princes; where Telemachus being ſo far transported as to threaten Phalantus, they would inſtantly have fought, had they not been with-held.

Phalantus, had a brother, whoſe name was Hippias, famous through the whole army for his valour, ſtrength and dexterity. Pollux, ſaid the Tarentines, did not wield the ceſtus better, nor could Caſtor have excelled him in the management of an horſe; he was almoſt equal to Hercules in ſtature and ſtrength. The whole army was afraid of him; for he was ſtill more quarrellſome and brutal than ſtrong and valiant.

Hippias seeing with what haughtiness Telemachus menaced his brother, goes immediately to seize the prisoners, in order to convey them to Tarentum, without waiting for the decision of the assembly. Telemachus being privately told of this, went out trembling with rage. Like a foaming boar in pursuit of the hunter that has wounded him, did Telemachus rove up and down the camp, looking with eager eyes for his enemy, and brandishing the dart with which he designed to kill him. At length he meets him, and his rage redoubles at the sight.

He was no longer the wise Telemachus, instructed by Minerva in the form of Mentor; he was a madman, or a furious lion. He immediately cries out to Hippias, Stay, thou basest of men, stay; we will soon see if thou art able to rob me of the spoils of those I have vanquished: thou shalt not lead them to Tarentum; go, instantly descend to the gloomy banks of Styx. He said, and threw his javelin; but throwing it with so much fury that he could take no aim, it missed Hippias. Hereupon Telemachus draws the golden hilted sword, which Laertes had given him at his departure from Ithaca as a pledge of his love. Laertes himself had used it with great glory in his youth, and had dyed it in the blood of several famous leaders of the Epirots, in a war wherein he was victorious. Telemachus had hardly drawn his sword, when Hippias, resolving to make an advantage of his strength, rushed upon him in order to wrest it out of his hands. The sword is broken between

them; they seize and close with each other. Lo! they now resemble two fierce brutes, that strive to tear one another in pieces; fire sparkles in their eyes, they shrink up, they stretch out, they stoop down, they rise again, they spring forwards, they thrust for blood. Lo! they are engaged hand to hand and foot to foot twisting their two bodies together so that they seemed to be but one. But Hippias being of a maturer age, seemed as if he would overpower Telemachus, whose tender youth was not so nervous. And now Telemachus being out of breath feels his knees tremble. and Hippias seeing him stagger, redoubles his efforts. The son of Ulysses had been flun, and suffered the punishment due to his temerity and passion, had not Minerva, who was watchful of him at a distance, and had let him fall into this extremity of danger only for his instruction, determined the victory in his favour.

The goddess herself did not quit the palace of Salentum, but sent Iris the swift messenger of the gods. Iris flying with nimble wings cleaves the immense spaces of the air, leaving behind her a long tract of light which looked like a cloud of a thousand different colours; she did not rest herself till she came to the sea shore, where the numberless army of the allies was encamped. She sees at a distance the strife the ardour and efforts of the two combatants. Te trembles at the sight of the danger the young Telemachus is in; she approaches involved in a bright cloud which she formed of subtle vapours, the instant Hippias, conscious of his

strength, thought himself victorious ; she covered Minerva's youthful pupil with the ægis which the wise goddess had entrusted to her. Telemachus, whose strength was exhausted, immediately begins to feel fresh vigour. As he revives, Hippias is dispirited, and finds himself terrified and oppressed by something divine. Telemachus presses hard upon him, attacking him sometimes in one posture and sometimes in another ; he makes him reel ; he gives him no time to recover himself ; at last he throws him on the ground and falls upon him. A huge Idæan oak, felled by a thousand strokes of the hatchet with which the whole forest resounded does not make a more terrible noise in its fall ; the earth groans ; all things around it are shaken.

Mean while Telemachus recovered his reason as well as his strength. Hippias was scarcely fallen beneath him, when the son of Ulysses was sensible of the fault he had been guilty of in thus assaulting the brother of one of the confederate kings, whom he came to assist. He called to mind with confusion the wise counsels of Mentor ; he was ashamed of his victory, and perceived that he deserved to have been overcome. Mean time Phalantus, transported with fury, ran to his brother's assistance ; and would have transfixed Telemachus with his javelin, had he not been afraid of transfixing Hippias also, whom Telemachus held under him on the ground. The son of Ulysses could easily have taken his antagonist's life ; but his anger was appeased, and he thought only of repairing his

fault by shewing his moderation. He rises, saying, O Hippias ! I am satisfied with having taught you not to despise my youth. Take your life ; I admire your strength and courage ; the gods have preserved me ; yield to their power, and let us for the future only fight together against the Daunians. While Telemachus was speaking, Hippias got up, besmeared with dust and blood, and full of shame and rage. Phalantus not daring to take the life of him who had so generously given it to his brother, was doubtful and disordered. All the confederate kings ran to them, and led Telemachus one way, and Phalantus and Hippias another. Hippias had lost his fierce and haughty air, and was ashamed to lift up his eyes. The whole army was greatly astonished that Telemachus had been able at so tender an age, when men are not arrived at their full strength, to vanquish Hippias, who in might and bulk resembled the giants, those sons of earth, that formerly attempted to drive the immortals from Olympus.

But the son of Ulysses was far from receiving any pleasure from this victory. While the army thought they could not sufficiently admire him, he retired to his tent ashamed of his fault, unable to support himself, and bemoaning his hastiness of temper. He was sensible how unjust and unreasonable he was in his transports ; he found great vanity, weakness and meanness in his unbounded haughtiness, and perceived that true greatness is inseparable from moderation, justice, modesty and humanity : he per-

ceived this ; but not presuming to hope that he should amend after so many relapses, he was at war with himself, and was heard to roar like a lion in his fury.

He remained two days shut up all alone in his tent, punishing and unable to prevail on himself to go into company. Alas ! said he, shall I dare to see Mentor again ! Am I the son of Ulysses, the wisest and most patient of men ? Did I come to bring dissention and disorder into the army of the allies ? Is it their blood, or that of the Daunians their enemies, which I ought to shed ? I have acted rashly ; I knew not even to throw my javelin ; I exposed myself in combat with Hippias with strength unequal, and should have expected nothing but death and the shame of being vanquished. And what of that ! I should have been no more : no, the rash Telemachus, the senseless youth who does not profit by any advice, would have been no more : my shame would have ended with my life. Could I, alas ! so much as hope never to do again what I am now so grieved for having done, I should be happy, abundantly happy ! but perhaps before the close of this very day I shall commit, nay wilfully commit the very faults of which I am at present so much ashamed and have so great an abhorrence. O fatal victory ! O praises which I cannot bear ! praises which are bitter reproaches of my folly !

While he was thus solitary and disconsolate, Nestor and Philoctetes came to see him. Nestor designed to convince him how much he had been in the wrong ; but the wise senior present-

ly perceiving the youth's affliction, changed his grave remonstrances into expressions of kindness, in order to allay his grief.

This quarrel retarded the progress of the confederate princes, who could not march towards the enemy till they had reconciled Telemachus with Phalantus and Hippias; being hourly apprehensive lest the Tarentine troops should fall upon the hundred young Cretans that came with Telemachus to this war. All was in confusion through the fault of Telemachus only; and he perceiving the many present evils and future dangers of which he was the author, abandoned himself to the bitterest grief. All the princes were in great perplexity: they durst not order the army to march, lest Telemachus's Cretans and Phalantus's Tarentines should fight with each other as they went along; they had great difficulty to keep them from it even in the camp, where they were narrowly watched. Nestor and Philoctetes were incessantly going backwards and forwards from Telemachus's tent to that of the implacable Phalantus, who breathed nothing but revenge. Neither Nestor's sweet eloquence nor the great Philoctetes's authority could pacify his savage heart, which was moreover continually irritated by the inflaming discourse of his brother Hippias, Telemachus was much calmer, but dejected by a sorrow which nothing could alleviate.

While the princes were in this commotion, all the troops were under great consternation: the whole camp looked like a house of mourning that had just lost the father of the family,

the support of all his relations, and the sweet hope of his little children.

During this disorder and consternation of the army there was suddenly heard a frightful noise of chariots and arms, of neighing steeds and outcries of men, some victorious and spurred on to carnage, others running away, dying, or wounded. A black cloud of whirling dust overspreads the heavens, and covers the whole camp. The dust is presently followed by a thick smoke which condenses the air, and hinders respiration. There was likewise heard an hollow noise like that of the curling flames which mount *Ætna* belches from the bottom of its burning bowels, when *Vulcan* with his Cyclops is forging thunder-bolts there for the father of the gods. Terror seized on every heart.

The vigilant and indefatigable *Adrastus* had surpris'd the allies; having conceal'd his route from them, and procur'd intelligence of theirs. He had march'd with incredible expedition round an almost inaccessible mountain, whose passes had almost all been seiz'd by the allies. Now the allies being in possession of these passes thought themselves perfectly safe, and even fancied that they should be able by their means to fall upon their enemy on the other side of the mountain, when some troops which they expected, were arriv'd. *Adrastus*, who was very lavish of his money in order to get intelligence of his enemies, had been inform'd of their resolution; for *Nestor* and *Philoctetes*, though otherwise very wise and experienced comman-

ders, were not sufficiently secret in their enterprises. Nestor, now in the decline of life, was too fond of relating things which tended to his own praise. Philoctetes was naturally less talkative, but then he was so passionate, that if one moved his hasty temper ever so little, one might make him discover things which he had resolved to conceal. Artful men had found the key to his heart, and drew from it the most important secret. They needed only to provoke him; being then transported and beside himself, he would burst out into menaces, and vaunt of having infallible means to accomplish his designs: and if they seemed ever so little doubtful of his means, he would immediately be so inconsiderate as to explain them, and let the closest secrets slip from his bosom. Like a fine but cracked vessel through which leak all the most delicious liquors, the heart of this great commander could retain nothing.

Traitors, corrupted by Adrastus's money, did not fail to make their advantage of the foibles of these two princes. They were continually flattering Nestor with empty praises; they reminded him of his past exploits, admired his foresight, and were never weary of applauding him. On the other side, they were perpetually laying snares for the fiery temper of Philoctetes, and talked to him of nothing but difficulties, accidents, dangers, inconveniencies, irretrievable oversights; for as soon as his warm disposition took fire, his wisdom forsook him, and he was no longer the same man.

Telemachus, notwithstanding the failings we

have taken notice of, was much more prudent as to the keeping of a secret. He had been habituated to it by his misfortunes, and the necessity he had been under from his infancy of concealing his thoughts from Penelope's suitors. He knew to keep a secret without telling an untruth. And then he had not that reserved and mysterious air, which is usual to close men; he never seemed burdened with the secret he was to keep, but was always free, easy, open, like a person that bears his heart on his lips. But though he said every thing that could be said without any ill consequences, yet he knew to stop precisely, and without affectation, at the things which might create suspicions, or furnish a hint to discover his secret. Hereby his heart was impenetrable and inaccessible; even his best friends knew nothing but what he judged proper to lay before them for their advice, and there was but Mentor alone for whom he had no reserve. He did indeed confide in others, but in different degrees, and in proportion to the proofs they had given him of their friendship and discretion.

Telemachus had often observed that the resolutions of the council were a little too much known in the camp, and had advised Nestor and Philoctetes of it; but they, though men of great experience, did not sufficiently attend to so useful an hint. Old age is not at all pliable; inveterate habits bind it as were in chains, and its failings become incurable. Like trees whose rough and knotty trunks are hardened by length of time and cannot be straitned, men

hardly have it in their power at a certain age to bend themselves contrary to customs which have grown old with them, and are entered into the very marrow of their bones. They often indeed are conscious of them when it is too late ; they bewail them in vain, for tender youth is the only age wherein it is in a man's power to correct his errors.

There was in the army a certain Dolopian, whose name was Eurymachus, who was fawning, insinuating, had the art of adapting himself to all the tastes and inclinations of the princes, and was ingenious and industrious in finding out new ways of pleasing them. When one heard him, one would think there was no difficulty in any thing, and when his advice was asked, he was sure to hit upon that which was most agreeable. He was an entertaining fellow ; he bantered the weak, he cringed to those of whom he stood in awe, and so skilfully seasoned his flattery, that it was grateful to the most modest ear ; he was grave with the grave, and merry with those who were merrily inclined ; for it was no pain to him to assume any form whatever. Sincere and virtuous men, who are always the same, and who subject themselves to the rules of virtue, can never be so agreeable to princes as those who flatter their prevailing passions. Eurymachus understood war, he was capable of business, and had, in order to make his fortune, attached himself to Nestor, whose confidence had he won, and from whose heart, which was a lit-

tle vain and sensible to flattery, he drew every thing which he desired to know.

Tho' Philoctetes did not make him his confident, yet the fire and impatience of his temper had the same effects as Nestor's confidence. For Eurymachus needed only to contradict and provoke him, and he discovered all. This fellow had received large sums of Adrastus, to send him intelligence of all the designs of the allies. The Daunian king had several deserters in their army, who were to make their escape one after another from the confederate camp, and to return to his. When there was any thing of consequence to be communicated to Adrastus, Eurymachus used to dispatch one of these deserters. The treachery could not easily be discovered; because as they never carried any letters, nothing was found upon them if they were taken that could render Eurymachus suspected.

Adrastus therefore constantly prevented all the enterprises of the allies: a resolution was hardly taken in the council, but the Daunians did precisely what was necessary to hinder its success. Telemachus was indefatigable in his endeavours to find out the cause of this, and to excite the suspicions of Nestor and Philoctetes; but his cares were vain, for their eyes were not to be opened.

It had been resolved in council to wait for a large number of troops which were to arrive, and an hundred ships had been sent privately by night to transport them the more expeditiously from a very rugged sea-coast to which

they were to come, to where the army was encamped. Mean time the confederates thought themselves secure, because their troops were in possession of the straits of the neighbouring mountain, which was an almost inaccessible side of the Appennines. The army was encamped on the banks of the river Galefus, near the sea. This delightful country abounds in pasturage, and in all things necessary to the subsistence of an army. Adrastus was on the other side of the mountain, which the allies believed it was impossible for him to pass. But as he knew they were yet but weak, that a great re-inforcement was coming, that ships were waiting for the troops which were to arrive, and that the army was divided by Telemachus's quarrel with Phalantus, he immediately made a large circuit, marching night and day along the sea-shore, and going through ways which had always been deemed absolutely impassable. 'Thus do resolution and labour surmount the greatest obstacles; thus is there hardly any thing impossible to the daring and the patient of fatigues; and thus do those who sleep and magnify difficulties into impossibilities, deserve to be surpris'd and oppress'd.

Adrastus early in the morning surpris'd the hundred ships which belonged to the allies. As these ships were ill-guarded and apprehensive of nothing, he took them without resistance, and made use of them to transport his troops with incredible dispatch to the mouth of the Galefus; he then sail'd very expeditiously up

the river. The advanced guards of the confederate camp that were stationed towards the river, imagined that these barks had brought them the troops which they expected, and immediately shouted aloud for joy. Adrastus, and his foldiers landed before they could be known, and fall upon the allies, who apprehend nothing, as they are scattered up and down in an open camp, unarmed, and without a commander.

The part of the camp which Adrastus first attacked, was that of the Tarentines, where Phalantus commanded. The Daunians entered it with such vigour, that the Lacedæmonian youth being in a surprise, could not resist them. While they are looking for their arms, and hinder each other in the confusion, Adrastus orders the camp to be fired. The flames instantly ascend from the tents, and reach the very clouds; roaring like a deluge that pours over a whole country, and up-roots and bears away by its rapidity the largest oaks, the corn, barns, stables, flocks and herds. The wind impetuously drives the fire from tent to tent, and the whole camp instantly resembles an old dry forest, which a single spark has kindled in a blaze.

Phalantus, though he has the nearest view of the danger, can apply no remedy to it. He perceives that his troops will all perish in the flames, if they do not immediately abandon the camp; but he perceives also how much the confusion of such a retreat is to be dreaded before

a victorious army. He begins however to draw off his half-armed Lacedæmonian youth, but Adrastus allows them no time to breathe. On one side a band of skilful archers gall Phalantus's soldiers with innumerable arrows, and slingers on the other pour a flinty shower. Adrastus himself, marching sword in hand at the head of a chosen band of the most intrepid Dæonians, pursues the fugitives by the light of the flames; he mows down all who escape them with his keen steel; he swims in blood; he cannot stave his thirst of slaughter: lions and tigers equal to his fury when they rend the shepherds and their flocks. Phalantus's troops sink before him; their courage forsakes them; pale death, led on by an infernal fury, whose head bristles with snakes, freezes the blood in their veins; their benumbed limbs stiffen, and their shivering knees rob them even of the hopes of flight.

Phalantus, whom shame and despair still supply with some remains of strength and vigour, lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, sees his brother Hippias fall at his feet, beneath the blows of Adrastus's thundering hand. Hippias is stretched on the earth, and rolls in the dust; black bubbling gore spouts like a torrent from the deep wound in his side; his eyes exclude the light, and his furious soul issues out with his blood. Phalantus himself, all besmeared with his brother's gore, and unable to assist him, finds himself beset with a croud of enemies, who

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strive to fell him to the earth. His shield is pierced with a thousand darts; he is wounded in several parts of his body, and cannot rally his flying troops: the gods see, but do not vouchsafe him their pity.

End of the Sixteenth Book.

T H E
A D V E N T U R E S
O F
T E L E M A C H U S,
The Son of U L Y S S E S.

B O O K the S E V E N T E E N T H.

The A R G U M E N T.

Telemachus, clad in his divine armour, runs to Phalantus's assistance, kills Iphicles the son of Adrastus, repulses the victorious enemy, and would have obtained a compleat victory over them, if a sudden storm had not put an end to the battle. He afterwards orders the wounded to be carried off, and takes care of them himself, particularly of Phalantus. He celebrates the funeral rites of his brother Hippias, and presents him with his ashes which he had collected together in a golden urn.

JUPITER in the midst of all the celestials deities beheld the slaughter of the allies from the top of Olympus; and at the same time consulting the immutable destinies, saw all the chiefs whose thread of life was that day to be cut by the fatal ciphers. All the immortals looking earnestly upon him to read his pleasure in his

countenance, the father of gods and men, with a sweet but majestic voice, said : You see to what an extremity the confederates are reduced, you see Adrastus overthrowing his enemies ; but this is a deceitful spectacle. The glory and prosperity of the wicked is short ; the impious Adrastus, detestable for his perfidy, shall not obtain a compleat victory. This calamity befalls the allies only to teach them to correct their errors, and to keep their enterprises more secret. The wise Minerva is now preparing fresh glory for her darling, the young Telemachus. He said ; and all the gods continued to view the combat in silence.

Mean time Nestor and Philoctetes are informed that part of the camp is already burnt ; that the flames, driven by the winds, were continually spreading ; that the troops were in disorder, and that Phalantus could no longer sustain the efforts of the enemy. These dreadful words no sooner strike their ears but they run to arms, assemble the officers, and order them to hasten out of the camp to escape the flames.

Telemachus, who was dejected and inconsolable, now forgets his grief, and takes his arms, the inestimable present of the wise Minerva, who appearing in the shape of Mentor, pretended that she had received them of an excellent artist of Salentum, though she had in reality prevailed on Vulcan to make them in the smoaky caverns of mount *Ætna*.

These arms were smooth as glass, and glittered like the rays of the sun. On the shield were seen Neptune and Pallas contending which

of them should have the honour of giving their name to an infant city. Neptune struck the earth with his trident, and one beheld a furious steed springing from it. Fire darted from his eyes, and foam issued from his mouth. His mane waved with the wind; his pliant and nervous legs moved with vigour and swiftness. He did not walk; he bounded by the mere strength of his loins, but with such rapidity that he left no footsteps behind him: and one thought one heard him neigh.

In another part was Minerva presenting olives, the fruit of the tree of her own planting, to the inhabitants of her new city. The bough on which the fruit hung, was an emblem of gentle peace and plenty, preferable to the troubles of war, of which the horse was a symbol. The goddess obtained the victory by her plain and useful gifts, and stately Athens bore her name.

Minerva was also seen assembling around her all the polite arts, which were represented by little children with wings. Terrified at the brutal fury of all-destroying Mars, they fled to her for shelter, as bleating lambkins fly for refuge to their dams at the sight of a ravenous wolf, that darts with extended flaming jaws to devour them. Minerva, with a disdainful and angry countenance, was also confounding, by the excellence of her works, the foolish temerity of Arachne, who presumed to vie with her as to the perfection of her tapestry. One saw the wretch's lessening limbs losing their form, and changing into those of a spider.

Near this part Minerva appeared again, giving advice to Jupiter himself in the war of the giants, and sustaining all the other affrighted deities. She was also represented with her lance and ægis on the banks of Xanthus and Simois, leading Ulysses by the hand, reviving the courage of the flying Greeks, and withstanding the efforts of the most valiant Trojan commanders and of the formidable Hector himself; and lastly, introducing Ulysses into the fatal Machine which was in a single night to subvert the the empire of Priam.

Another part of the shield represented Ceres in the fruitful fields of Enna, in the midst of Sicily. The goddess was assembling the inhabitants together, who were scattered up and down, and lived by hunting, or picking up the wild fruits, that dropped from the trees. She taught these rude mortals the art of manuring the earth, and of extracting their food out of her fertile bosom; she presented them with a plough, and taught them to yoke the oxen to it. One might see the earth parting into furrows by means of the sharp edged share; and then one beheld the golden harvests which hid the fruitful fields. The reaper with his sickle was cutting down the kindly fruits of the earth, and paying himself for all his toils. Iron, elsewhere an instrument to destroy, was here used but to procure a plenty, and to give birth to every kind of pleasure.

The nymphs, with wreaths of flowers on their heads, were dancing together, near a grove in a meadow, on the banks of a river.

Pan was playing on his pipe ; and the Fauns and wanton Satyrs were frisking together in a corner. Bacchus, crowned with ivy, was likewise there, leaning one hand on his Thyrsus, and holding in the other a vine adorned with leafy branches and clustering grapes. His beauty was effeminate, but blended with I know not what of noble, of amorous and languishing. He looked as when he appeared to the unhappy Ariadne, when he found her solitary, forsaken, overwhelmed with sorrow on an unknown shore.

To conclude, in all parts were seen multitudes of people ; old men bearing their first-fruits to the temples ; young men tired with the toils of the day, returning home to their wives ; their wives going to meet them, fondling their little children, and leading them by the hand. There were also shepherds that seemed to sing, and others to dance to the sound of their reeds. Every thing was an image of peace, plenty, and pleasure ; every thing seemed smiling and happy : nay, the very wolves were sporting among the sheep in their pastures, and the lion and the tyger having quitted their fierceness, were feeding with tender lambkins : a child was their shepherd, and he governed them all with his crook. This delightful picture put one in mind of all the charms of the golden age.

Telemachus being clad in this celestial armour, instead of taking his own shield, takes the terrible ægis, which Minerva had sent him by Iris, the swift messenger of the gods. Iris had taken away his own shield without his perceiving

it, and had given him the ægis, dreadful even to the gods themselves, instead of it.

Thus armed, he runs out of the camp to avoid the flames, and calls all the chiefs of the army to him with a strong voice, which instantly revives all the terrified allies. Celestial fire sparkles in the eyes of the youthful warrior. He all the while seems as calm, as free and composed, as diligent in issuing out his orders, as a wise senior could who is intent on the regulation of his family, and the instruction of his children; but then he is as rapid and violent in the execution, as an impetuous river, which not only rolls its foamy waves with rapidity, but also bears away with its torrent the heaviest vessels with which it is loaded.

Philoctetes, Nestor, and the chiefs of the Mandurians and of the other nations perceived that the son of Ulysses had I know not what of authority, to which they were forced to submit. The experience of the seniors fails them; counsel and wisdom forsake all the commanders; nay, jealousy itself, so natural to man, is extinguished in every heart; all are silent, all admire Telemachus, all wait on his commands without reflecting on what they do, and as if they had been used to do it. He advances and ascends an eminence; and from thence observing the posture of the enemy, he instantly judges that it is necessary to use the utmost dispatch to surprize them in the disorder into which they had put themselves by burning the confederate camp. He fetches a compass with great expedition, followed by all the most experienced

commanders, and falls upon the Daunians in the rear, at a time when they thought that the army of the allies was involved in the flames. The Daunians are disordered by this sudden attack, and fall beneath Telemachus's hands, as leaves in the close of autumn in the forests, when the boisterous north-wind, bringing back the winter, makes the trunks of the old trees groan, and violently shakes all the branches. The earth is strewed with men slain by Telemachus. With his javelin he pierces the heart of Iphicles, the youngest of Adrastus's children, who presumed to engage him, in order to save his father's life, who was in danger of being killed by Telemachus. The son of Ulysses and Iphicles were both handsome, vigorous, expert and brave, of the same stature, of the same sweet disposition, of the same age, and both alike dear to their parents; but Iphicles resembled a flower in the fields, which blooms and is cut down by the scythe of the mower. Telemachus then kills Euphorion, the most renowned of all the Lydians that came into Hetruria. His sword afterwards slays Clemenēs, who was lately married, and had promised his bride to bring her the rich spoils of the enemy; but he was never to see her again.

Adrastus quivers with rage when he sees that his son and several of his commanders are dead, and that victory is slipping out of his hands. Phalantus, just ready to sink at his feet, looks like a half-slain victim, that starts from the sacred knife, and flies away from the altar. A moment more had been sufficient for Adrastus.

to have completed the Lacedæmonian's destruction.

Phalantus drowned in his own blood and in that of those who fought around him, hears the shouts of Telemachus coming to his relief. The same instant life returns, and the cloud which had already overspread his eyes, disperses. The Daunians perceiving this unexpected attack, leave Phalantus to repulse a more dangerous enemy. Adrastus resembles a tyger, from whom a company of shepherds snatch the prey he was going to devour. Telemachus seeks him in the throng, being desirous to end the war at once by delivering the allies from their implacable enemy; but Jupiter would not grant the son of Ulysses so quick and easy a victory. Nay, Minerva herself was willing that he should suffer more hardships, that he might be the better qualified to govern.

The impious Adrastus was preserved therefore by the father of the gods, that Telemachus might have time to acquire more glory and virtue. A thick cloud which Jupiter formed in the air, saved the Daunians; dreadful thunders spoke the will of the gods. One would have thought that the eternal vaults of high Olympus were going to break down on the heads of feeble mortals; lightnings cleft the clouds from pole to pole, and the eye was scarcely dazzled by their piercing fires, but all was wrapt again in the most hideous midnight darkness. A sluicy shower which fell at the same time, contributed likewise to part the two armies.

Adraftus made his advantage of the succours of the gods without being duly sensible of their power, and by this ingratitude merited to be reserved for a severer vengeance. He immediately marched his army between the half-burnt camp, and a morass which reached quite to the river; and this he did with such dexterity and dispatch, that his retreat was a proof of his readiness at expedients and of his presence of mind. The allies spurred on by Telemachus, were eager to pursue him; but by the favour of the storm he escaped from them, as a swift-winged bird escapes from the nets of the fowler.

The allies now return to their camp, and think only of repairing their loss. As they entered it, they beheld the most lamentable effects of war; the sick and the wounded wanting strength to crawl out of their tents, had not been able to save themselves from the flames: they seemed half burnt, and with a doleful dying voice sent up bitter cries to heaven, which pierced the very soul of Telemachus. He could not retain his tears; he often turned away his eyes through horror and compassion, nor could without shuddering behold their bodies, though still alive devoted to a lingering and painful death, and looking like the flesh of victims that has been burnt on the altars, and diffuses a smell all around.

Alas! cried Telemachus, lo! the evils which war draws after it! How blind a fury possesses wretched mortals! They have but a few days to live on the earth, and those are days of sorrow;

why then will they quicken the pace of death which is already so near? Why will they add so many shocking evils to the bitterness with which the gods have crowded their span of life? Men are all brothers, and yet they tear each other in pieces. Savage brutes are less cruel than they: lions make not war upon lions, nor tygers upon tygers; they attack but animals of a different species. Man only, notwithstanding his reason, does what creatures void of reason never did. And then why these wars? Are there not lands enough in the world to supply all men with more than they can cultivate? What a waste of desolate tracts which mankind can never stock with inhabitants! What then! Does ambition, a prince's aiming at the vain title of a conqueror, kindle wars in countries sufficiently large? Yes, a single person, sent into the world by the gods in their wrath, brutally sacrifices millions to his vanity. Every thing must be destroyed: every thing must swim in blood; every thing must be involved in flames, that what escapes the sword and fire may perish by famine still more cruel than they; and all this, that a single man who mocks at human nature, may gratify his humour and ambition in this general devastation. What a monstrous kind of vanity! Can one too much detest and despise men who have thus far forgotten humanity? No, no, instead of being demi-gods, they are not so much as men, and ought to be had in execration in all the ages by which they hoped to be admired. Oh! how cautious ought kings to be with respect to the

wars they undertake ! Their wars ought to be just ; nay more, they ought to be necessary for the public weal. The blood of the people ought not to be shed but to save the people themselves in cases of extremity. But flattering counsels, false notions of glory, groundless jealousies, unbounded avarice, hid under fair disguises, in short, imperceptible motives, almost always hurry kings into wars which render them miserable, which tempt them needlessly to risk their all, and prove as fatal to their own subjects as their enemies. Thus reasoned Telemachus.

But he did not satisfy himself with deploring the evils of war ; he endeavoured to soften them. He went himself into the tents, to relieve the sick and the dying ; he gave them money and medicines ; he comforted and encouraged them by friendly discourses, and sent others to visit those he could not visit himself.

There were among the Cretans that accompanied him, two old men whose names were Traumaphilus and Nozophugus. Traumaphilus had been at the siege of Troy with Idomeneus, and had learnt the divine art of healing wounds of *Æsculapius's* sons. He used to pour into the deepest and most envenomed a certain odorous liquid which eat away the dead and mortified flesh so that there was no need of incision, and quickly formed new flesh, much sounder and of a better colour than the former. As for Nozophugus, he had never seen the sons of *Æsculapius*, but had by means of Merion been possessed of a sacred and mysterious book which *Æsculapius* had given his sons.

Besides, Nozophugus was beloved of the gods; he had composed hymns in honour of Latona's children, and daily sacrificed a white sheep without blemish to Apollo, by whom he was often inspired; he no sooner saw a sick person but he knew the cause of his malady by his eyes, his complexion, the conformation of his body, and his manner of breathing. Sometimes he administered sudorifics, and shewed by the success of sweating, how much the opening or shutting of the pores contributes to the disorder or restoration of the whole bodily machine. Sometimes in lingering distempers he gave certain draughts, which gradually strengthened the noble parts, and renewed men's vigour by sweetening their blood. But he used to declare that it was through a want of virtue and resolution, that men so often needed physic. It is a shame to mankind, said he, that he should have such a multitude of maladies; for sound morals are productive of health. Their intemperance converts into deadly poisons the aliments which are designed to preserve their lives. Immoderate pleasures shorten men's days more than medicines can lengthen them. The poor are seldomer sick for want of food, than the rich are by eating too much. Aliments which are too grateful to the palate, and cause men to eat more than is needful, poison instead of nourishing. Medicines themselves are real evils which ruin the constitution, and should never be used but on urgent occasions. The grand medicine, which is always innocent, and always useful, is sobriety, moderation in all sorts

of pleasures, tranquillity of mind, and bodily exercise. Thereby is generated a sweet and well-tempered blood, and redundant humours are dissipated. Thus was the wise Nozophugus less admirable on account of his cures, than on account of the regimen he prescribed to prevent diseases, and to render medicines useful.

These two men being sent by Telemachus to visit all the sick in the army, cured many by their medicines, but more by the care they took to have them well looked after; for they made it their business to keep them clean, in order to prevent any unwholesome air, and to make them observe a sober and regular diet during their recovery.

All the soldiers moved by these benefits, rendered thanks to the gods for having sent Telemachus into the confederate army. He is not a man, said they; he is undoubtedly some beneficent deity in an human shape: at least if he be a man, he resembles the rest of mankind less than he does the gods; he is come into the world only to do good, and is more amiable for the sweetness of his temper and his humanity than for his valour. Oh! that we could have him for our king! but the gods reserve him for some happier people whom they love, and among whom they design to renew the golden age.

Telemachus as he went in the night to visit the several quarters of the camp by way of precaution against any stratagems of Adrastus, heard these praises, which could not be suspected of adulation, like those which flatterers.

often bestow on princes to their faces, supposing that they have neither modesty for delicacy, and that nothing is necessary to gain their favour but to praise them beyond measure. The son of Ulysses could relish nothing but truth; he could bear no commendations but those which were privately given him in his absence, and he had really deserved. To such his heart as not insensible; he felt that sweet, that pure delight which the gods have annexed to virtue only, and which ill-men, for want of having experienced it, can neither comprehend nor believe: but he did not indulge himself in this pleasure. All the faults he had committed would presently crowd into his mind; he forgot not his natural haughtiness and indifference for mankind; he was secretly ashamed of being born with so hard a heart, and of appearing so inhuman; he referred to the wise Minerva all the glory which was given him, thinking that he himself did not deserve it.

It was you, great goddess, said he, who gave me Mentor to instruct me, and to rectify my evil disposition; it is you who gave me the wisdom to improve by my faults, and to be diffident of myself; it is you who check my impetuous passions; it is you who make me sensible of the pleasure of relieving the distressed; but for you, I should commit irreparable errors, and be like a child, that unconscious of its weakness, quits its mother, and falls the very first step it takes.

Nestor and Philoctetes were surpris'd to see Telemachus become so humane, so careful to

oblige, so officious, so ready to relieve the wants of all, and so skilful and industrious to prevent them; they perceived him to be quite another man, but knew not how to account for it. What surpris'd them yet more, was the care he took of Hippias's funeral. He went himself to fetch his bloody and disfigured body from the place where it was buried under an heap of dead; he shed pious tears over it, and said, O mighty shade, thou now knowest how much I esteem thy valour. Thy haughtiness indeed provoked me, but thy failings proceeded only from the warmth of youth. I well know how much need that age has of pardon. We should hereafter have been sincere friends. I was in the wrong. Why, ye gods! have you ravished him from me, before it was in my power to force him to love me?

Telemachus afterwards caus'd his body to be wash'd with odorous liquors, and then order'd a funeral pyre to be prepar'd. Lofty pines groaning beneath the strokes of the axe, roll from the tops of the mountains. Oaks, those aged sons of earth, that seem'd to menace heaven, tall poplars, elms with verdant heads and thick-leaved branches, and beeches, the honour of the woods, are brought and laid upon the banks of the river Galesus. There a pile, resembling a regular building, is erect'd; the flames begins to appear, and curling clouds of smoke ascend to the skies. The Lacedæmonians advanced with slow and mournful steps, with downcast eyes and pikes inverted; the deepest sadness is imprinted on their wild faces,

and floods of tears stream from their eyes. Next them came the aged Pherecides, less bowed down by his numerous years than by the grief of surviving Hippias, whom he had brought up from his infancy. He lifted up his hands and his tearful eyes to heaven. Since Hippias's death he had refused all manner of sustenance; gentle sleep had not been able to weigh down his eye-lids, nor to suspend his anguish a moment: he walked with tottering steps behind the crouds, unknowing whither he went. Not a single word proceeded from his mouth, for his heart was too much oppress'd; he was speechless through grief and despair. But when he saw the kindly pyre, he was instantly transported, and cried out,

O Hippias, Hippias! I shall never see thee more! Hippias is no more, and yet I still live! O my dearest Hippias! It was I, a cruel, a merciless wretch! It was I taught thee to despise death. I hoped thy hands would have closed my eyes, and that thou wouldest have caught my latest breath. Ye cruel gods! to lengthen out my life that I might see the death of Hippias! O my dear child! whose education has cost me so many cares, I shall see thee no more; but I shall see thy mother die of grief, reproaching me with thy death; I shall see thy youthful wife beat her bosom and tear off her hair, and I shall be the cause. O beloved shade! summon me to the Stygian shore; the light is hateful to me; it is thou alone, my dear Hippias, I wish to see again. Hippias! Hippias!

O my dearest Hippias! I live but to pay my last duty to thy ashes.

Mean time the corps of youthful Hippias appeared, stretched out at its length, and borne on a bier adorned with purple, gold and silver. Death, which had extinguished his eyes, had not been able to efface all his beauty, for there still remained on his pallid visage a faint picture of the graces. Around his neck, whiter than snow, but reclined on his shoulder, waved his long black hair, which, more beautiful than that of Atys or Ganymede, was now to be reduced to ashes. In his side was seen the deep wound which let out all his blood, and sent him down to Pluto's gloomy realm.

Telemachus, sorrowful and dejected, came next to the corps, and strewed flowers upon it. When it arrived at the pyre, the son of Ulysses could not see the flames catch the linnen it was wrapt in, without weeping afresh. Farewel, brave Hippias, said he; for I dare not call thee my friend; be appeased, thou shade, who has merited so much glory! Did I not love thee, I should envy thy happiness; thou art delivered from the miseries we still suffer, and hast retreated from them in the path of glory. Ah! how happy should I be in making a like end! May Styx not stop thy ghost! May the Elysian fields be open to it! May fame preserve thy renown throughout all ages, and may thy ashes rest in peace!

He had scarcely spoken these words which were intermingled with sighs, but the whole army made a loud lamentation; they were moved

for Hippias, whose gallant actions they recited, and their sorrow for his death, recalling all his good qualities to their minds, made them forget the failings which were owing to the impetuosity of youth and a bad education : but they were still more moved with the tender sentiments of Telemachus. Is this then, said they, the proud, the haughty, the scornful, the stubborn young Greek ? Lo ! how gentle, how humane, how kind he is. Without doubt Minerva, who so greatly loved his father, loves him also ; she without doubt has made him the choicest present which the gods can make to men, by giving him a heart susceptible of friendship, as well as wisdom.

And now the body was consumed by the flames. Telemachus himself besprinkled the yet smoaking ashes with perfumed liquors ; he then inclosed them in a golden urn, which he crowned with flowers, and carried it to Phalantus ; who was stretched at his length, pierced with various wounds, and so extremely weak that he had a near prospect of the gloomy gates of hell.

Already had Traumaphilus and Nozophugus, whom the son of Ulysses had sent to him, administered all the assistance of their art ; they had gradually recalled the soul, which was ready to take its flight ; new spirits insensibly revived him ; an agreeable penetrating vigour, the balm of life, insinuated itself from vein to vein even to the inmost recesses of his heart, and a pleasing warmth snatched him from the icy hands of death. The moment his swooning

was over, grief succeeded : he began to be sensible of the loss of his brother, which he had not before been in a condition of feeling. Alas ! said he, why all these pains to save my life ? Were it not better for me to die, and follow my dearest Hippias ? I saw him perish by my side. O Hippias, the joy of my life, my brother, my dear brother, thou art no more ! I then no more shall see thee, nor hear thee, nor embrace thee, nor tell thee my pains, nor comfort thee under thine ! Ye gods ! ye enemies of mankind ! there is no Hippias for me ! Is it possible ? Is it not a dream ? No, it is but too true. O Hippias ! I have lost thee, I saw thee die, and must live till I have revenged thy death : I will sacrifice the cruel Adrastus, besmeared with thy blood, to thy manes.

Whilst Phalantus was speaking thus, Trau-
maphilus and Nozophugus endeavoured to appease his grief, that it might not increase his disorders, and prevent the effect of their medicines. Perceiving of a sudden that Telemachus was coming to him, his heart was at first agitated by two contrary passions ; on one hand, he retained a resentment of all that had passed between Telemachus and Hippias, which was quickened by his grief for Hippias's death ; and on the other, he could not be ignorant that he owed the preservation of his own life to Telemachus, who had snatched him, quite covered with blood and half dead, out of Adrastus's hands. But when he saw the golden urn in which the dear ashes of his brother Hippias were inclosed, he shed a torrent of tears ; he

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immediately embraced Telemachus without being able to speak, and at length with a feeble voice, interrupted with sobbings, he said :

Worthy son of Ulysses, your virtue compels me to love you ; to you I am indebted for this remainder of life which draws towards its end ; but I am indebted to you for something much dearer to me. But for you, my brother's body had been a prey to vultures ; but for you, his shade, deprived of sepulture, had miserably wandered on the Stygian banks, and been continually repulsed by the inexorable Charon. Must I be so much obliged to one I have so much hated ? Reward him, ye gods ! and rid me of so wretched a life. As for you, Telemachus, perform for me the last duties which you performed for my brother, that nothing may be wanting to your glory.

This said, Phalantus was quite spent and overwhelmed with an excess of grief. Telemachus stood by him, not daring to speak to him, and waiting till he should recover his strength. Phalantus soon returning from his swoon, took the urn out of Telemachus's hands, kissed it several times, bedewed it with his tears, and said : Ye dear, ye precious ashes ! when shall mine be inclosed in this urn with you ? O thou ghost of Hippias, I follow thee to the shades below ; Telemachus will revenge us both.

And now Phalantus's disorder daily decreased by the care of the two men who were skilled in the science of Æsculapius. Telemachus constantly attended them when they visited their patient, to make them the more diligent to hasten.

en his cure; and the whole army admired the goodness of his heart in thus relieving his greatest enemy, more than the valour and wisdom he had discovered in saving the confederate army in battle. Telemachus at the same time was indefatigable in the hardest toils of war. He slept little, and his slumbers were often interrupted either by advices, which he received at all hours of the night as well as of the day, or by his visiting the several quarters of the camp, which he never did twice together at the same hour, that he might the more easily surprise those that were not sufficiently vigilant; he used often to return to his tent besmeared with sweat and dust; his food was plain; he lived like the common soldiers, to set them an example of sobriety and patience. The army having but little provisions in this encampment, he thought fit to stop the murmurs of the soldiers by voluntarily bearing himself the same inconveniencies as they. His body, instead of being weakened by so laborious a life, was strengthened and hardened daily; he began to lose the soft graces which is as it were the bloom of youth; his complexion grew browner and less delicate, and his limbs more robust and nervous.

End of the Seventeenth Book.

ON 18TH JAN 1901

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T H E
A D V E N T U R E S
O F
T E L E M A C H U S,
The Son of U L Y S S E S.

B O O K the E I G H T T E E N T H.

The A R G U M E N T.

Telemachus, persuaded by various dreams that his father Ulysses is not on the earth, executes his design of going to seek him in hell. He goes privately out of the camp, attended by two Cretans as far as a temple near the famous cavern of Acherontia, he there plunges thro' a dark dreary passage, arrives on the banks of Styx, and is taken by Charon into his bark. He goes and presents himself before Pluto, whom he finds prepared to permit him to seek for his father. He crosses Tartarus, where he sees the tortures of the ungrateful, the perjured, the hypocrite, and particularly of bad kings.

A D R A S T U S, whose troops had been considerably weakened in this engagement, retired behind mount, Aulon, to wait for various re-inforcements, and to surprise his enemies ; so an hungry lion, driven back from the

sheep-fold, returns to the gloomy wood, and re-enters his den, where he whets his teeth and claws, and waits for a favourable opportunity to destroy the whole flock.

Telemachus having taken care to establish a strict discipline through all the camp, thought only of executing a design which he had formed and concealed from all the chiefs of the army. He had long been disturbed every night with dreams, which shewed him his father Ulysses. His dear image used constantly to return towards the end of the night, before Aurora came with her dawning fires to chase the wandering stars from heaven, and gentle slumbers with all their trains of fluttering dreams from the earth. Sometimes he thought he saw Ulysses in a delightful island on the bank of a river in a flowery meadow, quite naked, and surrounded by nymphs who were throwing him garments that he might cover himself with them. Sometimes he thought he heard him talking in a palace all glittering with gold and ivory, where men with wreaths of flowers on their heads were listening to him with pleasure and admiration. And Ulysses would often appear to him of a sudden amidst the merriments and pleasures of festivals, wherein the sweet harmony of a voice was heard in a concert with a lyre more ravishing than that of Apollo, and than the voices of all the muses.

When Telemachus awaked, he was troubled at these agreeable dreams. O my father! my dear father Ulysses! cried he, the most frightful dreams would be more pleasing to me. These

images of felicity convince me that you are already descended to the mansion of happy souls, whose virtue the gods reward with an eternal peace. Methinks I see the Elysian fields Oh! how dreadful it is to hope no more! O my much-loved father! Shall I never see thee? Shall I never embrace him who so dearly loved me, and in quest of whom I undergo so many toils? Shall I never hear that mouth speak, which used to utter wisdom? Shall I never kiss those hands, those dear victorious hands, which have vanquished so many enemies? Will they not punish Penelope's frantic suitors, nor Ithaca ever rise again from its ruin! You, ye gods, who hate my father, you send me these fearful dreams to rob my heart of every hope, to rob me of my life. No, I will live no longer in this uncertainty. What say I? Alas! I am but too certain that my father is no more; I will go even to hell to seek his ghost. Theseus, the impious Theseus, who presumed to offer violence to the infernal deities, descended thither but piety is my motive for going Hercules descended thither; I indeed am not Hercules; but an attempt to imitate him is glory. Orpheus, by the recital of his misfortunes, moved the heart of that god who is represented as inexorable, and obtained his leave for Eurydice's return to the living. I am more worthy of compassion than Orpheus, for my loss is greater. Who would compare a young girl, who was no more than multitudes of others, with Ulysses the admiration of all Greece! We will go, we will if it must be so. And why should I, whose life

is so miserable, be afraid of death? O Pluto! Proserpine! I will quickly try if you are so inexorable as you are said to be. O my father, having vainly compassed earth and seas to find you, I will now go and see if you are not in the gloomy mansions of the dead. Though the gods refuse to let me see you on the earth, and in the enjoyment of the light of the sun; perhaps they will not refuse to let me see at least your ghost in the sable realm of night.

Telemachus. as he spoke these words, bedewed his bed with his tears. He immediately rose, and endeavoured by means of the light to soothe the smarting grief these dreams had occasioned; but the arrow having pierced his heart, he carried it every where with him. During his anguish he resolved to descend to hell at a famous place, which was not far from the camp; it is called Acherontia, because there is a hideous cavern there, which leads down to the banks of Acheron, a river whereby the gods themselves are cautious how they swear. The city was built on the top of a rock, like a nest on the top of a tree. At the foot of the rock was this cavern, which fearful mortals durst not approach. The shepherds were careful to turn their flocks from it. The sulphurous vapours of the Stygian lake which incessantly exhaled thro' this opening, infected all the air. Nor herbs nor flowers grew around it; there no gentle Zephirs ever breathed, no vernal bloom was seen, nor autumn's precious gifts. The earth was parched and languid, and one saw but a

few fatal cypresses and leafless shrubs. Even at a distance Ceres all around denied the husbandman her golden harvests. and Bacchus seemed in vain to promise the delicious fruits, for the clustering grapes withered instead of ripening. The morning naids poured on limpid streams; their waves were always bitter and muddy. In this spot, over run with thorns and brambles, no birds did ever warble, nor find a grove to retreat to; they went and sung their loves under a milder sky. Here nothing was heard but the croaking of ravens, and the dismal screams of the owl. The grass itself was bitter, nor skipped with joy the flocks that fed upon it. The bull fled from the heifer, and the disconsolate swain forgot his pipe and his flute.

Out of this cavern issued from time to time a black thick smoke, which formed a kind of night at the mid of day. The neighbouring people then redoubled their sacrifices to appease the infernal divinities; but men in the flower of their age and earliest bloom of youth, were often the only victims which these cruel deities took a pleasure in sacrificing by a fatal contagion.

It was here Telemachus resolved to find a way to Pluto's gloomy mansion. Minerva, who incessantly watched over him, and covered him with her ægis, had rendered Pluto propitious to him; Jupiter himself, at her request, having commanded Mercury, who daily descends to hell to deliver up to Charon a certain number of dead, to bid the king of the shades

permit the son of Ulysses to enter into his empire

Telemachus steals out of the camp by night ; he travels by the light of the moon, and invokes that powerful diety, who being the heavens the bright planet of the night, and on earth the chaste Diana, is in hell the formidable Hecate. This goddess kindly heard his vows ; because his heart was pure, and he was led by the pious affection which a son owes to his father.

He was scarcely arrived at the mouth of the cavern, when he heard the subterraneous empire roar ; the ground trembled beneath his feet, and the heavens were armed with lightnings and flashes of fire, which seemed to fall on the earth. The young son of Ulysses felt his heart moved, and his whole body covered with a cold sweat ; but his courage supported him. Lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, Ye mighty gods, cried he, these omens, which I deem propitious, I accept with pleasure ; complete your work. He said, and redoubling his pace, rushed boldly forward.

Whereupon the thick smoke which rendered the mouth of the cavern fatal to all animals that approached it, was dispersed, and the poisonous stench ceased for a while. Telemachus entered alone ; for what mortal durst attend him ? Two Cretans, who came with him to a certain distance from the cave, and to whom he had communicated his design, waited in a temple at a distance, trembling, half-dead, offering up

their vows, and despairing of ever seeing Telemachus again.

Mean time the son of Ulysses rushes sword in hand into this horrible darkness. He presently perceives a faint glimmering light, like that which is seen in the night-time on the earth; he observes the airy ghosts fluttering around him, and drives them away with his sword. He afterwards sees the doleful banks of the boggy river, whose foul and sluggish waters are continually whirling round. On the shore he discovers an innumerable croud of unburied dead, vainly presenting themselves to the inexorable Charon. This god, whose everlasting age is eternally surly and morose but full of vigour, threatens them, drives them away, and immediately admits the young Greek into his bark. Telemachus, as he enters it, hears the groans of a disconsolate ghost.

What occasions your distress, said he? Who were you on the earth? I was, replied the shade, Nabopherzan king of haughty Babylon. All the nations of the east trembled at the very sound of my name; I caused myself to be worshipped by the Babylonians in a marble temple, where I was represented by a golden statue, before which were burnt both night and day the most precious perfumes of Æthiopia. Whoever presumed to contradict me, was immediately chastised for it. New pleasures were daily invented to make my life more delightful, and I was still young and robust. Oh! what joys had I to taste on a throne! But a woman whom I loved, and who did not love me, made me

very sensible that I was not a god. She poisoned me. I am now nothing. My ashes were yesterday deposited in a pompous manner in a golden urn. My people wept for me; they tore off their hair; they seemed as if they would throw themselves into my flaming pyre to die with me, and they still go and pour forth their groans at the foot of the stately tomb in which my ashes are laid; but nobody really laments me; my memory is abhorred even in my own family, and I already suffer here below an horrible kind of treatment.

Telemachus moved by this sight, said, Were you really happy while you reigned? Did you feel that sweet peace of mind, without which the heart is always oppressed and withers in the midst of pleasures? No, replied the Babylonian, I do not even know what you mean. The sages indeed vaunt of this peace as the only good; but for me, I never experienced it. My heart was continually agitated by new desires, by fear and by hope. I endeavoured to make myself giddy by the rapid motions of my passions, and I took care to maintain the intoxicating career, and to make it lasting. The shortest interval of calm reason had been very irksome to me. This is the peace which I enjoyed; all other seemed to me but a fable and a dream. These are blessings which I regret.

The Babylonian as he spoke thus, wept like a mean-spirited wretch, that had been enervated by prosperity, and had not been used to bear adversity with fortitude. There were several slaves about him who had been put to death to

honour his funeral. Mercury had delivered them up to Charon with their king, and had given them an absolute power over him whom they had served on the earth. The shades of these slaves were no longer afraid of Nabopharzan's shade; they held it in chains, and offered it the most cruel indignities. One said to him, Were we not men as well as thee? What made thee so frantic as to think thyself a god? Shouldst thou not have remembered that thou wert of the same race as others? Another, to insult him, said, Thou wert in the right in being unwilling to be taken for a man; for thou wert a monster void of humanity. A third cried out, Well! where are thy flatterers now! Wretch, thou hast no longer any thing to give; thou hast not the power to do any more mischief; thou art become the slave even of thy own slaves. The gods are slow to do justice, but they do it at last.

At these grating words Nabopharzan threw himself prostrate on the earth, tearing off his hair in a fit of rage and despair. But Charon said to the slaves, Haul him up by his chain, raise him whether he will or no; he shall not even have the consolation of hiding his confusion; all the ghosts of Styx must be witnesses of it, to justify the gods, who have so long suffered this impious wretch to reign on the earth. This, Babylonian, is but the beginning of thy sorrows; prepare thyself to be tried by Minos, the inflexible judge of hell.

During this speech of the terrible Charon, the bark reached the shore of Pluto's realm.

All the ghosts ran to view the living mortal that appeared in the boat in the midst of the dead ; but the moment Telemachus set his foot on the shore, they fled like the shades of night, which the least glimpse of night disperses. Charon with a brow less wrinkled, and eyes less fierce than usual, said to the young Greek, Thou mortal beloved of the gods, since it is given thee to enter the kingdom of night, which is inaccessible to the living, make haste and go where the destinies call thee ; go along this gloomy path to the palace of Pluto, whom you will find on his throne ; he will permit you to enter regions whose secrets I am forbidden to discover to you.

Hereupon Telemachus advances with hasty steps. He sees on all sides fluttering shades more numerous than the grains of sand on the sea-shore ; and observing the confusion and hurry of this infinite multitude, and the profound silence of these spacious regions, he is struck with an holy fear. His hair rises upright on his head, on his arrival at the inexorable Pluto's drear abode ; his knees tremble, his voice fails him, and it is with difficulty that he is able to address these words to the god : You behold, O tremendous deity, the son of the unhappy Ulysses : I am come to inquire if my father be descended into your empire, or if he be still wandering on the earth.

Pluto was seated on a throne of ebony. His countenance was pale and severe, his eyes hollow and sparkling, his brows wrinkled and threatening. The sight of a living man was

hateful to him, as the light is offensive to the eyes of animals that are used to go out of their retreats only by night. By his side appeared Proserpine, who alone attracted his looks, and seemed a little to mollify his heart. She enjoyed an ever-blooming beauty; but she seemed to have joined to her divine charms I know not what of the obduracy and cruelty of her husband.

At the foot of the throne was pale devouring death, with his keen scythe, which he was continually wheting. Around him hovered gloomy cares, cruel jealousy, revenge all dropping with blood and covered with wounds; groundless hate; avarice gnawing her own flesh; despair rending herself with her own hands; mad ambition overthrowing every thing; treason thirsting for blood, and unable to enjoy the evils she had occasioned; envy pouring her deadly venom around her, and raging at her want of power to injure; impiety digging a bottomless pit, and flinging herself in despair into it; ghastly spectres; phantoms which assume the form of the dead to terrify the living; frightful dreams, and want of sleep as tormenting as they: all these dreadful images environed the haughty Pluto, and crouded his palace. He answered Telemachus in a voice which made the bottom of Erebus roar.

Young mortal, destiny has given thee to violate this sacred asylum of shades; pursue thy glorious fortune; I shall not tell thee where thy father is; it suffices that thou art free to look for him. As he was a king upon the

earth, you need only run through, on one hand, that part of dreary Tartarus where wicked kings are punished, and the Elyfian fields, on the other where good kings are rewarded. But you cannot go from hence to the Elyfian fields, without passing through Tartarus. Hasten thither, and quit my dominions.

Telemachus instantly seems to fly through those empty and immense spaces, so much did he long to know if he should see his father, and to get out of the dreadful presence of the tyrant who awes both the living and the dead. Near him he presently perceives the dismal Tartarus, from which issued a black thick smoke, whose poisonous steam would have been mortal, had it been diffused in the mansions of the living. This smoke hovered over a river of fire and whirlwinds of flames, whose roaring like that of the most impetuous torrents falling from the highest rocks into the deepest abyffes, prevented one's hearing any thing distinctly in these regions of sorrow.

Telemachus being secretly encouraged by Minerva, enters this gulph undaunted. He immediately perceived a great number of men who had lived in the lowest stations, and were punished for having fought riches by fraud, treachery and cruelty. He observed many impious hypocrites, who pretending to love religion, had used it only as a specious pretence to gratify their ambition, and to impose upon the credulous. These wretches, who had abused virtue itself, though it is the most precious gift of the gods, were punished as the most

wicked of all mankind. Children who had killed their fathers and their mothers, wives who had dipt their hands in their husband's blood, and traitors who had violated all the most solemn oaths, and sacrificed their country, suffered less cruel tortures than these hypocrites : such is the pleasure of the three judges of hell, and their reason for it is, because hypocrites are not satisfied with being wicked like other impious wretches ; they endeavour to be thought good, and make men by their counterfeit virtue afraid of relying on true. The gods whom they mocked, and rendered contemptible to men, take a pleasure in exerting their whole power to revenge themselves of their insults.

Near these appeared others, who, though not esteemed culpable by the vulgar, are prosecuted by the divine vengeance without mercy ; these are the ungrateful, the liar, the flatterer who applauded vice, malignant censurers who endeavoured to sully the purest virtue, and those who rashly judged of things without knowing them thoroughly, and thereby injured the reputation of the innocent.

But of all kinds of ingratitude that which is committed with regard to the gods, was punished as the blackest. What ! said Minos, is a man reputed a monster, who is ungrateful to his father, or his friend, of whom he has received some favours, and does he glory in being ungrateful to the gods, of whom he holds his life, and all the blessings it includes ! Does he not owe his birth to them more than to the fa-

ther and mother of whom he was born ? The more crimes are winked at and excused on earth, the more they are the objects of an implacable vengeance, which nothing escapes, in hell.

Telemachus seeing the three judges sitting, and passing sentence on a person before them, was so free as to ask them what his crimes were. Upon which the criminal took the word, and cried, I never did any harm ; I placed all my delight in doing good ; I was generous, liberal, and just, compassionate ; with what then can I be charged ? Whereupon Minos said, Thou art charged with nothing as to men ; but didst thou not owe them less than the gods ? What is this thou vauntest of ? Thou hast failed in no duty towards men who are nothing : thou hast been virtuous, but thou didst ascribe all thy virtue to thyself, and not to the gods who give it thee ; for thou wouldest needs enjoy the fruit of thy own virtue, and makes that the only spring of thy happiness. Thou hast been thy own deity ; but the gods who made all things, and made nothing but for themselves, cannot give up their right. Thou hast forgotten them ; they will forget thee, and deliver thee up to thyself. since thou resolvedst to be thy own and not theirs. Now therefore find thy consolation, if thou canst, in thy own bosom. Lo ! thou art now for ever separated from men whom thou soughtest to please. Lo ! thou who wast thy own idol, art now alone with thyself. Be assured that there is no true virtue without a reverence and love of the gods, to whom all thing are due. Thy false virtue,

which long dazzled the eyes of men, who are easily imposed upon, will be now put to confusion. Men judging of virtue and vice by what thwarts or suits with their interest, are blind both as to good and evil. Here a divine light overthrows all their superficial opinions and often condemns what they admire, and justifies what they condemn.

At these words the philosopher, as if he had been thunderstruck, could not support himself. The complacency with which he had formerly contemplated his moderation, his courage and generous inclinations, were changed into despair. A survey of his own heart, which had been an enemy to the gods, became his punishment. He views himself, and cannot cease to view himself. He sees the vanity of the opinions of men, whom in all his actions he sought to please. There is an universal change of every thing within him, as if all his bowels had been turned up side down; he no longer finds himself the same man, and every prop in his heart fails him. His conscience, whose testimony used to please him so highly, rises up against him, and bitterly reproaches him so highly with his mistaken and chimerical virtues, which had not the worship of the deity for their principle and end; he is troubled, astonished, overwhelmed with shame, remorse and despair. The furies do indeed not torment, because they are satisfied with giving him up to himself, as his own heart abundantly revenges the derided gods. He seeks the blackest corners to hid himself from the rest of the dead, unable to hid

himself from himself; he seeks for darknes, but he cannot find it. A troublesome light follows him every where; every where the piercing rays of truth pursue him. in order to avenge the truth he neglected to follow. Every thing which he loved becomes hateful to him, as being the source of his miseries, which are to be eternal. O fool, says he to himself, I have known neither gods, nor men, nor myself. No I have known nothing, since I never loved the only true good. All my steps have been erroneous; my wisdom was but folly; my virtue was only a blind and impious pride; I was my own idol.

At last Telemachus beheld the kings who had been condemned for abusing their power. On one hand a vengeful fury presented a mirror which shew them all the deformity of their vices. There they saw and could not avoid seeing their gross vanity and greediness of the most ridiculous encomiums; their barbarity to mankind, whom they ought to have rendered happy; their affection for base flatterers; their supineness, their luxury, their indolence, their misplaced jealousies, their pomp; their excessive magnificence, founded on the ruin of the people; their ambition to purchase a little empty glory with the blood of their citizens; and lastly their inhumanity, in daily seeking for new delights, in the tears and despair of the miserable multitude. In this mirror they continually viewed themselves, and found that they were more frightful and monstrous than the Chimera which Bellerophon vanquished, than the

Lernæan Hydra which was subdued by Hercules, and even than Cerberus himself, though he disgorges from his three yawning mouths, a black venomous gore, which is enough to poison the whole race of mankind.

At the same time, on the other hand, another Fury repeated to them in an insulting manner all the praises which their flatterers had imposed upon them while they were living, and held up another mirror in which they saw themselves such as adulation had described them; the contrast of these two portraits was the punishment of their vanity. It was remarkable that the wickedest of these princes were those to whom the most fulsome commendations had been given in their life-time, because the wicked are more dreaded than the good, and are not ashamed to require the base incense of the poets and orators of their time.

They are heard to groan in this profound darkness, where they can see nothing but the insults and derisions which they are doomed to suffer, and have nothing about them that does not repulse them, that does not thwart them, that does not confound them. Whereas on the earth they sported with the lives of men, and pretended that all things were made for their use; in Tartarus they are delivered up to all the caprices of certain slaves, who make them in their turn feel all the rigours of servitude. They serve with reluctance, and despair of ever being able to soften their captivity. Under the lashes of these slaves, now become their merciless tyrants, they are like the anvil

under the strokes of the hammers of the Cyclops, when Vulcan urges them to work in the burning forges of mount *Ætna*.

There Telemachus saw pale, ghastly, dismayed countenances; for gloomy grief preys on these guilty wretches. They are terrified at themselves, and can no more shake off this terror than their nature itself. They need no other punishment of their crimes than their crimes themselves, which they continually see, in all their enormity, staring them in the face, and haunting them like hideous spectres. To avoid these they seek for a more powerful death than that which separated them from their bodies; they call in their despair for a death which will extinguish all sense and consciousness; they implore the abyſſes to swallow them up, and to screen them from the vengeful and persecuting rays of truth. But they are reserved for a vengeance which distils upon them drop by drop, and is inexhaustible. The truth which they dreaded to see, becomes their punishment; they see it, and have eyes only to see it rise up against them. The sight of it pierces them, rends them, tears them. It resembles lightning; without hurting the out-side, it penetrates to the inmost bowels. The soul, like metal in a flaming furnace, is as it were melted by this vindictive fire, which destroys its whole texture, but consumes nothing; which dissolves even the first principles of life, and yet makes it impossible to die. They are racked with inconceivable tortures; they can find no comfort nor rest for a single moment; they exist only by their

fury against themselves, and a despair which makes them outrageous.

Among these objects, which made Telemachus's hair rise upright on his head, he saw several of the antient kings of Lydia, who were punished for having preferred the pleasures of an effeminate life to the toils of making their people happy, which ought to be inseparable from loyalty.

These princes reproached each other with their blindness. One said to another, who had been his son, Did I not often, during my old age and before my death, recommend to you the redressing the evils which I had occasioned by my negligence? Ah! unhappy father; replied the son, it was you who ruined me; it was your example that inspired me with a love of pomp, with pride, voluptuousness, and cruelty. Seeing you reign in such luxury and with a croud of flatterers about you, I was habituated to love flattery and pleasure; I thought that the rest of men were with respect to kings, what horses and other beasts of burden are with respect to men, animals which we value only for their service, and as they contribute to our convenience. This I believed; it was you that made me believe it, and I now suffer these numberless miseries for imitating you. To these reproaches they added the most shocking imprecations, and seemed in a rage to tear each other in pieces.

Around these kings still hovered like owls in the night, cruel jealousies, groundless alarms, diffidence which revenges the people of the cruelty of their princes, an insatiable thirst of rich-

es, false glory which is always tyrannical, and shameful luxury which doubles all the miseries of men, and has it not in her power to yield them substantial pleasures.

Several of these kings were severely punished not for the evil which they had done, but for the omission of the good which they ought to have done. All the crimes of the people that proceed from a negligent execution of the laws were imputed to their kings, who ought to reign only that the laws may reign by their ministry. To them also were imputed all the disorders which arise from pomp, luxury, and all other excesses which reduce men to extremity, and tempt them to violate the laws for the sake of money. Those kings especially were treated with the greatest rigour, who instead of being good and watchful shepherds of the people, had studied only to worry the flock like ravenous wolves.

But what astonished Telemachus yet more, was to see in this abyss of darkness and misery, a great number of kings, who having past on the earth for tolerable good kings, had been condemned to the pains of Tartarus for submitting to be governed by wicked and crafty men. They were punished for the evils which they had suffered to be committed by their authority. Most of these had been so weak, that they had neither been good nor bad; they had never been afraid of knowing the truth, but they had not relished virtue, nor placed their delight in doing good.

End of the Eighteenth Book.

T H E
A D V E N T U R E S
O F
T E L E M A C H U S,
The Son of U L Y S S E S.

B O O K the N I N T H T E E N T H.

The A R G U M E N T.

Telemachus enters into the Elysian fields, where he is known by Arcefius his great grandfather, who assures him that Ulysses is living, that he will see him again in Ithaca, and reign there after him. Arcefius gives him a description of the felicity which good men enjoy, and especially good kings, who in their life-time served the gods, and were a blessing to the people they governed. He makes him observe, that the heroes who had excelled only in the art of war are much less happy in a place by themselves. He gives Telemachus some instructions, who then returns with speed to the confederate camp.

WHEN Telemachus came out of his place he found himself relieved, as if a mountain had been removed from his breast; he was sensible by this relief of the misery of those who are confined there without hopes of ever be-

ing released, and was terrified to see how much more rigorously kings were tormented than other offenders. What ! said he, so many duties so many dangers, so many snares, so many difficulties in getting at the truth in order to guard against others and against one's self also ! and at last so many tortures in hell, after one has been so envied, so disquieted, so thwarted during a short life ! Ohow senseless is he that is ambitious of reigning ! Happy the man who confines himself to a private and peaceable station, in which he may with less difficulty be virtuous !

As he made these reflections his soul was disordered ; he trembled, and fell into a consternation, which made him feel something of the despair of the wretches he had just seen ; but as he went away from this doleful mansion of darkness, horror and despair, his courage began insensibly to revive : he already felt, and had a glimpse of the pure and sweet light of the abode of heroes.

Here resided, separated from the rest of the just, all the good kings that had ever ruled over mankind. As wicked princes suffered punishments in Tartarus infinitely more severe than private offenders ; so good kings enjoyed in the Elysian fields an happiness infinitely greater than that of other men who had loved virtue on the earth.

Telemachus advanced towards these princes, who were in fragrant groves on an ever-springing and flowery turf. A thousand limpid rills watered, and diffused a delicious freshness over these enchanting scenes. An infinite number

of birds made the groves ring with their tuneful chantings. One beheld the vernal flowers springing beneath one's feet, at the same time that the richest autumnal fruits were hanging on the trees. There were never felt the raging dog-star's heats; there the lowering boreal winds never durst to breathe the severities of winter. Neither blood-thirsty war, nor cruel envy that bites with an envenomed tooth, and bears writhen adders in her bosom and around her arms, nor jealousy, nor diffidence, nor fear, nor vain desires, do ever approach this happy mansion of peace. Here the day never ends, and night with her sable veil is a stranger. A pure and grateful light is diffused around the bodies of these righteous men, and invests them with its rays as with a garment. This light does not resemble the glimmering light, which enlignens the eyes of wretched mortals, and is nothing but darkness; it is rather a celestial glory than a light. It more thoroughly penetrates the grossest bodies than the rays of the sun penetrate the purest crystal. It never dazzles: on the contrary, it strengthens the eyes, and conveys an inexpressible serenity through all the recesses of the soul. This is the only food of the blessed. It proceeds from and enters into them; it penetrates and is incorporated with them, as aliments are incorporated with us. They see it, they feel it, they breathe it; it causes an inexhaustible fountain of tranquillity and joy to spring up in them. They are immersed in this abyss of delights as fishes in the sea. They covet nothing more; they have

all things without having any thing, for the taste of this pure light appeases the hunger of their hearts. All their desires are satisfied, and their plentitude raises them above every thing that empty greedy mortals pursue on the earth. All the surrounding delights are nothing to them, because the consummate happiness which comes from within, leaves them no cravings for any thing they see of delightful without. They are like the gods, who, replenished with nectar and ambrosia, would not deign to feed on any gross aliments which might be set before them at the most sumptuous tables of mortals. All evils fly far from these serene abodes: death, sickness, want, pain, sorrow, remorse, fear, hope itself which often gives us as much trouble as fear, divisions, hatred, quarrels, can have no admision here.

Should the lofty mountains of Thrace, whose brows, covered with ice and snow from the beginning of the world, cleave the clouds, should they I say be thrown from their foundations that are fixed in the centre of the earth, the souls of these righteous men would not even be moved: they only pity the miseries which depress those who live in the world; but it is a sweet and peaceful pity, that does not in the least lessen their unchangeable felicity. Eternal youth, endless happiness, a glory wholly divine, is painted on their faces; but their joy has nothing of wanton or indecent. It is a sweet, a noble, a majestic joy; it is a sublime, a ravishing taste of truth and virtue. They every moment experience without interruption that ex-

tasty of soul which a mother feels at the sight of a beloved son whom she thought dead ; but the rapture which quickly forsakes the mother, never flies from their souls. It never languishes a moment ; it is always new ! they taste the transports of inebriating joys without their disorder and stupefaction. They discourse together of what they see and of what they taste. They despise and deplore the soft pleasures, and the vain grandeur of their former condition ; they review with pleasures the few but sorrowful years, in which they were under a necessity of combating against themselves, and against a torrent of corrupt men, in order to be virtuous ; they admire the assistance of the gods who led them, as it were by the hand, through innumerable dangers to virtue. Something inconceivably divine flows incessantly through their souls, like a flood of the divine nature itself which is united to them. They see, they taste that they are happy, and are conscious that they shall always be so ; they sing the praises of the gods, and make all together but one voice, one mind, one heart : the same tide of felicity ebbs and flows as it were in their united souls.

In these heavenly raptures ages roll away more swiftly than hours among mortals ; and yet a thousand and a thousand ages subtract nothing from their happiness, which is always new and always perfect. They all reign together, not on thrones which the hand of man can subvert, but in themselves and with an unalterable power ; for they no longer need to make themselves formidable by a power borrow-

ed of a vile and wretched people. They no longer wear those vain diadems, whose lustre conceals numberless fears and anxious cares; the gods themselves having crowned them, with their own hands, with crowns which nothing can tarnish.

Telemachus, who was seeking his father, and expected to find him in these enchanting regions, was so ravished with this taste of peace and happiness, that he would have been glad to have found him there, and was sorry that he himself was obliged to return to the society of mortals. Here, said he, is life indeed, whereas ours is but death. But he was astonished, as he had seen so many kings in the tortures of Tartarus, that he saw so few happy in the Elysian fields; he was hereby convinced that there are very few princes resolute and courageous enough to resist their own power, and to repulse the numerous flatterers who are used to stir up all their passions. Good kings therefore are very rare; and most are so wicked that the gods would not be just, if having suffered them to abuse their own power in their life-time, they did not chastise them after their death.

Telemachus not seeing his father Ulysses among all these kings, looked for the divine Laertes his grandfire. While he was seeking him in vain, a venerable majestic old man came towards him, whose age did not resemble that of mortals, who are bowed down with the weight of years on the earth. One perceived only that he had been old before his death; for all gravity of age was blended with all the graces

of youth, which revive in the most decrepid the moment they are introduced into the Elysian fields. This senior advanced hastily, and viewed Telemachus with complacency, as one who was very dear to him. Telemachus, who did not know him, was in pain and suspense.

I excuse, my dear son, said this senior, your not knowing me ; I am Arceſius, the father of Laertes. I finished my course a little before my grandson Ulyſſes departed for the ſiege of Troy. Though thou wert then but an infant in thy nurse's arms, I conceived great hopes of thee, and they have not deceived me ; ſince I ſee that thou art deſcended into Pluto's kingdom in queſt of thy father, and that the gods ſupport thee in this enterpriſe. O my happy child ! the gods love thee, and are preparing a glory for thee which will equal that of thy father. And happy I to ſee thee again ! Cease to ſearch for Ulyſſes here ; he is ſtill alive, and is reſerved to be the reſtorer of our houſe in the iſland of Ithaca. Laertes himſelf, though bowing under a weight of years, ſtill enjoys the light, and waits for his ſon's coming to cloſe his eyes. Thus mortals paſs away like flowers which bloom in the morning, and wither and are trodded under foot in the evening. The generations of men roll away like the waves of a rapid river ; nothing can ſtop the tide of time, which draws after it every thing that ſeems the moſt immoveable. Thou thyſelf, my ſon, my dear ſon, thou who now enjoyeſt ſuch a ſprightly pleaſurable youth, do thou remember that this gay ſeaſon is but a flower which will wither

almost as soon as it is blown. Thou wilt perceive thyself insensibly altar : the smiling graces, the sweet pleasures which attend thee, strength, health, joy, will vanish like a pleasing dream ; nothing but a regretful remembrance will be left thee. Languid old age, that enemy to pleasure, will come and wrinkle thy brows, bow down thy body, weaken thy limbs, dry up the source of joy in thy heart, and make thee loath the present, and apprehensive of the future, and insensible to all things but pain. This time appears to you at a distance. Alas ! thou deceivest thyself, my son ; it comes with hasty wings ; lo ! it is here. What advances with such rapidity is not far from thee, and the present fleeting moment is already at a distance, since it ceases to be the instant we speak, and can approach us no more. Never rely therefore, my son, on the present ; but support thyself in the rugged thorny path of virtue by viewing the future. Prepare thyself a mansion, by purity of manners and a love of justice, in this blissful abode of peace. Thou shalt quickly see thy father resume his authority in Ithaca ; thou wert born to reign after him ; but alas ! my son ; how deceitful is a crown ! When one views it at a distance, one sees nothing but grandeur, lustre and pleasures, but when near, it is all beset with thorns. A private person may without reproach lead a life of ease and obscurity : but a king cannot, without dishonouring himself, prefer a life of pleasure and indolence to the painful duties of government. He owes himself to his subjects ;

he is never permitted to be his own master, and his least oversights are of the greatest consequence, because they make his people wretched, and that sometimes for ages. He ought to curb the audaciousness of the wicked, to support innocence, to suppress calumny. It is not enough for him not to do any evil; he must do all the possible good of which the slave stands in need. Nay, it is not enough that he does good himself; he must likewise prevent all the evil which others would do, were they not restrained. Be apprehensive therefore, my son, be apprehensive of so dangerous a situation; arm thyself with resolution against thyself, against thy passions, and against flatterers.

Arcefius, as he spoke these words, seemed animated by a divine fire, and let Telemachus see by his countenance that he greatly pitied kings on account of the miseries which are inseparable from a crown. When it is assumed, said he, to gratify one's self, it is a monstrous tyranny; and when it is assumed to discharge the duties of it, and to govern a numerous people, as a father governs his children, it is a grievous thralldom, which requires an heroic fortitude and patience: and it is accordingly certain, that they who have really reigned virtuously here, enjoy every thing which the power of the gods can bestow in order to render their happiness complete.

While Arcefius was speaking in this manner, his words sunk deep into Telemachus's heart, and were engraved upon it, like the figures which a skilful artist engraves on brass, and de-

almost as soon as it is blown. Thou wilt perceive thyself insensibly altar: the smiling graces, the sweet pleasures which attend thee, strength, health, joy, will vanish like a pleasing dream; nothing but a regretful remembrance will be left thee. Languid old age, that enemy to pleasure, will come and wrinkle thy brows, bow down thy body, weaken thy limbs, dry up the source of joy in thy heart, and make thee loath the present, and apprehensive of the future, and insensible to all things but pain. This time appears to you at a distance. Alas! thou deceivest thyself, my son; it comes with hasty wings; lo! it is here. What advances with such rapidity is not far from thee, and the present fleeting moment is already at a distance, since it ceases to be the instant we speak, and can approach us no more. Never rely therefore, my son, on the present; but support thyself in the rugged thorny path of virtue by viewing the future. Prepare thyself a mansion, by purity of manners and a love of justice, in this blissful abode of peace. Thou shalt quickly see thy father resume his authority in Ithaca; thou wert born to reign after him; but alas! my son; how deceitful is a crown! When one views it at a distance, one sees nothing but grandeur, lustre and pleasures, but when near, it is all beset with thorns. A private person may without reproach lead a life of ease and obscurity: but a king cannot, without dishonouring himself, prefer a life of pleasure and indolence to the painful duties of government. He owes himself to his subjects;

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While Arceſius was ſpeaking in this manner, his words ſunk deep into Telemachus's heart, and were engraved upon it, like the figures which a ſkilful artiſt engraves on braſs, and de-

signs to transmit to the view of the latest posterity. This sage discourse was like a subtle flame that penetrated into the bowels of the young Telemachus; he found himself moved and on fire; something divine seemed to melt his heart within him. What he had in his inmost parts secretly consumed him; he could neither contain it nor support it, nor resist so violent an impression: it was a lively pleasing sensation, intermixed with pains capable of depriving one of life.

Telemachus at length beginning to breathe more freely, perceived in the countenance of Arceſius a great resemblance of Laertes; nay, he fancied that he had a confused idea of having seen the like features in his father Ulyſſes, when he departed for the ſiege of Troy.

This remembrance melted his very heart; sweet and joyful tears ſtreamed from his eyes. He was deſirous of embracing ſo dear a perſon, and ſeveral times attempted it in vain. The empty ſhade eluded his arms, as flattering objects ſlip from a man in a dream when he thinks himſelf ſure of them; one while the thirſty mouth of the ſleeper purſues a fugitive ſtream; another while his lips move to form words which his ſtiſſened tongue cannot utter; then his hands are eagerly extended, and catch nothing. So Telemachus was unable to gratify his fondneſs: he ſees Arceſius, he hears him, he talks to him, he cannot feel him. At length he aſks him who the perſons are whom he ſees around him.

You ſee, my ſon, replied the ſage ſenior,

men who were the ornament of their times, and the glory and happiness of the human race; you see the small number of kings who were worthy to be so, and who faithfully discharged the office of gods on the earth. The others whom you see near, but separated from them by that little cloud, enjoy a much lower degree of glory. Those indeed are heroes; but the reward of their valour and military expeditions cannot be compared with that of wise, just, and beneficent princes.

Among these heroes you see Theseus, whose face is somewhat melancholy. He had the misfortune to be too credulous with regard to an artful wife, and is still grieved for having requested of Neptune the cruel death of his son Hippolytus. Oh how happy! had he not been so passionate and so easily provoked! You likewise behold Achilles leaning on his spear, by reason of the wound he received in his heel by the hand of the effeminate Paris, which put an end to his life. Had he been as just, wise, and moderate as he was intrepid, the gods would have granted him a long reign; but they pitied the Phithians and Dolopians, over whom according to the course of nature, he would have reigned after Peleus, and determined not to deliver so many people to the mercy of a fiery man, who was more easily enraged than the most stormy sea. The fatal sisters shortened the tread of his days, and he resembled a flower, which when hardly blown is cut down by the plough-share, and falls before the close of the day which gave it birth. The gods made use

of him, as floods and tempests, to punish the crimes of men, they made Achilles their engine to pull down the walls of Troy, in order to revenge Laomedon's perjury, and Paris's unlawful love. Having made this use of the instrument of their vengeance, they were appeased, and refused, notwithstanding the tears of Thetis, to suffer this young hero to continue longer in the world, who was fit only to disturb mankind, and to overturn cities and kingdoms.

But dost thou see that other personage there with that fierce countenance? It is Ajax, the son of Telamon, and the cousin of Achilles. You undoubtedly are not ignorant of his glory in battle. After the death of Achilles he pretended that his armour could be given to none but himself; your father did not think that he ought to yield it to him; the Greeks adjudged in favour of Ulysses. Ajax killed himself through rage and vexation, and indignation and fury are still visible in his face. Do not approach him, my son; for he would think that you intended to insult him in his misfortunes, though he really merits pity. Do you not perceive that he looks upon us with uneasiness, and is entering abruptly into that gloomy grove, because we are odious to him? On the other side you see Hector, who had been invincible, if the son of Thetis had not lived at the same time. But lo! there goes Agamemnon, who still bears the marks of Clytemnestra's perfidy. O my son, I tremble when I think of the calamities of the impious Tantalus's fa-

mily. The enmity of the two brothers, Atreus and Thyestes, filled that house with horror and blood. Alas! what a multitude of others does a single crime draw after it? Agamemnon returning at the head of the Greeks from the siege of Troy, had not time to enjoy in peace the glory he had acquired: Such is the fate of almost all conquerors. All the persons you see there were formidable in war; but they were not amiable and virtuous. Accordingly they are admitted only into the second mansion of the Elysian fields.

As for these, they reigned with justice, they loved their subjects, and are the favourites of the gods. While Achilles and Agamemnon, who were so prone to dissention and war, do still even here retain their pains and natural failings, while they vainly regret the loss of their lives, and are grieved at their being now but empty and impotent shadows; these righteous princes, being purified by the divine light, on which they feed, have nothing more to wish for the completion of their happiness. They view the anxious cares of mortals with pity; and the greatest affairs which disquiet the ambitious, appear to them like the sports of children. Their souls are replenished with truth and virtue, which they draw at the fountain head. They have nothing more to suffer from themselves or others, no more desires, no more wants, no more fears. All is at an end as to them, except their felicity, which cannot end.

Take notice, my son, of old king Inachus, who founded the kingdom of Argos. What

sweetness ! What majesty in his old age ! Flowers spring beneath his steps. His easy gait resembles the flight of a bird. He holds an ivory lyre in his hand, and sings in an eternal transport the marvellous works of the gods. His heart and mouth breathe an exquisite perfume. The harmony of his voice and lyre would ravish both gods and men. Thus is he rewarded for loving the people whom he assembled within his new walls, and whose legislator he was.

On the other side, thou mayest see among these myrtles, Cecrops the Egyptian, who was the first king of Athens, a city sacred to the goddess of wisdom, whose name it bears. Cecrops bringing useful laws from Egypt, which was the source of letters and morality, to Greece, softened the savage nature of the Attic towns, and united them in the bonds of society. He was just, humane, compassionate ; he left his subjects in affluence, and his own family in moderate circumstances, being unwilling that his power should descend to his children, because he thought that others were more worthy of it.

In that little valley I must likewise shew you Eriethon, who invented the art of making money of silver. He did it with a view of facilitating commerce between the islands of Greece ; but he foresaw the inconveniencies which would attend this invention. Apply yourselves, said he to the people, to multiply the riches of nature among you, which are the true riches : manure the earth, that you may have plenty of corn, wine, oil and fruits ; take care to have

innumerable flocks and herds, which may feed you with their milk and clothe you with their wool, and you will thereby place yourselves in circumstances of never being afraid of poverty. The more children you have, the richer you will be, provided you inure them to labour; for the earth is inexhaustible, and increases her fertility in proportion to the number of inhabitants that cultivate her with care; she liberally rewards all such for their toils, whereas she is sparing and ungrateful to those who cultivate her in a negligent manner. Confine yourselves therefore chiefly to the true riches which suffice the wants of man. As for money, it must be esteemed only as it is necessary either in the wars which we are inevitably forced to maintain abroad, or for the trading in some necessary commodities which are wanting in our own country: and it is accordingly to be wished, that men would cease to trade in all things which serve only to maintain extravagance, pomp and luxury.

The sage Erichon would often say, I greatly fear, my children, that I have made you a fatal present, in communicating to you the invention of money. I foresee that it will excite avarice, ambition, pomp; that it will cherish an infinite number of pernicious arts, which tend only to the softening and to the corruption of manners; that it will give you a disgust of the happy simplicity in which all the repose and all the security of life consists; that it will in short make you despise agriculture, which is the foundation of the life of man, and the source of all real

blessings: but the gods are witnesses to the integrity of my heart, in imparting this invention to you, which is in itself useful. At last when Erichon perceived that money corrupted the people as he had foreseen, he retired through grief to a savage mountain, where he lived poor and sequestered from mankind to an extreme old age, and would not concern himself in the government of cities.

A little while after him the famous Triptolemus appeared in Greece, whom Ceres taught the art of tilling the earth, and of covering it every year with a golden harvest. Not that men before him were strangers to corn or to the manner of multiplying it by sowing, but they were not perfect in the art of tillage, till Triptolemus, sent by Ceres, came with a plough in his hand, to offer the goddess's gifts to all who should have resolution enough to conquer their natural sloth, and addict themselves to constant labour. Quickly did Triptolemus teach the Greeks to furrow the earth, and to make her fruitful by rending her bosom; quickly did the ardent and indefatigable reapers cause the yellow ears which covered the fields, to fall beneath their sharp-edged sickles. Even wild and savage people, who wandered up and down the woods of Epirus and Ætolia, in quest of acorns for their food, softened their manners, and became subject to laws, when they had learnt how to make the harvests rise, and to live on bread. Triptolemus made the Greeks relish the pleasure of owing their riches only to their labour, and of finding in one's own

field all that is necessary to render life easy and happy. This simple this innocent plenty, which is inseparable from agriculture, made them recollect the wise counsels of Erichon; they contemned money and all artificial riches, which are riches only in the imagination of men, which tempt them to pursue dangerous pleasures, and divert them from labour, wherein they would find all real blessings, together with purity of manners and perfect freedom. The Greeks therefore knew that a fertile and well-cultivated field is the real treasure of a family, which is wise enough to chuse to live frugally as their fathers lived. And happy had they been had they remained steady in maxims so proper to make them powerful, free, happy, and worthy of being so by a solid virtue! But alas! they begin to admire false riches; they by little and little neglect the true, and degenerate from this admirable simplicity. O my son, you will one day reign; then remember to bring men back to the practice of agriculture, to honour that art, to encourage those who apply themselves to it, and not to suffer men to live idle, or to be employed in arts which nourish pomp and luxury. Those two men, who were so wise on the earth, are here beloved of the gods. Take notice, my son, that their glory as much surpasses that of Achilles and other heroes who excelled only in battle, as the delightful spring is pleasanter than the icy winter, or as the light of the sun is brighter than that of the moon.

While Arcefius was talking in this manner, he perceived that Telemachus's eyes were fixed

on a little laurel grove, and a river bordered with violets, roses, lilies and several other fragrant flowers, whose lively colours resembled those of Iris, when she descends from heaven to the earth, to declare the commands of the gods to mortals. The great king Sesostris was in this beautiful grove, and Telemachus knew him again, though he was a thousand times more majestic than he had ever been on the throne of Egypt. Rays of benign light shot from his eyes, and dazzled those of Telemachus. When one saw him, one would have thought that he was inebriated with nectar; so much had the divine spirit raised him above the reach of human reason as a reward of his virtues.

Telemachus said to Arceſius, O my father, I perceive Sesostris, the wise king of Egypt, whom I saw not long since. That indeed is Sesostris, replied Arceſius; and you see by him how bountifully the gods reward good princes. But you must know that all this happiness is nothing in comparison of that which was designed him, if too great a prosperity had not made him forget the rules of moderation and justice. His passion to lower the pride and insolence of the Tyrians, engaged him to take their city. This conquest inspired him with a desire of making others; and suffering himself to be seduced by the vanity of conquerors, he subdued, or to speak more justly, he ravaged all Asia. At his return to Egypt he found that his brother had seized upon the crown, and had by an unrighteous administration changed the best laws of the

country. Thus did his great conquests only serve to imbroider his own kingdom. But what made him more inexcusable, was his being so intoxicated with vain glory, as to cause his chariot to be drawn by the proudest of the kings he had conquered. He was afterwards sensible of his error, and ashamed of having been so inhuman. Such was the fruit of his victories, and such are the mischiefs which conquerors bring upon themselves and their kingdoms, by endeavouring to usurp those of their neighbours. This was what sullied the reputation of a prince who was otherwise so just and beneficent, and it is this which diminishes the happiness which the gods had prepared for him.

Dost thou not see him, my son, whose wound appears so glorious? He was a king of Caria, Dicclides by name, who sacrificed himself for his people in battle, because the oracle had declared that the nation whose king should perish, would be victorious in the war between the Carians and the Lycians.

Take notice of that other personage also: he was a wise legislator, who having enacted laws which were adapted to make his subjects virtuous and happy, made them swear that they would never violate any of them in his absence. This done, he departed, became a voluntary exile from his country, and died poor in a foreign land, in order to oblige his people by this oath for ever to observe such salutary laws.

The other whom you see, is Euneſimus, king of the Pylians, and one of the ancestors of the sage Nestor. During a pestilence which rava-

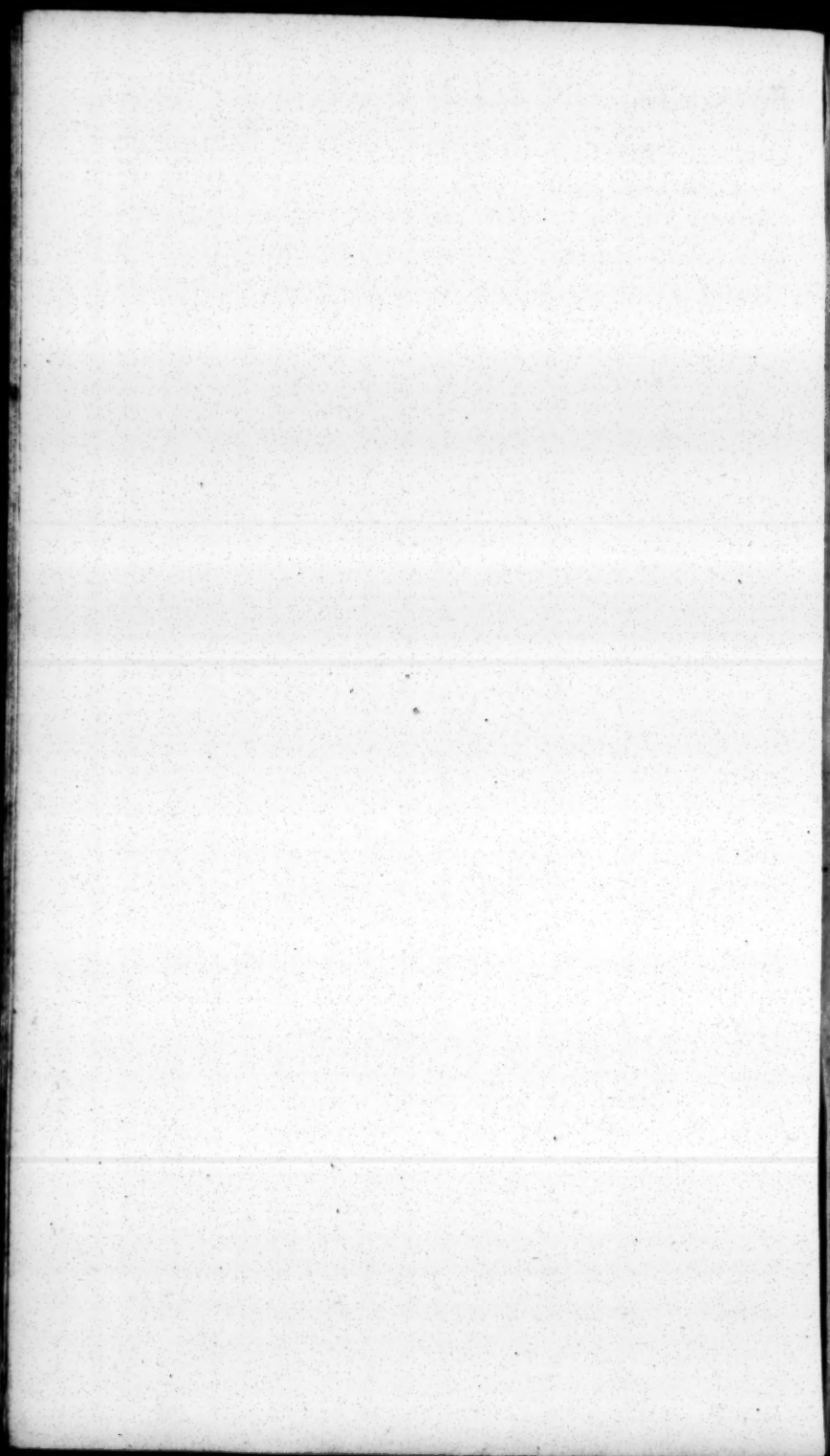
ged the whole earth and covered the banks of Acheron with new ghosts, he laying down his life for so many millions of innocent persons, besought the gods to lay aside their wrath. The gods heard him, and here bestowed a real crown upon him, of which all earthly crowns are but empty shadows.

The old man whom you see with a wreath of flowers on his head, is the famous Belus : he reigned in Egypt, and married Anchynoe the daughter of the god Nilus, who conceals the source of his waters, and enriches the country by his inundations. He had two sons ; Danaus whose history you know, and Egyptus who gave his name to this beautiful kingdom. Belus thought himself richer by the plenty he procured his subjects, and by their affection for him than by all the taxes which he could have imposed upon them. These men, my son, whom you look upon as dead, are alive ; and the wretched life which men drag on the earth is death : the names only are changed. May the gods render thee virtuous enough to merit this blessed life, which nothing can put a period to, nor disquiet ! But hasten hence ; it is time to go and seek thy father. Alas ! what blood wilt thou see shed before thou findest him ! But then what glory awaits thee in the fields of Hesperia ! Be mindful of the wise Mentor's counsels : if thou followest them, thy name will be glorious among all nations and in all ages.

He said ; and immediately conducted Telemachus to the ivory door which leads out of Pluto's darksome realm. Telemachus depart-

ed, with tears in his eyes, without being able to embrace him ; and ascending from these gloomy regions, hastened back to the confederate camp ; having in his way rejoined the two young Cretans, who had accompanied him as far as the cavern, and expected to see him no more.

End of the Nineteenth Book.



T H E
A D V E N T U R E S
O F
T E L E M A C H U S,
The Son of U L Y S S E S.

B O O K the T W E N T I E T H.

The A R G U M E N T.

In an assembly of the chiefs, Telemachus prevails on them not to surprise the city of Venusium, which had been left by both parties in trust in the hands of the Lucanians. He shews his wisdom with regard to two deserters; one of them, whose name was Acanthus, had undertaken to poison him, and the other, named Dioscorus, offered the allies the head of Adrastus. In the ensuing battle Telemachus carries death wherever he goes in quest of Adrastus: and that king who seeks him also, meets with and kills Pisistratus, the son of Nestor. Philoctetes comes to his assistance, and as he is about to kill Adrastus, is wounded and obliged to retire from the battle. Telemachus follows the cries of the confederates, of whom Adrastus makes a terrible havock; he engages this enemy, and gives him his life on conditions which he imposes upon him. Adrastus getting up again, attempts to surprise Telemachus, who seizes him a second time, and takes away his life.

IN the mean time the chiefs of the army assembled to deliberate whether they should seize on Venusium, a strong city, which Adrastus had formerly usurped from his neighbours the Peucetæ of Apulia; who had entered into the league against Adrastus, in order to demand justice for that invasion. Adrastus, to satisfy them, had delivered the city by way of trust into the hands of the Lucanians: but he had corrupted the Lucanian garrison and its commander by his money; so that the Lucanians had in reality less authority than he in Venusium; and the Apulians, who had consented that the Lucanian garrison should keep Venusium, had been over-reached in this negotiation.

A citizen of Venusium, named Demophantes, had privately offered the allies to deliver up one of the gates of the city to them by night. This proposal was so much the more advantageous, as Adrastus had laid up all his provisions and military stores in a castle near Venusium, which could not defend itself if that city were taken. Philoctetes and Nestor had already declared that they ought to embrace so favourable an opportunity; and all the other commanders being swayed by their authority, and dazzled by the advantages which would arise from so easy an enterprise, approved their opinion: but Telemachus at his return did all he could to dissuade them from it.

I am not ignorant, said he, that if ever a man deserved to be circumvented and deceived, it is Adrastus, who has so often over-reached

all others. I plainly see that in surprizing Venusium you will only take possession of a city which belongs to you, since it belongs to the Apulians, a nation who have entered into your league. I own that you may do this with a greater shew of reason, as Adrastus who put this city as a pledge into the hands of the Lucanians, has corrupted the governor and the garrison, in order to enter it whenever he shall think proper. And then I am sensible as well as you, that if you take Venusium, you will the next day become masters of the castle in which Adrastus has lodged all his stores; and that you would thus in two days put an end to this formidable war. But is it not better to perish than to conquer by such means? Must fraud be repelled by fraud? Shall it be said that so many princes having entered into a league to chastise the impious Adrastus for his treacheries, are become treacherous like him? If it is lawful for us to act like Adrastus, he is not guilty and our endeavours to punish him are wrong. What! has all Hesperia, supported by so many Greek colonies, and heroes returned from the siege of Troy, no other arms against the perfidy and perjury of Adrastus, but perfidy and perjury? You have sworn by things the most sacred to leave Venusium as a pledge in the hands of the Lucanians. But their garrison, say you, is corrupted by Adrastus's money; I perceive that as well as you. But this garrison is still in the pay of the Lucanians; it has not refused to obey them, and has, at least an appearance, observed the neutrality.

Neither Adrastus nor any of his soldiers have entered Venusium; the treaty subsists, and your oath is not forgotten by the gods. Shall we keep our promises, only when we want plausible pretences to break them? Shall we be faithful and religious observers of oaths, only when we can get nothing by violating them? If the love of virtue and the fear of the gods have no influence upon you, have at least some concern for your reputation and interest. If you give mankind this pernicious instance of breaking your word and of violating your oath to terminate a war, what wars will you not kindle by this impious conduct? What neighbour will not be constrained to apprehend every thing from and to detest you? Who for the future in the most pressing exigencies will confide in you? What security will you be able to give when you design to be sincere, and when it is of consequence to you to persuade your neighbours that you are so? Will a solemn treaty do it? You will have trampled one under your feet. Will an oath do it? Ah! will it not be known that you look upon the gods as cyphers, which you expect to draw any advantage from perjury? You will not therefore be safer in peace than in war. Every thing which comes from you, will be received as a disguised or open war. You will perpetually be the enemies of all who shall have the misfortune to be your neighbours. All transactions which require reputation, probity and confidence, will become impossible to you; you will have

no means of making people believe what you promise.

There is, added Telemachus, a yet nearer concern which must needs affect you, if you have any sense of probity, or any foresight with regard to your own interest, viz. that so treacherous a conduct would be an internal attack upon your whole league, and quickly ruin it; your perjury would cause Adrastus to triumph.

The whole assembly, murmuring at these words, asked him how he could take upon him to say, that an action which would infallibly make the confederates victorious, would ruin the confederacy? How, replied he, will you be able to confide in each other, if you once violate your sincerity, the only band of society and confidence? When you have laid it down as a maxim, that the laws of probity and fidelity may be dispensed with for the sake of some signal advantage, which of you will trust another, since another may find it very advantageous to falsify his word and to deceive you? Where will you be then? Which of you will not endeavour by his own artifices to prevent thole of his neighbour? What will be the fate of a confederacy of so many nations, when they have agreed among themselves after a general discussion of the matter, that it is lawful to overreach one's neighbour and to violate ones plighted faith? How great will your mutual jealousies be, your dissentations, your zeal to destroy each other! Adrastus will have no occasion to attack you; you will sufficiently worry one another, and justify his perfidies. Ye sage, ye

magnanimous princes, you who so wisely govern innumerable multitudes, disdain not to hearken to the counsels of a young man. Should you ever fall into the most terrible extremities into which war sometimes precipitates men, you may rise again by your vigilance and the struggles of your virtue; for true courage never despairs: but if you have once broken down the barrier of honour and probity, your ruin is inevitable; you can never revive the confidence which is necessary to make all important affairs successful, nor reclaim men to the principles of virtue which you have taught them to despise. And what do you apprehend? are you not brave enough to conquer without treachery? Is not your valour, together with the forces of so many nations, sufficient for this? Let us fight, let us die, if it must be so, rather than conquer by such vile means. Adrastus, the impious Adrastus, is in our power, provided we abhor imitating his baseness and perfidy.

When Telemachus concluded his speech, he perceived that soft persuasion had flowed from his lips, and sunk deep into their hearts. He observed that there was a profound silence throughout the whole assembly; every one's thoughts being employed, not on him or the graces of his words, but on the force of truth, which was so striking in the whole course of his reasoning. Amazement was painted on their faces. At length an hollow murmur was heard spreading itself by little and little through the whole assembly. They all looked one upon a-

nother, being afraid to speak first, and waiting till the principal commanders should declare themselves, though every one found it difficult to retain his sentiments. At last the grave Nestor pronounced these words :

Worthy son of Ulysses, the gods prompted you to speak, and Minerva, who so often inspired your father, suggested to you the wise and generous counsel which you have given us. I do not regard your youth, I see Minerva in all you have said. You have pleaded the cause of virtue. Without virtue men soon draw on themselves the vengeance of their enemies, the jealousy of their allies, the hatred of all good men, and the just wrath of the gods. Let us therefore leave Venusium in the hands of the Lucanians, and think of conquering Adrastus only by our courage.

He said ; and the whole assembly applauded the wisdom of his words. But every one as he gave his applause, turned his eyes with amazement towards the son of Ulysses, and imagined that he saw the wisdom of Minerva, his inspirer, shine forth in him.

There soon arose another question in the council of the kings, by which he did not acquire less glory. Adrastus, ever bloody and perfidious, sent into the camp one Acanthus a deserter, who was to poison the most illustrious chiefs of the army. He was particularly ordered to spare no pains to effect the death of the young Telemachus, who was already become the terror of the Daunians. Telemachus,

who had too much courage and candour to be mistrustful, readily and kindly received this wretch, who had seen Ulysses in Sicily, and who related to him the adventures of that hero. He subsisted him, and endeavoured to comfort him in his misfortunes; for Acanthus complained of having been deceived and unworthily treated by Adrastus. But this was cherishing and warming a venomous viper in his bosom, which was ready to sting him to death. Another deserter was taken whose name was Arion, whom Acanthus was sending back to Adrastus, to inform him of the state of the confederate camp, and to assure him that he would the next day poison the principle kings and Telemachus, at an entertainment which the latter was to give him. Arion being apprehended, confessed his treason, and it was suspected that Acanthus was concerned with him, because they were intimate friends; but Acanthus, who was a deep dissembler and not to be daunted, defended himself so artfully that he could not be convicted, nor the bottom of the conspiracy discovered.

Several of the kings were of opinion that they ought in this uncertainty to sacrifice Acanthus to the public safety. He must, said they, be put to death; the life of a single person is nothing, when the safety of so many princes is concerned. What if an innocent person perish, when the point in debate is the preservation of those who represent the gods among men.

What an inhuman maxim! what barbarous policy, replied Telemachus! How, are you so

lavish of human blood! O you who are appointed the shepherds of men, and who govern them only to take care of them as a shepherd takes care of his flock, you are it seems ravenous wolves and not shepherds; at most you are shepherds only to fleece and slay the flock, instead of leading it into good pastures. According to you a man is guilty the moment he is accused; to be suspected merits death; the innocent are at the mercy of the envious and the slanderer; and the more your tyrannical jealousy encreases in your bosom, the greater number of victims must be slain

Telemachus spoke these words with an authority and vehemence that carried an irresistible conviction with it, and over-whelmed the authors of such base advice with shame. He afterwards said in a milder tone; as for me I am not so fond of life as to pay so dear for it; I had rather that Acanthus should be a villain than be one myself, and that he should rob me of my life by treachery than that I should be so unjust as to put him to death on suspicion only. But have a little patience, ye princes; who as you are appointed kings, that is, judges, of the people, should know how to try men with justice wisdom and moderation; have patience, I say, and give me leave to examine Acanthus in your presence.

Hereupon he questions Acanthus concerning his correspondence with Arion; he presses him with a thousand circumstances, and several times makes as if he would send him back to

Adrastus, as a deserter that deserved to be punished, to see whether he was afraid of being sent back or not. But Acanthus's voice and countenance continued calm and composed, and from thence Telemachus concluded that he could not be innocent. Not being able however to draw him into a confession, Telemachus at last said, Give me your ring, I will send it to Adrastus. At this demand of his ring Acanthus grew pale, and was in confusion. Telemachus, whose eyes were continually fixed upon him, perceived it and took the ring. I will immediately send it, said he, to Adrastus by the hands of your acquaintance Polytropas the Lucanian, and he shall pretend that he is sent secretly by you. If by this means we discover your correspondence with Adrastus, you shall die without mercy in the most racking tortures; but if on the contrary you now confess your guilt, you shall be pardoned, and we will content ourselves with sending you to an island where you shall want for nothing. Upon this Acanthus made a full discovery; and Telemachus prevailing on the kings to give him his life according to his promise, he was sent to one of the Echinadian islands, where he lived unmolested.

A little while after, one Dioscorus, a Daunian of an obscure birth, but of a violent and daring spirit, came by night to the camp of the allies, and made them an offer of assassinating king Adrastus in his tent. This he was able to effect; for a man is master of the lives of others, when he does not value his own. This Dio-

scorus breathed nothing but revenge, because Adrastus had taken from him his wife whom he passionately loved, and who was equal in beauty to Venus herself. He had privately concerted measures to enter the king's tent by night, and to be favoured in this attempt by several Daunian captains; but he thought it necessary that the confederate princes should attack Adrastus's camp at the same time, that he might in the confusion more easily escape, and carry off his wife. If he could not carry her off, he was content to perish, after he had killed the king.

As soon as Dioscorus had explained his design to the kings, every body turned towards Telemachus, as it were to ask his decision of the matter. The gods, said he, who have preserved us from traitors, forbid us to employ them. And though we were not virtuous enough to abhor treason, yet our own interest would be sufficient to induce us to reject it; for when we have given a sanction to it by our example, we shall deserve to have it turned against us; and from that moment which of us would be safe? Adrastus may possibly avoid the blow which threatens him, and make it fall on the confederate kings. Besides, war would cease to be war; wisdom and virtue would be of no use, and we should see nothing but perfidy, treason and assassinations. We ourselves should feel, and should deserve to feel, their fatal effects, since we should authorise the greatest of evils. I think therefore that this traitor ought to be sent back to Adrastus. I own indeed

that this prince does not deserve it; but all Hesperia and all Greece which have their eyes upon us, deserve such a conduct from us as the price of their esteem. Besides, we owe to ourselves, we owe to the righteous gods, this abhorrence of treachery.

Upon this Dioscorus was sent to Adrastus, who trembled at the danger he had been in, and could not enough wonder at the generosity of his enemies; for the wicked have no idea of pure and disinterested virtue. Adrastus could not but admire what he saw, though he had not resolution enough to commend it. This noble action of the allies recalled to his mind an odious remembrance of all his treacheries and cruelties. He sought to lessen the generosity of his enemies, and was ashamed to appear ungrateful to those to whom he owed his life; but corrupt men soon harden themselves against every thing which might give them the least compunction. Adrastus perceiving that the reputation of the allies daily increased, thought himself under a necessity of performing some signal action against them; and as it was not in his nature to do a virtuous one, he resolved at least to endeavour to obtain some eminent advantage over them by arms, and hastened to engage them.

The day of battle being come, Aurora in her rosy progress scarcely began to open the gates of the east to the sun, when the young Telemachus out-stripping the vigilance of the oldest commanders, broke from the arms of balmy

sleep, and put all the officers in motion. His helmet, crowned with waving hair, already glittered on his head, and the cuirass he wore dazzled the eyes of the whole army. The work of Vulcan had, besides its native beauty, the splendor of the ægis which was concealed in it. He held a spear in one hand, and pointed with the other to the several posts which it was necessary to secure. Minerva had filled his eyes with a divine fire, and his countenance with a noble majesty, which already promised victory. He marched; and all the princes, forgetting their age and dignity, found themselves hurried along by a superior power, which compelled them to follow his steps. Impotent jealousy could no longer find admission to their hearts. Every thing yields to him whom Minerva invisibly leads by the hand. His behaviour had nothing of impetuosity or rashness: he was affable, calm, patient, always ready to hear others and to profit by their counsels; but active, cautious, extending his view to the remotest exigencies, disposing every thing in the best manner, never confounding himself nor others, excusing errors, rectifying miscarriages, obviating difficulties, never expecting too much of any one, and every where inspiring freedom and confidence. If he gave an order, it was in the plainest and most perspicuous terms: he repeated it, to give the person who was to execute it, a clearer idea of it; he saw by his eyes whether he apprehended it right, and then made him explain in a familiar manner, how he understood his words, and what was the

principal end of his enterprife. When he had thus founded the capacity of the person he employed, and made him thoroughly understand his designs, he did not fend him away till he had given him some mark of his esteem and confidence by way of encouragement. Thus all whom he employed were full of zeal to please him and to succeed in their commissions, without being cramped by any apprehension of his imputing their ill success to them; for he excused all miscarriages which did not proceed from the want of a good will.

The horizon looked red and enflamed by the dawning rays of the sun, and the sea blazed with the fires of the new-born day. All the coast was overspread with men, arms, horses, rolling chariots; and a confused uproar was heard, like that of the angry billows when Neptune in the deep abyss stirs up the lowering tempests. Thus Mars began by the din of arms, and the horrid equipage of war, to fire every heart with fury. The plain was thick set with bristling pikes, like ears of corn which hide the fertile furrows in the times of harvest. Already had a cloud of rising dust gradually stolt the heavens and the earth from the eyes of men, and confusion, horror, slaughter, ruthless death advanced.

The arrows hardly began to fly, when Telemachus lifting up his hands, and eyes to heaven, uttered these words: O Jupiter, father of gods and men, thou seest the justice of our cause, and that we have not been ashamed to sue for peace. We engage with reluctance; we

would spare the blood of man, and do not hate even this cruel, this perfidious, this sacrilegious foe. Behold thou and determine between him and us. If we must die, our lives are in thy hands; if Hesperia is to be delivered, and the tyrant overthrown, it will be thy power and the wisdom of thy daughter Minerva which will give us the victory, the glory of it will be due to thee. Thou holdest the balance, and decidest the fate of battles. For thee we fight; and as thou art righteous, Adrastus is more thy enemy than ours. If thy cause is victorious, before the close of the day, the blood of a whole hecatomb shall stream on thy altars.

He said, and instantly drives his fiery foaming courfers into the thickest ranks of the enemy. The first he met was Periander the Locrion, clad in the skin of a lion which he had killed in his travels in Cilicia. He was armed like Hercules with an enormous club, and resembled the giants in strength and stature. As soon as he saw Telemachus, he despised his youth and beautiful countenance. It well befits thee, said he, effeminate boy, to dispute the glory of combat with us! Go, child, go to hell, and seek thy father. As he spoke these words, he raised his knotty, ponderous and iron-spiky club, which looks like the mast of a ship, which makes every one apprehensive of its fall, and threatens the head of the son of Ulysses. But he eludes the blow, and rushes upon Periander as rapidly as an eagle cleaves the air. The descending club dashes in pieces the wheel of a chariot which was near that of Telemachus.

Mean while the young Greek wounds Perian-
der in the throat with a dart; the bubbling
blood spouts from the gaping wound, and stops
his voice; his fiery steeds no longer feeling his
fainting hand, and the reins flowing on their
necks, carry him here and there; he falls from
his chariot; his eyes are closed against the light,
and pallid death is already stamped on his ghast-
ly visage. Telemachus pitied him, and imme-
diately gave his body to his domestics; keeping
the club and lion's skin as a token of his victory.

He then seeks Adrastus in the throng, and
in seeking him sends a croud of warriors to hell:
Hileus, whose car was drawn by a pair of steeds
which resembled those of the sun, and were bred
in the spacious meadows which the Ausidus wa-
ters: Demolcon, who in Sicily did heretofore
almost equal Eryx in the combat of the cæstus:
Crantor, who was the host and friend of Her-
cules, when that son of Jupiter, in his way
through Hesperia, deprived the infamous Ca-
cus of his life: Menecrates, who was said to
resemble Pollux in wrestling: Hypocoon the
Salapian, who imitated Castor's address and
graceful manner in the management of a steed:
Eurymenides the famous hunter, who was al-
ways besmeared with the blood of bears and
wild boars, which he killed on the snowy tops
of the cold Appennine, and who was said to
be so dear to Diana that she herself taught him
the art of shooting with arrows: Nicostratus,
the vanquisher of the giant, who used to vomit
fire on the rocks of mount Garganus: Elean-
thus, who was to marry young Pholoe, daugh-

ter of the river Liris. She had been promised by her father to him that should deliver her from a winged serpent, which was engendered on the banks of the river, and was to devour her in a few days, according to the prediction of an oracle. This youth, through an excess of love, made a vow to kill the monster or to perish in the attempt; he succeeded, but did not taste the fruits of his victory. For while Pholoe was preparing for her happy nuptials, and impatiently expected Eleanthus, she heard that he had followed Adrastus to the war, and that the fatal sisters had cruelly cut the thread of his life. She filled the woods and the mountains near the river with her wailings; her eyes swam in tears; she tore off her lovely tresses; she neglected the flowery garlands she used to gather, and taxed the heavens with injustice. As she wept incessantly both night and day, the gods moved by her sorrows, and by the prayers of the river, put an end to her grief: for she poured forth such floods of tears, that she was suddenly turned into a fountain, which gliding into the bosom of the river, mingles her stream with that of the god her father. But the water of this fountain is still bitter; nor springs the grass on its banks; nor is there any shade but that of the cypress on its melancholy borders.

Adrastus in the mean time hearing that Telemachus spread terror all around him, sought him with great eagerness; he expected that he should easily conquer so young an adversary, being surrounded by thirty Daunians of extraordinary strength, dexterity and courage, to

whom he had promised great rewards, if they could by any means whatever destroy Telemachus in the battle. Had they then met him, these thirty men, by environing Telemachus's chariot, while Adrastus attacked him in the front, would undoubtedly have slain him without any difficulty; but Minerva misled them.

Adrastus thought that he saw and heard Telemachus in a valley at the foot of a hill where there was a croud of combatants; he runs, he flies, he longs to sate himself with blood; but instead of Telemachus he finds the aged Nestor who with a trembling hand was throwing some random unavailing darts. Adrastus in his rage attempts to kill him, but a band of Pylians poured around their king.

Hereupon a cloud of arrows darkned the air, and hid all the combatants; nothing was heard but the doleful cries of the dying, and the clattering of the arms of those who fell in the conflict; the earth groaned beneath an heap of dead, and rivers of blood streamed every where. Bellona and Mars, with the infernal Furies, clad in robes all dropping with gore, feasting their cruel eyes on the sight, and incessantly renewed the rage of every heart. These deities, the deadly foes of mankind, chased far away from both parties generous compassion, sedate valour, and soft humanity; there was nothing in this confused and enraged throng but slaughter, revenge, and despair and brutal fury. The sage and invincible Pallas herself shivered, and started back with horror at the sight.

Mean time Philoctetes marching slowly, and holding the arrows of Hercules in his hands, advanced to Nestor's assistance. Adrastus not being able to reach the divine senior, had hurl'd his darts at several Pylians, and made them bite the ground. He had already slain Eufilas, so swift of foot that he hardly imprinted his footsteps in the sand, and who in his own country out run the most rapid currents of the Eurus and Alpheus. As his feet were fallen Entiphron, more lovely than Hylas and as keen a hunter as Hippolytus; Pteralas, who accompanied Nestor to the siege of Troy, and was dear to Achilles himself for his strength and courage; Aristogiton, who bathing in the waves of the river Achelous, is said to have privately received of that god the power of assuming all kind of forms: and indeed he was so pliant and nimble in all his motions. that he slip'd out of the strongest hands. But Adrastus with a thrust of his spear rendered him motionless, and his soul immediately took its flight with his blood.

Nestor seeing his most valient captains fall beneath the hands of the cruel Adrastus, like the the golden ears in harvest beneath the keen sickle of the indefatigable reaper forgot the danger to which he vainly expos'd his age. His wisdom forsook him, and he thought only of pursuing with his eyes his son Pisistratus; who on his part ardently maintained the fight. to drive the danger from his father; but this fatal moment was come, when Pisistratus was to

convince Nestor, how wretched men often are by living too long.

Pisistratus pushed so violently at Adrastus with his spear, that the Daunian would have fallen, had he not avoided it; but while Pisistratus, staggered with the false thrust he had made, was recovering his spear, Adrastus run his javelin into the midst of his belly. His bowels came out with a torrent of blood; his colour faded like a flower cropt by the hand of a nymph in the meadows; his eyes were almost extinguished, and his voice began to fail him. Alceus his governor, who was near him, caught him as he was ready to fall, and had only time to convey him into his father's arms, where he endeavoured to speak and give the last marks of his fondness; but as he opened his mouth, he expired.

While Philoctetes was spreading slaughter and horror around him. to expell the efforts of Adrastus. Nestor clasped the body of his son in his arms, rending the heavens with his cries, and unable to bear the light. Wretch that I am, said he, in being a father and in living so long! Ah! why, ye cruel Fates! why did ye not cut the thread of my life when I chased the Calydonian boar, or in my expedition to Colchos, or at the first siege of Troy? I should not then have died inglorious, nor with anguish. I now drag a painful, despicable, impotent old age; I live but to suffer; I have no sense but of sorrow. O my son! my dear son Pisistratus! When I lost thy brother Antilochus, I had thee to comfort me; I have thee

no more ; nothing will comfort me now ; all is over as to me. Hope, the only sweetner of human woes, is a blessing which concerns me not. Antilochus ! Pisistratus ! O my dear children, I lost you both methinks to-day ; the death of the one opens again the wound which the other had made in my heart. Never shall I behold thee more. Who shall close my eyes ? Who will collect my ashes ? O my dear Pisistratus ! thou as well as thy brother didst die like a man of courage ; I alone cannot die.

This said, he attempted to kill himself with a dart which he had in his hand ; but he was with-held. And the body of his son being wrested from him, the unhappy old man fell into a swoon and was carried to his tent, where having a little recoverd his strength he would have returned to the battle, had he not been detained by force.

Mean time Adrastus and Philoctetes were in quest of each other. Their eyes sparkled, like those of a lion and a leopard striving to tear each other in pieces, in the fields which the Cayster waters. Menaces, the rage of war, and bloody revenge appeared in their savage looks. They carry certain death wherever they hurl their darts, and all the combatants behold them with terror. They are now within sight of each other, and Philoctetes takes one of those dreadful arrows, which in his hands never miss their aim, and whose wounds were incurable ; but Mars, who favoured the cruel and intrepid Adrastus, would not suffer him to perish so soon, being desirous of making him his instrument of pro-

longing the horrors of war, and of heightening the carnage. The gods as yet forbore to make Adrastus an example of their justice, in order to chastise mankind and to shed their blood.

The moment Philoctetes designs to attack him, he himself is wounded by the spear of Amphimachus a young Lucanian, who was more lovely than the famous Nireus, whose beauty was only inferior to that of Achilles of all the Greeks that fought at the siege of Troy. Philoctetes was hardly wounded, when he aimed the arrow at Amphimachus which pierced him to the heart. His fine black eyes immediately lost their lustre, and were overspread with the shades of death. The roses of his lips more ruddy than those with which the rising Aurora strews the horizon, faded; a ghastly paleness deadened his cheeks: his soft, his delicate face was instantly deformed. Philoctetes himself was moved with pity, and all the combatants made loud laments, seeing the youth weltering in his blood, and his locks, as lovely as these of Apollo, trailing in the the dust.

Philoctetes having slain Amphimachus, was obliged to retire from the battle; having lost a great deal of his blood and his strength. Besides his old wound in the heat of the action seemed ready to bleed afresh and to renew his pains; for the sons of Æsculapius by their divine skill had not been able to cure him entirely. Lo! he is ready to fall on a heap of bloody bodies which surround him; but Archidamus, the most bold and expert soldier of all the Oe-

balians, whom he had brought with him to found Potelia, forces him from the fight the moment Adrastus would easily have felled him at his feet. Adrastus now finds nothing which presumes to resist him, or to retard his victory : every thing falls, every thing flies before him ; he resembles a rapid stream, which having over-swelled its bounds, sweeps away, with its furious torrent, the corn, the flocks, the shepherds and villages.

Telemachus heard at a distance the shouts of the victors, and beheld the disorder of the confederates flying before Adrastus, like an herd of timorous deer crossing the spacious plains, the woods, the mountains, and even the most rapid rivers, when they are pursued by the hunters. He deeply sighs ; indignation is manifest in his eyes ; he quits the place where he had long fought with great danger and glory ; he runs to sustain the fugitives ; he advances all besmeared with the blood of a multitude of enemies whom he had stretched on the dust ; and at a distance shouts loud enough to be heard by both armies.

Minerva had infused something terrible into his voice which made the neighbouring mountains ring : that of the cruel Mars sounds not louder in Thrace, when he calls the infernal furies, war and death. This shouting of Telemachus inspires his own party with courage and intrepidity, and chills the enemy with fear. Even Adrastus is ashamed to find himself disordered ; being terrified with I know not how many fatal presages, and animated rather by

despair than a sedate valour. Thrice were his tembling knees going to sink beneath him, and thrice he drew back without thinking on what he did. A swooning paleness and cold sweat spread over all his limbs : his hoarse and faltering voice could sound no distinct word ; his eyes sparkling with a gloomy fire, seem ready to start out of his head ; he looks like Orestes tortured by all the furies ; all his motions are convulsive. Now he begins to believe that there are gods ; and fancies that he sees them incensed against him, and that he hears a hollow voice arising from the deepest hell, and citing him to dreary Tartarus. Every thing made him sensible of an heavenly and invisible hand stretched over his head, and ready to fall heavy upon him. Hope was extinguished in his heart, and his courage vanished, like the daylight when the sun sinks into the bosom of the waves, and the earth is wrapt in the shades of night.

The impious Adrastus, who had already been suffered to live too long, if mankind had not wanted such a scourge ; the impious Adrastus, I say, draws near his latest hour. He madly runs to meet his inevitable fate ; horror, stinging remorse, consternation, fury, rage, despair attend his steps. He scarcely sees Telemachus, but he fancies that he sees Avernus yawn, and whirlwinds of flames, issuing from dreary Phlegeton, ready to swallow him up. He cries out, and his mouth remains open without being able to utter a word. So a person asleep in a frightful dream opens his lips,

and strives to speak ; but his speech continually fails him, and he seeks it in vain. Adrastus with a trembling hasty hand hurls his javelin at Telemachus. The latter is undaunted, like one favoured of the gods, and defends himself with his shield. Victory already seems to cover him with her wings, and to hold a crown over his head. A calm and composed courage glittered in his eyes, and one would have taken him for Minerva herself, so wise and discreet he appears in the greatest dangers. Adrastus's javelin is repelled by the shield. Upon which the Daunian instantly draws his sword, to deprive the son of Ulysses of the advantage of throwing his javelin in his turn. Telemachus seeing Adrastus with his sword in his hand immediately draws his also, and drops his useless javelin.

When they were thus closely engaged, all the other combatants silently laid down their arms to gaze upon them, and from this single combat expected the issue of the war. Their swords, bright as the flames whence the bolts are hurled, frequently cross each other, and deal their fruitless blows upon their burnished and resounding armour. The two combatants stretch themselves out, shrink themselves up, stoop down, rise again in an instant, and at length grapple with each other. The ivy growing at the foot of an elm, does not more closely embrace its hard and knotty trunk, with its entwining arms, even to its highest branches, than these two combatants grasp each other. Adrastus having lost nothing of his strength, and that of

Telemachus not being yet at its height ; the former makes several efforts to stagger and throw his antagonist by surprise. At last he endeavours to seize the sword of the young Greek, but in vain ; for the moment he attempts it, Telemachus lifts him from the ground, and throws him on the sand. And now this wretch, who had always despised the gods, betrays an unmanly apprehension of death ; he is ashamed to ask his life and yet cannot help manifesting his desire of it. He endeavours to move Telemachus's compassion. Son of Ulysses, said he, I at length acknowledge the righteous gods ; they punish me as I have deserved : nothing but distress opens mens eyes, and shews them the truth ; I see it, it condemns me ; but let an unfortunate prince put you in mind of your father, who wanders far from Ithaca, and let him excite your pity.

Telemachus, who kneeled upon him, and had already raised his sword to plunge it into his throat, immediately replied ; I sought nothing but victory and the peace of the nations I came to assist ; I do not delight in blood-shed. Live therefore, Adrastus ; but live to repair your faults ; restore every thing which you have usurped ; re-establish peace and justice on the coast of great Hesperia, which you have stained by numberless massacres and treacheries ; live and become another man. Learn by your fall that the gods are righteous, that the wicked are miserable, that they deceive themselves by seeking for happiness in violence, inhumanity and falshood, and in short that nothing is

so delightful and happy as a plain and steady virtue. Give us as hostages your son Metrodorus, with twelve of the principal persons of your nation.

This said, Telemachus suffers Adrastus to rise, and holds out his hand to him without suspecting his treachery. But Adrastus immediately darts another javelin at him, which was very short and he had kept concealed. It was so short and so artfully thrown, that it would have pierced Telemachus's armour, had it not been divine. Adrastus at the same runs behind a tree to avoid the pursuit of the young Greek. Whereupon Telemachus cries out, Lo! Daunians, the victory is ours; the impious wretch saves himself only by his treachery. Who fears not the gods, is afraid of death; on the contrary. who fears the gods, fears nothing but them. In speaking these words, he advances towards the Daunians, and makes a sign to those of his own party who were on the other side of the tree, to intercept the perfidious Adrastus. Adrastus is ready to be taken, makes as if he would go back again, and attempts to break through the Cretans who obstruct his passage. But Telemachus swift as a thunderbolt hurled by the hand of the father of the gods from the top of Olympus on the heads of the guilty, flies instantly on his enemy; he seizes him with his victorious hands, he throws him on the earth, as the cruel north wind beats down the tender harvests which gild the fields; he hears him no more, though the impious wretch makes a

second attempt to abuse his goodness; he plunges his sword into him, and hurls him headlong into the flames of dreary Tartarus, a punishment worthy of his crimes.

End of the Twentieth Book.

T H E
A D V E N T U R E S
O F
T E L E M A C H U S,
The Son of U L Y S S E S.

BOOK the TWENTY-FIRST.

The A R G U M E N T.

Adrastus being dead, the Daunians hold out their hands to the allies as a sign of peace, and desire a king of their own nation. Nestor being inconsolable for the loss of his son, absents himself from the assembly of the chiefs, where several are of opinion that they ought to divide the countries of the conquered, and to yield the territory of Arpi to Telemachus. Far from accepting of this offer, Telemachus shews it to be the common interest of the allies to make Polydamus king of the Daunians, and to leave them in possession of their lands. He afterwards persuades those people to give the country of Arpi to Diomedes, who happened at that time to arrive in Hesperia. The troubles being thus ended, they all separate, in order to return every one to his respective country.

A DRASTUS was hardly dead, but all the Daunians, instead of bewailing their defeat and the loss of their chief, rejoiced at their

deliverance, and held out their hands to the allies in token of peace and reconciliation. Metrodorus, the son of Adrastus, whom his father had bred up in maxims of dissimulation, injustice and inhumanity, was coward enough to fly; but a slave, an accomplice in all his infamous and cruel actions, whom he had made free and loaded with riches, and to whom he had committed himself in his flight thought only of betraying him for his own interest; he slew him as he fled by a wound in the back; he cut off his head, and carried it to the camp of the confederates, expecting a great reward for a crime which put an end to the war. But they abhorred the villain and ordered him to be put to death.

Telemachus seeing the head of Metrodorus, who was a youth of wonderful beauty, and naturally of an excellent disposition, which had been corrupted by pleasures and ill examples, could not retain his tears. Alas! cried he, lo the effects of the poison of prosperity of a young prince; the more elevated his condition and the more sprightly his temper, the further he strays from every sentiment of virtue. I should now perhaps have been like him, had not the misfortunes in which, I thank the gods, I was born, and the instructions of Mentor, taught me to govern my passions.

The assembled Daunians desired, as the only condition of peace, that they might have a king of their own nation, who might by his virtues wipe off the reproach with which the impious Adrastus had stained the crown. They thank-

ed the gods for destroying the tyrant ; they crouded to kiss Telemachus's hand which had been dipt in the monster's blood, and their defeat was as it were a triumph to them. Thus in a moment irrecoverably fell the power which threatened all others in Hesperia, and made so many nations tremble. As in platforms which seem firm and immoveable, but are by little and little undermined, the feeble tools which attack their foundations are a long while derided, nothing appears to be weakened, all is smooth, nothing shakes ; while all the props are gradually destroyed, till the moment the earth sinks, and leaves a chasm behind it : so an unjust and fraudulent power, whatever success it may procure by its violence, digs a pit beneath its own feet. Treachery and cruelty by degrees sap all the most solid foundations of unlawful authority. Men admire it, and dread it, and tremble before it, till the instant it is no more. It sinks beneath its own weight, and nothing can raise it up again ; because it hath with its own hands destroyed the true supports of probity and justice, which beget love and confidence.

The leaders of the army assembled the next day to grant the Daunians a king, and every one was delighted to see the two camps blended together by so unexpected a friendship, and the two armies which were now become but one. The sage Nestor was not in a condition to be present at this council, because his grief and age had withered his heart, as a shower beats down and causes a flower to languish in the evening, which in the morning, while Aurora

was rising, was the glory and ornament of the verdant fields. His eyes were become inexhaustible fountains of tears. Balmy sleep, which soothes the acutest pains, fled far away from them; and hope, the food of the human heart, was extinguished in him. All aliments were bitter to this unfortunate old man. The light was odious to him; his soul desired only to quit his body, and to plunge into the eternal night of Pluto's empire. In vain was all the discourse of his friends; his drooping heart loathed their freindship, as a sick man loaths the most delicate food: to all the most affecting things which could be said to him, he only replied by groans and sighs. He now and then was heard to say, O Pisistratus! Pisistratus! Pisistratus! my son! thou callest me, I come. Thou, Pisistratus, wilt render death a pleasure to me. O my dear son! the only blessing I crave is to see you again on the Stygian shore. And then would he pass whole hours without speaking a word, sighing and lifting up his hands and tearful eyes to heaven.

Mean while the assembled princes were waiting for Telemaehus, who remained with Pisistratus's body, strewing a profusion of flowers and the most exquisite perfumes upon it. and shedding the bitterest tears. My dear companion: said he, I shall never forget my seeing thee at Pylos, my going with thee to Sparta, and my finding thee again on the coast of the great Hesperia. I am thy debtor for a thousand and a thousand good offices; I loved thee, thou lovedst me also: I knew thy valour; it would

have surpass'd that of several famous Greeks, Alas ! it has occasioned thee a glorious death ; but then it has robbed the world of a blooming virtue which would have equaled that of thy father. Yes, thy wisdom and eloquence would when matured by age, have been, like that senior's the admiration of all Greece. Thou didst already possess that sweet Insinuation, which whenever he speaks is irresistible ; that simple manner of narration ; that sage moderation, which is a charm to soothe the irritated mind ; that authority, which arises from wisdom and the force of good counsels. When thou spakest, every one lent an ear, every one was prepossessed in thy favour, every one wished to find thee in the right ; thy plain, thy unadorned words stole as gentle into the heart as dews descend on the springing grass. Alas how many blessings which we enjoyed a few hours since, are ravished from us for ever ! Pisistratus, whom I embraced in the morning, is now no more, nothing but a sad remembrance of him is left us. Ah ! hadst thou closed Nestor's eyes, and not we thine, he would not then have seen what he now sees, nor have been the most wretched of fathers.

This said, Telemachus ordered the gory wound in Pisistratus's side to be washed, and caused him to be laid on a purple bed ; where with his head reclined and pale as death, he resembles a young tree, which having covered the earth with its shade, and shot its flourishing branches to heaven, is wounded by the keen axe of the wood man ; and having no longer a-

ny hold of its roots, or the earth that fruitful mother which nourishes the plants in her bosom it droops and loses its verdure ; it can no longer support itself, it falls : its branches, which used to hide the heavens, are faded, withered, dragged in the dust ; it is now but a mere trunk, cut down and despoiled of all its honours. Thus Pisistratus, a prey to death, was now born away by those who were to lay him on the fatal pyre. The flames already mount to heaven. A band of Pylians with downcast streaming eyes, with arms reversed, and gentle steps attended. The body is quickly burnt, and the ashes are put into a golden urn, which Telemachus, who takes care of the whole ceremony, commits as a great treasure to Callimachus, who had been Pisistratus's governor. Keep these ashes, said he, the sad but precious remains of him whom you loved, keep them for his father ; but do not present them unto him till he has fortitude enough to ask for them : what provokes sorrow at one time, alleviates it at another.

Telemachus afterwards went into the assembly of the confederate kings, where every one, as soon as he saw him, was silent in order to hear him. He blushed, and could not be prevailed on to speak. The praises which were bestowed upon him by public acclamations, on account of all his late actions, increased his confusion, and he wished that it had been in his power to hide himself. This was the first time he ever appeared confounded and dubious. At length he asked it as a favour, that they would

not commend him any more. Not, said he, that I do not love praise, especially when it bestowed by such good judges of virtue; but because I am apprehensive of being too fond of it: it corrupts mankind, it makes them full of themselves, and renders them vain and presumptuous: we should deserve and shun it. There is a resemblance between the justest and most groundless praises; and tyrants, the most wicked of all men, are those who cause themselves to be praised the most by flatterers. What pleasure is there in being commended like them? Valuable praise is that which you will give me in my absence, if I am happy enough to deserve it. If you think me really virtuous, you must also think me modest and apprehensive of vanity. Spare me therefore if you esteem me, and do not praise as if I were enamoured of applause.

Telemachus having spoken thus, made no reply to those who continued to extol him to the skies, and by an air of indifference quickly put a stop to the encomiums they bestowed upon him. They began to apprehend that their praises were offensive; but their admiration increased, every one knowing the tenderness he had showed for Pisistratus, and the care he had taken to pay him the last offices of friendship. The whole army was more affected with these marks of the goodness of his heart, than of the amazing proofs he had given of his wisdom and valour. He is wise, he is valiant, said they in private to each other; he is beloved of the gods, and the true hero of our age; he is more than human. But

all this is only marvellous and matter of astonishment. He is humane, he is good, he is a faithful and an affectionate friend; he is compassionate, liberal, beneficent, and wholly theirs whom he ought to love; he is the delight of those who live with him; he has divested himself of his haughtiness, indifference and pride. This is what is useful, this is what touches the heart, this is what endears him to us, and makes us affected with all his virtues: this is what makes us all ready to lay down our lives for him.

As soon as these discourses were ended, the council considered the necessity of giving the Daunians a king. Most of the princes who were present, were of opinion that they ought to divide Daunia, as a conquered country, among themselves; and they offered Telemachus for his share the fertile territory of Arpi, which twice in a year yields the rich presents of Ceres, the delicious gifts of Bacchus, and the ever-verdant fruits of the olive, a tree sacred to Minerva. This country, said they, ought to make you forget the barren Ithaca and its cottages, the frightful rocks of Dulichium, and the savage woods of Zacynthus. Go no longer in quest of your father, who without doubt perished in the waves at the promontory of Caphareus, through the vengeance of Nauplius and the wrath of Neptune; nor of your mother, who has yielded to her suitors since your departure; nor of your country, whose soil is not so favoured of heaven as that which we offer you. He heard these discourses with patience;

but the rocks of Thrace and Theffaly are not more deaf and infenfible to the complaints of deſpairing lovers, than Telemachus was to all theſe offers.

For my part, replied he, I am not affected with riches and pleasures. What profits it to poſſeſs a greater extent of land, and to govern a greater number of men? The prince thereby but increaſes his trouble, and leſſens his liberty. Even the wiſeſt and moſt moderate perſons find miſery enough in life, without adding to it the toils of governing intractable, reſtleſs, unjuſt, falſe and ungrateful men. When a man ſeeks to be the maſter of others for his own ſake, and regards nothing but his own authority, pleaſures and glory; he is impious, and a tyrant, and the ſcourge of the human race. When on the contrary he endeavours to govern them according to right maxims, and only for their own good, he is not ſo much their maſter as their guardian; he gets nothing by it but infinite trouble, and is far from deſiring to ſtretch his authority farther. The ſhepherd who does not prey upon his flock, who defends it againſt wolves at the hazard of his life, and watches both night and day to lead it into rich paſtures, has no deſire to increaſe the number of his ſheep, nor to ſeize on thoſe of his neighbour; this were to increaſe his toils. Though I have never governed, added Telemachus, yet have I learnt from laws and wiſe legiſlators, how painful an office it is to rule cities and kingdoms. I am therefore contented with my barren Ithaca. Though it be ſmall and barren, I ſhall

acquire sufficient glory, if I reign over it with justice, piety and courage. My reign will even commence but too soon. The gods grant that my father, escaping the fury of the billows, may reign over it to the extremest old age, and that I may long learn under him how to subdue my passions, in order to know how to govern those of a whole nation !

Telemachus then said, Hear, ye assembled princes, what I think myself obliged to say to you for your own interest. If you give the Daunians a just king, he will govern them with justice, and then how beneficial it is to preserve their sincerity, and never to usurp the dominions of their neighbours ; which they could never learn under the impious Adrastus. While they are swayed by a wise and moderate prince, you will have nothing to apprehend from them. They will be indebted to you for the good king that you will have given them ; they will be indebted to you for the peace and prosperity they will enjoy. Instead of attacking they will continually bless you, and both the prince and the people will be the work of your hands. If on the contrary you divide their country among yourselves, the evils which will ensue, and of which I tell you beforehand, are these : the Daunians driven to despair, will begin the war again ; they will justly fight for their liberty, and the gods, who are enemies to tyranny, will fight for them. And if the gods interfere, you will sooner or later be confounded, and your prosperity will vanish like smoke. Counsel and wisdom will be taken from your commanders,

courage from your armies, and fertility from your lands. You will deceive yourselves with false hopes, you will be rash in your enterprizes, you will silence men of probity who tell you the truth, you will fall of a sudden, and it will be said of you, Are these the flourishing nations who were to give law to the whole earth! Lo! they fly before their enemies: they are the sport of nations who trample them under their feet. These are the doings of the gods: this is what unjust, haughty and inhuman nations deserve.

Again, consider, that if you attempt to divide this conquest among you, you will unite all the neighbouring nations against you, Your confederacy formed to defend the common liberty of Hesperia against Adrastus, will become odious; and you yourselves will be justly accused by all the world of aiming at universal tyranny. But suppose that you are victorious over the Daunians and all other nations, this victory will prove your destruction, and I will tell you in what manner. Consider that this enterprize will dissolve your union. As it is not founded on justice, you will have no rule to settle every claimant's pretensions among yourselves; every one will insist that his share of the conquest be proportioned to his power; not one of you will have authority enough over the rest to make a peaceable partition. Lo! the source of a war, of which your grandchildren will not see the end. Is it not better to be just and moderate, than to follow one's ambition through such a multitude of dangers

and inevitable calamities? Are not a profound peace, its train of sweet and innocent pleasures, a happy plenty, the friendship of one's neighbours, the glory which is inseparable from justice, the authority which is acquired in rendering ourselves by our integrity the arbiter of all foreign nations; are not these, I say, more desirable blessings than the foolish vanity of an unjust conquest? O kings! O princes! you see that I have no interest in what I say; have regard therefore to one who loves you enough to contradict and displease you, by setting the truth before you.

While Telemachus was discoursing in this manner with an authority which they had never seen in any other, and all the astonished and suspenceful princes were admiring the wisdom of his counsels, there was heard a confused noise which spread itself through the camp, and reached even to the place where the assembly was held. A stranger, it was said, is just landed on this coast with a band of soldiers. This unknown person is of a lofty mien; every thing in him looks heroic; one easily perceives that he has suffered a long while, and that his great courage has rendered him superior to all his sufferings. The people of the country, who guard the coast, at first resolved to repel him as an enemy that was come to invade them: but drawing his sword with an intrepid air, he told them that he knew how to defend himself in case he were attacked, but that he desired nothing but peace and hospitality. Upon which he held out an olive branch as a suppliant; he

was heard ; he desired to be brought before those who rule in this part of Hesperia, and is conducted hither to be examined by the assembled kings.

This was hardly said, but the stranger entered with a majesty which surpris'd the whole assembly. He might easily have been taken for the God of war, when he assembles his blood-thirsty troops in the mountains of Thrace. He began thus :

O ye shepherds of the people, who are undoubtedly assembled here to defend your country against its enemies, or to give life to the most righteous laws, hear a man whom fortune has persecuted. May the gods grant that you may never taste the like distress ! I am Diomed, king of *Ætolia*, who wounded *Venus* at the siege of *Troy*. The vengeance of that goddess pursues me through the whole world. *Nep- tune*, who can refuse nothing to the divine daughter of the sea, gave me up to the rage of the winds and the billows, which have often dashed my ships in pieces against the rocks. Inexorable *Venus* has robbed me of all hopes of ever seeing again my kingdom, my family, and that grateful light of the country where I first beheld the day. No, I shall never see more what was dearest in the world to me. I come, after various shipwrecks, to seek on these unknown shores a little repose and a safe retreat. If you fear the Gods, and especially *Jupiter* who takes care of strangers ; if you have any sense of pity, refuse me not some barren corner of these spacious regions, some desert, some

sandy spot, or sleepy rocks, where I and my companions may found a city which may at least be a melancholy image of our lost country. We only desire some small tract which is useless to you. We will live in peace and strict friendship with you; your enemies shall be ours; we will espouse all your interests, and desire nothing but to live according to our own laws.

While Diomedes was speaking thus, Telemachus keeping his eyes fixed upon him, discovered all the different passions in his countenance. When Diomed began to mention his long sufferings, he hoped that this majestic person would prove to be his father. As soon as he had declared that he was Diomed, Telemachus's countenance withered like a beautiful flower, blasted by the cruel breath of the bitter north-winds. And at last Diomed's complaint of the implacable wrath of a Goddess melted his soul, by reviving his idea of the like calamities which his father and he had suffered; tears of grief and joy ran down his cheeks, and he immediately fell upon Diomed's neck and embraced him.

I am, says he, the son of Ulysses whom you formerly knew, and who was not unuseful to you when you seized the famous horses of Rhesus. The Gods have treated him as well as you without mercy. If there is truth in the oracles of Erebus, he is still alive; but alas! he lives not for me. I have abandoned Ithaca in quest of him, but I cannot find him, nor my way back to Ithaca. Judge by my distress of my pity for yours. The benefit of affliction

ons is to learn to sympathize with others in their troubles. Though I am but a stranger here, yet have I the power, O mighty Diomed, (for notwithstanding the miseries which overwhelmed my country in my infancy, I have not been so ill educated as to be ignorant of your glory in battle) I have the power, I say, O most invincible of all the Greeks next to Achilles, to procure you some relieve. The princes here present are humane; they are sensible that there is no virtue, no true courage, no solid glory without humanity. Misfortune adds a new lustre to the glory of the great. They are not perfect, till they have tasted of adversity; their lives not affording examples of patience and fortitude. Virtue in distress melts every heart which has any relish for virtue. Leave the care therefore of your consolation to us; since the gods, in sending you hither, confer a favour upon us, and we ought to think ourselves happy in being able to soften your miseries.

While he was speaking, Diomed looked stedfastly and with admonishment upon him, and found his heart greatly affected. They embraced as if they had been long bound in the hands of a strict friendship. O worthy son of the wise Ulysses, said Diomed, I perceive in you the sweetness of his countenance, the grace of his speech, the strength of his eloquence, the nobleness of his sentiments, and the wisdom of his thoughts.

Philoctetes then embraced the great son of Tydeus. and they related to each other their

disastrous adventures. Philoctetes afterwards said, you will without doubt be very glad to see the sage Nestor; he has just lost Pitistratus the last of his children, and all that is now left him in life is a tearful path which leads him to the grave. Come and soothe his grief; an unfortunate friend is fitter than any other to allay the anguish of his heart.

Hereupon they repaired to Nestor's tent, whose mind and senses were so deprest by grief, that he hardly knew Diomed again. At first Diomed wept with him, and their interview redoubled the old man's sorrow; but by degrees the presence of this friend relieved his heart, and one might easily perceive, that his woes were a little suspended by the pleasure of reciting his sufferings, and of hearing in his turn what had happened to Diomed.

While they were discoursing together, the assembled kings and Telemachus were considering what they were to do. Telemachus advised them to give Diomed the country of Arpi, and to chuse Polydamas, who was of their nation king of the Daunians. This Polydamas was a famous general whom Adrastus through jealousy would never employ, lest the success of his arms, of which he hoped alone to have all the glory, should be attributed to this able commander. Polydamas had often told him in private, that he exposed his life and the safety of the state too much in this war against so many confederate nations, and had endeavoured to prevail on him to observe a more upright and moderate conduct towards his neighbours;

but men who hate the truth, hate those also who are bold enough to speak it, and are not affected with their sincerity, their zeal, or disinterestedness. The seducements of prosperity hardened Adrastus's heart against the most wholesome counsels. By not following them, he daily triumphed over his enemies; for haughtiness, breach of faith and violence continually made him victorious. The evils with which Polydamas had so long threatened him, did not happen. Adrastus laughed at an apprehensive wisdom, which was perpetually foreseeing inconveniences. Polydamas became insupportable to him; he was removed from all his posts, and left to languish in solitude and poverty.

Polydamas was at first greatly dejected at this disgrace; but it gave him what he wanted, by showing him the vanity of exalted stations. He became wise at his own expence; he rejoiced that he had been unfortunate; he learned by degrees to suffer, to live upon a little, calmly to nourish his soul with the truth, to cultivate secret virtues, which are of so much greater worth than the glaring; in fine, to live without mankind. He dwelt in a desert at the foot of mount Garganus, where an half arched rock served him for a house, a brook which fell from a mountain, slacked his thirst, and some trees presented him their fruits. He had two slaves who tilled a little field, with whom he himself toiled with his own hands. The earth liberally rewarded him for his pains, and suffered him to want for nothing; he had not on-

ly fruits and pulse in abundance, but all sorts of fragrant flowers also. There he deplored the misery of nations, which the mad ambition of a prince hurries on to their ruin. There he daily expected that the righteous Gods, notwithstanding their forbearance, would crush the impious Adrastus. The more his prosperity increased, the nearer he thought he saw his inevitable fall; for imprudent measures attended with success, and power scrved up to the highest pitch of absolute authority, are the fore-runners of the downfal of kings and kingdoms. When he heard of Adrastus's defeat and death, he discovered no joy that he had foreseen it, nor that he was rid of the tyrant; he only grieved lest he should see the Daunians in servitude.

This was the man whom Telemachus proposed to be advanced to the throne. He had for some time been acquainted with his courage and virtue; for Telemachus according to Mentor's advice, was every where continually informing himself of the good and bad qualities of all persons who were in any considerable post, not only among the confederate nations who served in this war, but among the enemy also. His principal care in every place was to find out and sift the men who had any particular talent or virtue.

The confederate princes were at first a little unwilling to place Polydamas on the throne. We have experienced, said they, how formidable a king of the Daunians, who understands and delights in war, is to his neighbours. Po-

lydamas is a great commander, and may bring us into great dangers. But Telemachus replied, Polydamas indeed understands war, but he loves peace; and these are the two very things which we ought to wish for. A man who knows the calamities, dangers and difficulties of war, is much better qualified to avoid it than one who has no experience of them. Polydamas has learned to relish the blessings of a quiet life; he condemned the enterprizes of Adrastus, and foresaw their fatal consequences. A weak and ignorant prince is more to be dreaded by you, than a man who will enquire into and determine every thing himself. A weak, ignorant and inexperienced prince will see only with the eyes of a passionate favourite, or of a flattering, turbulent, and ambitious minister. He will therefore blindly engage himself in war contrary to his inclinations; you will never be sure of him, for he will never have it in his power to be sure of himself; he will break his word with you, and will quickly reduce you to such extremities, that you must destroy him, or he you. Is it not more advantageous, more safe, and at the same time more just and noble to make a faithful return to the confidence of the Daunians, and to give them a king worthy of commanding.

This speech convincing the whole assembly, Polydamas was proposed to the Daunians, who were impatiently waiting for an answer. When they heard the name of Polydamas, they replied, we now plainly perceive that the confederate princes design to deal sincerely and to make an eternal peace with us, since they give us for our

king a man so virtuous and so capable of governing. Had they proposed to us a cowardly, an effeminate and ignorant person, we should have thought that they only intended to depress us and to change the form of our government, and we should secretly have retained a lively resentment of so cruel and artful a conduct; but the choice of Polydamas is a proof of their real candour. The allies, without doubt, expect nothing from us but what is just and noble, since they give us a king who is incapable of doing any thing contrary to the liberty and glory of our country. We accordingly protest, in the sight of the righteous gods, that rivers shall uproll to their sources, before we cease to love such beneficent princes. May our latest posterity be mindful of the benefit which we this day receive, and renew, from generation to generation, the peace of the golden age through the whole coast of Hesperia!

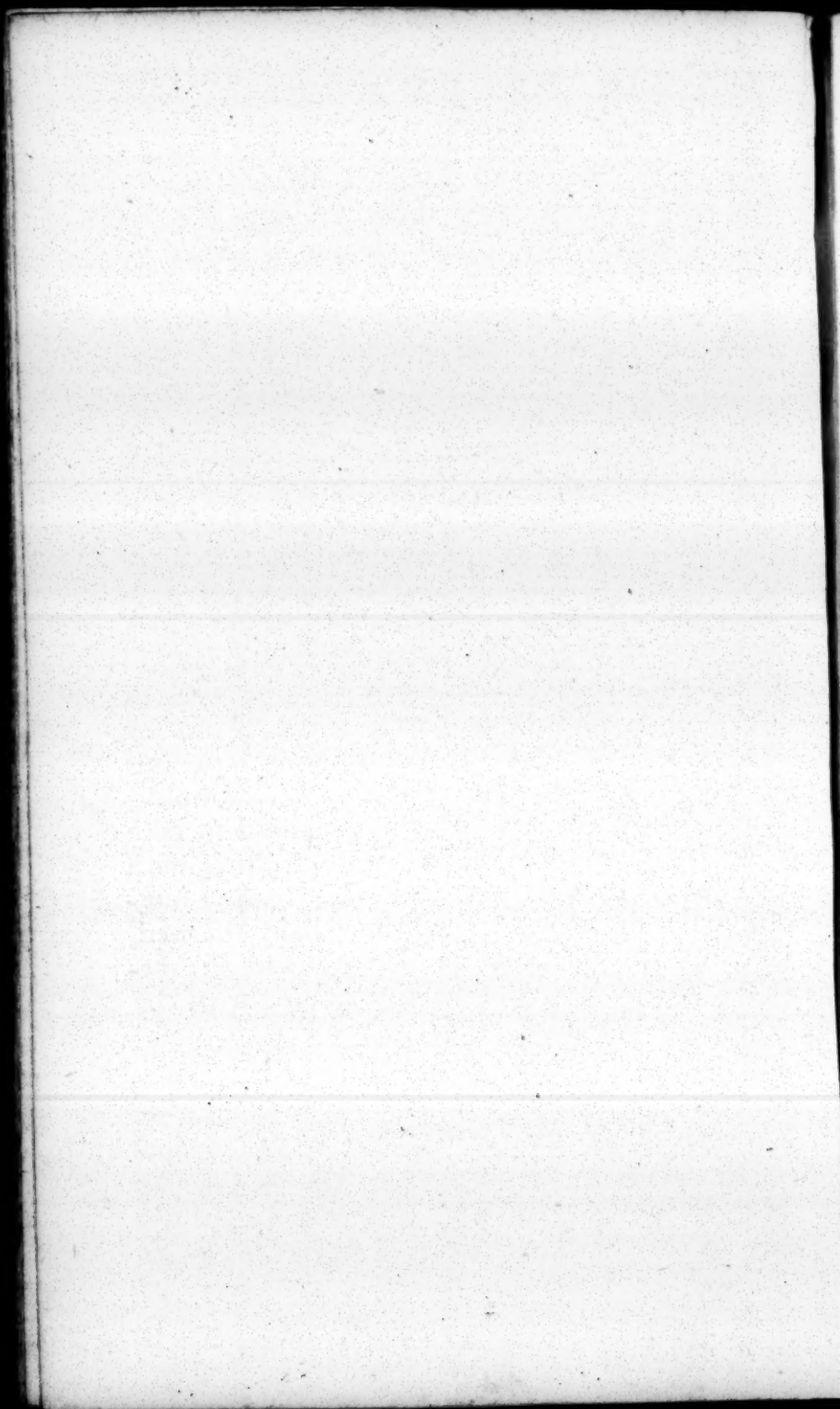
Telemachus then proposed to the Daunians the giving the fields of Arpi to Diomed, to settle a colony there. This new people, said he, will be indebted to you for their establishment in a country which you do not cultivate. Remember that all men ought to love each other; that the earth is too large for them; that you must have neighbours, and that it is best to have such as may be obliged to you for their settlement. Pity the misfortunes of a prince who cannot return to his own country. Polydamas and he, being united together in the bands of justice and virtue, which alone are

lasting, will maintain you in a profound peace and tender you formidable to all the neighbouring nations that may think of aggrandizing themselves. You see, ye Daunians, that we have given your nation a king capable of raising its glory to the heavens; do you therefore, on your part, give, at our request, a tract of land which is of no use to you, to a king who is worthy of all-kind of succour.

The Daunians replied, that they could refuse Telemachus nothing, since he had procured them Polydamas for their king. Hereupon they went to seek him in his desert, and to place him on the throne; having first given the fertile plains of Arpi to Diomed, to found a new kingdom there. The allies were overjoyed at this grant, because this colony of Greeks might powerfully assist their party, if the Daunians should ever attempt to renew the usurpations of which Adrastus had given an ill example.

And now all the princes prepared to take their leave of each other. Telemachus, with tears in his eyes, departed with his troops; having first tenderly embraced the valiant Diomed, the sage and disconsolate Nestor, and the famous Philoctetes, the worthy inheritor of the arrows of Hercules.

End of the Twenty-first Book.



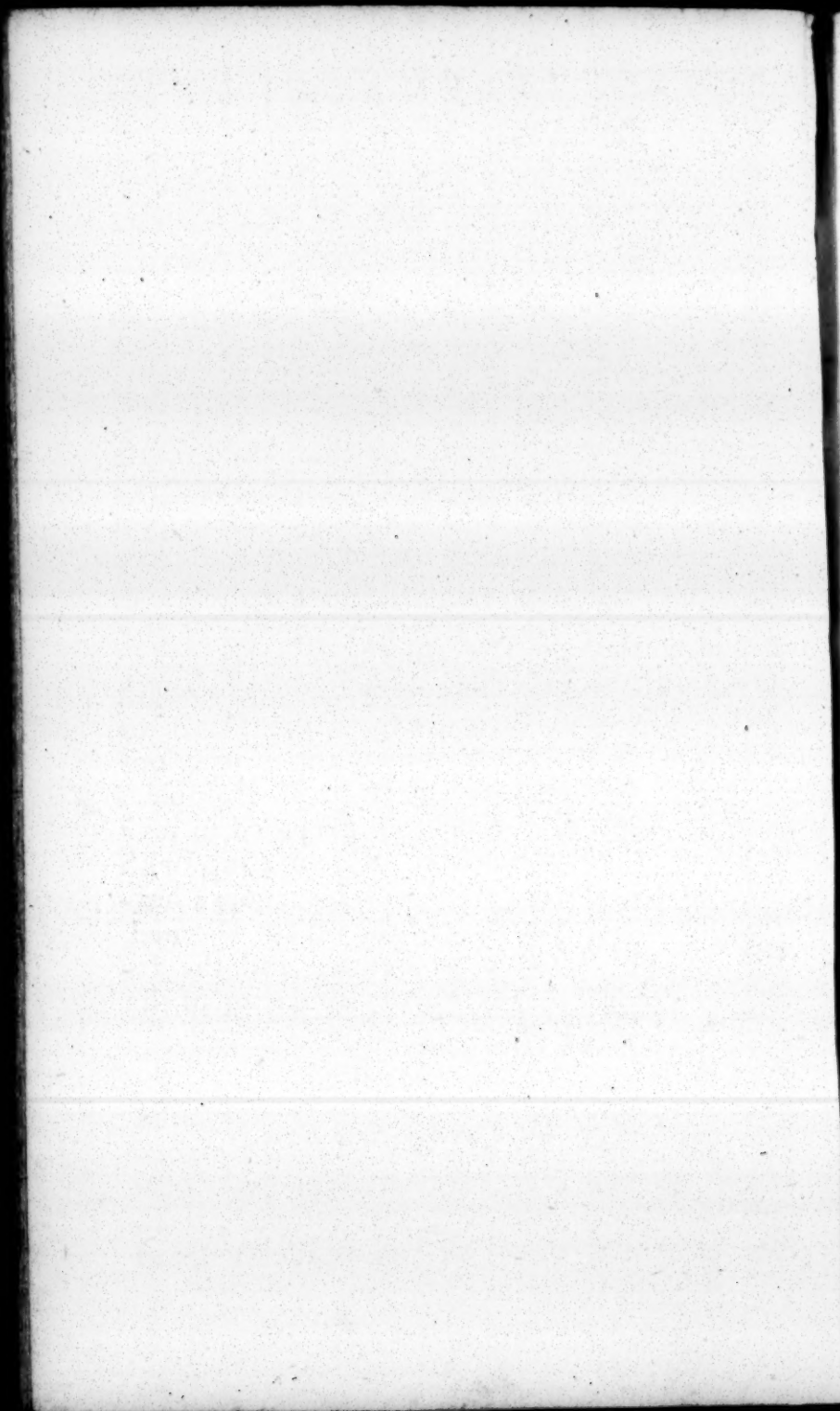
T H E
A D V E N T U R E S
O F
T E L E M A C H U S,
The Son of U L Y S S E S.

BOOK the TWENTY-SECOND.

The A R G U M E N T.

Telemachus arriving at Salentum is surprised to see the country so well cultivated, and to find so little magnificence in the city. Mentor explains the reasons of this change, points out the wrong measures which usually hinder a state from flourishing, and proposes the conduct and government of Idomeneus as a model for him. Telemachus afterwards opens his heart to Mentor concerning his inclination to marry Antiope the daughter of that king. Mentor joins with him in commending her good qualities, and assures him that the Gods design her for him; but that at present he ought to think only of departing for Ithaca, and of freeing Penelope from the persecutions of her suitors.

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might be arrived. When he approached Salentum, he was greatly astonished to see all the country round it, which he had left almost wholly waste and desert, cultivated like a garden, and full of diligent labourers. He knew that this must be the work of the wise Mentor. As he afterwards entered the city, he observed that there were fewer traders in the luxuries of life, and much less magnificence. Telemachus was not pleased at this, for he was naturally fond of every thing which is splendid and polite; but he quickly changed his mind. He from afar beheld Idomeneus and Mentor coming towards him, and his heart was immediately transported with joy and tenderness. Notwithstanding his success in the war against Adrastus, he was apprehensive that Mentor might be dissatisfied with him, and, as he advanced, consulted his eyes to see whether he had any thing to reproach him with.

Idomeneus immediately embraced Telemachus as his own son; Telemachus afterwards threw himself on Mentor's neck, and bedewed him with tears. Mentor said to him, I am satisfied with your conduct, you have committed great faults, but they have taught you to know and be diffident of yourself. Men often reap more fruit from their errors than from their glorious actions. Great actions puff up the heart, and inspire a dangerous presumption; errors make a man enter into himself, and restore him the wisdom which he lost while he was successful. What yet remains for you to do, is to praise the Gods, and

not to court the praises of men. You have performed great things, but own the truth; you can hardly be said to have performed them. Is it not true that the power to perform them was infused into you, like something foreign to your nature? Were you not like to have ruined all by your passion and imprudence? Did you not feel that Minerva as it were transformed you into a person superior to yourself, to make you her instrument of performing what you have done? She restrained all your failings, as Neptune, when he stills a storm, restrains the angry billows.

While Idomeneus was eagerly asking questions of the Cretans who were returned from the war, Telemachus was thus listening to the wise counsels of Mentor. He afterwards turned his eyes with amazement on every side, and said to Mentor, here is a change, of which I cannot comprehend the reason; has any calamity befallen Salentum in my absence? Whence comes it that one no longer sees that magnificence which shone every where at my departure? I now see neither gold, nor silver, nor precious stones; the habits are plain; the buildings which are carrying on are less spacious and have fewer ornaments; arts languish, and the city is become a desert.

Mentor replied with a smile, did you observe the condition of the country round the city? Yes, answered Telemachus, I saw that tillage is every where esteemed, and that the fields are cultivated. Which is preferable, added Mentor, a city proud of its marble, gold and silver,

with an untilled barren contry, or a well cultivated and fruitful country, with a city that is modest in its buildings and manners? A great city crowded with artists, who are employed in corrupting mens manners by administering to their luxury, and surrounded with a poor and ill-cultivated kingdom, resembles a monster, whose head is of an enormous bulk, and bears no proportion to its starved and meagre body: it is the number of the inhabitants and plenty of provisions which constitute the true strength and the true riches of a kingdom. Idomeneus has now innumerable subjects who are indefatigable in labour, and crowd the whole extent of his country, which is now but one city, and Salentum no more than the center of it. We have transported from the city into the country, men who were wanted in the country, and who were superfluous in the city. We have moreover alured a great many foreigners into the kingdom. The more these people multiply, the more are the fruits of the earth multiplied by their labour; this calm, this gentle increase enlarges his kingdom more than a conquest. We have expelled from the city only superfluous arts, which divert the poor from tilling the earth to satisfy their real wants, and corrupt the rich by plunging them into pomp and luxury; we have not done the least prejudice to the liberal arts, nor to men who really have a genius to cultivate them. Thus is Idomeneus much more powerful than he was when you admired his magnificence. That dazzling lustre concealed a weakness and indigence which

would soon have overthrown his empire: he has now a greater number of subjects, and he subsists them with more ease. These men inured to labour, pain, and a contempt of life through their attachment to good laws, are all ready to fight in the defence of a country which they have cultivated with their own hands. And this kingdom which you think decayed, will soon be the wonder of Hesperia.

Remember, Telemachus, that there are two evils in the government of a nation, which are hardly ever cured. The first is an unjust and too violent a power in the prince; the second is luxury, which corrupts the morals of the people. When kings accustom themselves to know no law but their own absolute will, and no longer curb their passions, they may do any thing; but by their being able to do any thing, they sap the foundations of their power. They have no certain rules or maxims of government; every one strives who shall flatter them most; they have no longer any subjects: nothing is left them but slaves, whose number daily decreases. Who will tell them the truth? who will set bounds to the torrent? Every thing gives way; the wise fly, hide themselves, and mourn in private. Nothing but a sudden and violent revolution can reduce this overflowing power into its natural channel, and the measures which might circumscribe, often irrecoverably destroy it. Nothing is so near a fatal fall as authority stretched too far. It resembles an overstrained bow, which at length snaps of a sudden, unless it be slackened; but who will

presume to slacken it? The very soul of Idomeneus was seduced by the allurements of this power; he had been dethroned but not undeceived. The Gods were forced to send us hither, to put him out of conceit with this blind and excessive power, which does not benefit men; and a sort of miracles moreover were necessary to open his eyes.

The other almost incurable evil is luxury. As too much power poisons princes, so luxury poisons whole nations. It is said that luxury feeds the poor at the expence of the rich, as if the poor could not get their bread more usefully by multiplying the fruits of the earth, without debauching the city by the refinements of voluptuousness. A whole nation habituates itself to look upon the most superfluous things as the necessaries of life; new necessaries are daily invented, and men can no longer live without things which were unknown thirty years before. This luxury is called a good taste, the perfection of arts, and the politeness of the nation. This vice, which is the source of an infinite number of others, is commended as a virtue, and spreads its contrgion from the prince down to the very dregs of the people. The near relations of the king imitate his magnificence; the nobility that of the king's relations; the middle sort strive to come up to the nobility, (for where is the man who forms a right judgment to himself?) and the lowest desire to pass for the middle sort. Thus every one lives above his circumstances; some thro' ostentation, and to glory in their riches: others through a false sense of shame, and to

conceal their poverty : even those who are wise enough to condemn so great a disorder, are not enough so to dare to be the first to rise up against it, and to set contrary examples. A whole nation is ruined, and all conditions of men is confounded. The desire of getting money to support a vain expence corrupts the purest mind ; to be rich is the only thing that is minded, and to be poor is infamous. Let a man be learned, wise, virtuous ; let him instruct mankind, win battles, save his country, sacrifice all his own interests ; yet will he be despised, if his talents are not set off with pomp and show. Even they who have not money, endeavour to seem to have it, and spend as if they really had it ; they borrow they cheat, they use a thousand artifices to procure it. But who will cure these evils ? The taste and customs of a whole nation must be changed, and new laws must be enacted. And who can attempt this but a king who is so much of a philosopher, and so prudent, as to put out of countenance, by the example of his own moderation, all those who are fond of ostentatious expences, and to encourage the wise, who would be very glad to be authoris'd in a laudable frugality ?

Telemachus hearing this discourse, was like a man coming out of a profound sleep. He felt the truth of these words, and they were engraved on his heart, as a skilful statuary imprints what features he pleases on the marble, and gives it softness, life and motion. Telemachus made no reply ; but revolving what he had heard in his mind, he surveyed the altera-

tions which had been made in the city, and at length thus addressed himself to Mentor :

You have made Idomeneus the wisest of all kings ; I neither know him nor his subjects again. Nay, I confess that what you have done here is infinitely greater than the victories which we have obtained. Chance and strength have a great part in the successes of war ; we must share the glory of battles with our soldiers : but all you have done proceeds from a single head : you alone must have struggled against a king and all his people in order to reform them. The successes of war are always fatal and odious ; here all is the work of an heavenly wisdom, all is calm, all is innocent, all is lovely, all discovers an authority more than human. When men thirst for glory, why do they not seek for it by thus applying themselves to do good ? O what wrong notions have they of solid glory, since they expect to obtain it by ravaging the earth and by shedding human blood ! Mentor's countenance shewed that he was exceedingly glad to see Telemachus form so pure a judgment of victories and conquests, at an age when it was so natural for him to be intoxicated with the glory he had acquired.

After this Mentor added, All that you see here is indeed laudable and good ; but know that it is possible to do yet better. Idomeneus curbs his passions, and applies himself to govern his people with justice ; but he still commits a great many errors, which are the unhappy consequences of his former errors. When men desire to forsake evil, the evil still seems

to pursue them; they long retain bad habits, a weakness of nature, inveterate errors, and almost incurable prejudices. Happy they who never strayed! they may do good to a greater perfection. The Gods, Telemachus, require more of you than of Idomeneus, because you have known the truth from your youth, and have never been delivered up to the seducements of too great a prosperity.

Idomeneus, continued Mentor, is wise and knowing; but he applies himself too much to particulars, and does not sufficiently consider the whole of his affairs to form judicious schemes. The art of a king, who is set over other men, does not consist in doing all himself; it is gross vanity to hope to do this, or to endeavour to persuade the world that one is capable of it. A king ought to govern by choosing and guiding those who govern under him; he must not descend to particulars, for that is doing the office of his agents; he ought only to make them give him an account, and to know enough to examine that account with judgement. He is an admirable governor, who chooses and employs those who govern, according to their respective talents. The highest degree and perfection of government consists in governing those who govern: they must be watched, tried, checked, reprov'd, encouraged, promoted, degraded, removed from one post to another, and always kept in dependance. A prince who pries into every thing himself, betrays a mistrustful narrow soul, he abandons himself to jealousy about trifles, which consumes

the time and freedom of mind which are necessary for affairs of importance. 'To form great designs the soul must be free and composed; it must think at its ease, and be entirely disengaged from all knotty and difficult affairs; a mind exhausted by particulars, resembles the lees of wine which have neither strength nor flavour. Governors who descend to particulars, are always determined by the present, without extending their views to remote futurity; they are continually born away by the affair of the day, which being the only object of their thoughts, makes too great an impression upon and cramps their minds; for men never form a right judgment of things, unless they compare them all together, and range them in a certain order, that they may have connection and proportion. Not to observe this rule of government is to resemble a musician, who should content himself with finding out melodious sounds, and should give himself no trouble to combine and make them harmonize with each other, in order to compose a sweet and ravishing piece of music. It is also to resemble an architect, who thinks he does every thing when he heaps together large columns and a great number of well-wrought stones, without attending to the order and proportion of the ornaments of his edifice. When he is building the saloon, he does not foresee that there must be a suitable stair-case; when he is at work on the body of the structure, he never dreams of the court-yard nor the gate; his work is only a confused jumble of magnificent parts which

are not made to fit each other. This performance, instead of doing him an honour, will be an eternal monument to his shame; for it is a proof that the workman had not a sufficient reach of thought to take in at once the general design of his whole work, which is the character of a bounded and subordinate genius. When a man is born with a mind thus limited to particulars, he is only fit to execute under another. Be assured, my dear Telemachus, that the government of a kingdom requires a certain harmony like music, and just proportions like architecture.

If you will give me leave to go on with my comparison from these arts, I will convince you what different capacities those men have who descend to all the particular parts of government. A person in a concert who sings only particular things, though he sings them perfectly well, is no more than a singer; he who conducts the whole concert, and at once regulates its several parts, he alone is the master of music. In like manner he who forms the columns, or raises a side of the edifice, is no more than a mason; but he who designed the whole building, and has all its proportions in his mind, he alone is the architect. Thus they who toil, who dispatch and transact the most business, are those who have the least share in the government; they are but the under-workmen. The true genius that directs the state, is he who does nothing himself, and yet causes every thing to be done; who thinks, who contrives, who dives into the future, who reviews

the past, who orders and proportions every thing, who makes early preparations, who continually bears up against and struggles with fortune, as a swimmer against a torrent of water, and who studies night and day to leave nothing to chance.

Do you think, Telemachus, that a great painter assiduously toils from morning to night, that he may dispatch his work the sooner? No, such constraint and drudgery would damp the fire of his imagination; his genius would work no longer; every thing must be struck off irregularly and by starts, as his fancy leads and his spirit prompts him. Do you think he spends his time in grinding colours, and in making pencils? No, that is the business of his scholars. He reserves himself for thought and design; he only studies to strike bold strokes, which may give a noble air, and life and passion to his figures; his head is full of the thoughts and sentiments of the heroes he designs to represent; he transports himself to their times, and puts himself in all the circumstances in which they have been: to this kind of enthusiasm he must join the curb of judgment, that the whole may be true, correct and proportionable. Do you think, Telemachus, that less elevation of genius and efforts of thought are required to make a great king than to make a good painter? Conclude therefore that the business of a king ought to be to think, to form great designs, and to chuse persons proper to execute them under him.

Telemachus replied, I comprehend, methinks, all you say; but if things were thus, a king not

entering into particulars himself, would often be imposed upon. You are mistaken, answered Mentor; a general knowlege of government prevents their being imposed upon. Men who observe no maxims in affairs, and who have no true discernment of men, are always groping as it were in the dark, and it is a chance if they are not imposed upon. They do not well know what they look for, nor which way they ought to direct their steps; their knowlege extends only to mistrust, and they sooner mistrust men of probity who contradict them, than traitors who flatter them. On the contrary, they who have certain principles to govern by, and a knowlege of men, know what they are to expect of them, and the means of coming at it: they know, at least in general, whether the persons they employ are proper instruments for their designs, and whether they enter enough into their views to hit the mark they aim at. Besides, as they do not burden themselves with the weight of particulars, their minds are more at liberty to survey at one view the whole of the work, and to observe if it tends towards their principal design; if they are deceived, it hardly ever is in essentials. Again, they are above the little jealousies which denote a narrow mind and a groveling soul. They know that it is not possible to avoid being deceived in important affairs, since they are obliged to make use of men, who are so often deceitful. More is lost by the irresolution which arises from diffidence, than by suffering one's self to be a little imposed upon. Happy the man who is imposed upon

only in things of little consequence ; the more important may go on well, and a great man ought only to be in pain about them. Deceit must be severely punished when it is discovered, but one must expect to meet with some deceit, if one would not really be deceived. A mechanic sees every thing in his shop with his own eyes, and does every thing with his own hands ; but a king can neither do nor see every thing in a large kingdom. He ought to do nothing but what no body else can do under him, nor ought he to see any thing but what concerns the decision of important affairs.

In fine, Mentor said to Telemachus, the Gods love you, and design you a reign of wisdom. Every thing you see here is done less for Idomeneus's glory, than for your instruction. All the wise institutions which you admire at Salentum, are but a shadow of what you will hereafter do in Ithaca, if your virtues correspond to your high destiny. It is time for us to think of departing hence. Idomeneus keeps a ship ready for our return.

Hereupon Telemachus, though with some difficulty, opened his heart to his friend concerning an attachment which made him loth to leave Salentum. You will censure me perhaps, said he, for too easily conceiving passions in the places where I go ; but my heart would continually reproach me, should I not tell you that I love Antiope, the daughter of Idomeneus. This, my dear Mentor, is not such a blind passion as you cured me of in the isle of Calypso. I have been thoroughly sensible of the depth of

the wound I received from love when I was with Eucharis ; I cannot yet pronounce her name without disorder, nor have time and absence been able to efface it. This fatal experience teaches me to be diffident of myself. But what I feel for Antiope is quite another thing. It is not the phrenzy of love, it is judgment, it is esteem, it is conviction. How happy should I be in passing my life with her ! If ever the Gods restore me my father, and permit me to chuse a wife, Antiope shall be mine. What charms me in her, is her silence, her modesty, her reserve, her assiduity in labour, her industry in works of wool and imbroidery, her application to the management of her father's house since the death of her mother, her contempt of gaudy apparel, her evident forgetfulness or rather ignorance of her beauty. When Idomeneus bids her lead the dance of the young Cretan maidens to the melody of flutes, she is attended with so many graces that one would take her for the smiling Venus ; when he takes her with him to hunt in the forests, she seems as majestic, and as skilful in handling a bow, as Diana in the midst of her nymphs : she alone is ignorant of it, while all the world admires it. When she enters the temple of the Gods, and carries the sacred offerings in baskets on her head, one would think that she herself were the divinity which inhabits the temple. With what awe and what devotion do we see her offer sacrifices, and deprecate the wrath of the Gods, when any crime is to be expiated, or any dreadful omen to be averted ! In fine, when one sees her with

a company of maidens, holding a golden needle in her hand, one thinks that she is Minerva herself, who has assumed an human form here on the earth, and is teaching the polite arts to men. She encourages others to work; she sweetens their toils and weariness by the charms of her voice, when she sings all the marvellous histories of the Gods; and she excells the most exquisite paintings by the delicacy of her imbroideries. Happy the man whom Gentle Hymen joins with her! He will have nothing to fear but to lose and survive her. I here call the Gods to witness, my dear Mentor, that I am ready to depart; I shall love Antiope as long as I live, but she shall not one moment retard my return to Ithaca. Were another to possess her, I should pass the rest of my days in bitterness and sorrow; but I will leave her, though I know that absence may cause me to lose her. I will not speak to her nor her father of my love; for I ought to speak of it to you only, until Ulysses, re-seated on his throne, gives me his consent to do it. You may hereby know, my dear mentor, how different this attachment is from the passion with which you saw me blinded for Eucharis.

Mentor replied, I grant Telemachus, that there is a difference. Antiope is gentle, ingenuous, prudent; her hands disdain not labour; she foresees things long before they happen, she provides for every thing, she knows how to be silent, and to do things regularly without being in a hurry; she is always employed, but never in a confusion, because she does every thing at

a proper time. The good order of her father's house is her glory, and adorns her more than her beauty. Though she has the care of every thing, and is charged with the office of reproof, denying, saving, (things which make almost all women hated) yet has she made herself the delight of the whole house; because they find in her neither passion, nor obstinacy, nor levity, nor humour, as in other women. With a single glance she makes herself understood, and they are afraid to displease her; she gives precise orders, she commands nothing but what may be done, she reproves with gentleness, and encourages when she reproves. Her father's heart rests itself upon her, as a traveller, fainting with the heat of the sun, rests himself upon the tender grass in the shade. You are in the right, Telemachus; Antiope is a treasure worthy to be sought after in the remotest countries. Her mind, no more than her body, is never decked with vain and gaudy ornaments; her fancy, though lively, is restrained by her judgment; she does not speak but when it is necessary; and when she opens her mouth, soft persuasion and native graces flow from her lips. When she speaks, every body is silent, and she blushes at it; she can hardly help suppressing what she designed to say, when she perceives that she is listened to with so much attention; we have scarcely heard her speak.

Do you remember, Telemachus, when her father one day sent for her? She appeared with downcast eyes, was covered with a large veil,

and spoke no more than was necessary to appease Idomeneus's anger, who was going to chastise one of his slaves with severity. She at first joined in his resentment, then she calmed him, at length she intimated what might be alleged in the wretch's excuse, and without making the king sensible that he was too much transported, she inspired into him sentiments of justice and compassion. Thetis, when she soothes old Nereus, does not more gently calm the angry billows. In this manner will Antiope, without assuming any authority, or taking any advantage from her charms, one day manage the heart of her husband, as she now touches her lyre, when she would draw forth its sweetest melody. Once again, Telemachus, I own that your affection for her is reasonable; the Gods design her for you; you love her with a rational passion, but you must wait until Ulysses gives her to you. I commend you for not discovering your sentiments to her; but know that if you had by any indirect means acquainted her with your designs, she would have rejected them, and have ceased to esteem you. She will never promise herself to any body; she will leave her father to dispose of her, and will take for an husband none but a man who fears the Gods, and discharges all his duties. Have you not observed as well as I, that she less frequently appears, and that she oftner bends her eyes on the ground since your return? She knows all your success in the war; she is not ignorant of your birth, of your adventures, or of any qualification which the Gods have be-

stowed upon you ; it is this that makes her so shy and reserved. Let us go, Telemachus, let us go to Ithaca ; I have nothing more to do but to conduct you to your father, and to put you in a condition to obtain a bride worthy of the golden age : were she a shepherdess on the frigid Algidus, instead of the daughter of a king of Salentum, you would be the happiest of men in possessing her.

End of the twenty-second Book.

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T H E
A D V E N T U R E S
O F
T E L E M A C H U S,
The Son of U L Y S S E S.

B O O K the T W E N T Y - T H I R D.

The A R G U M E N T.

Idomeneus fearing the departure of his two guests, proposes several intricate affairs to Mentor. assuring him that he could not settle them without his assistance, Mentor tells him how he ought to act, and persists in his resolution to carry Telemachus home. Idomeneus again attempts to detain them by exciting the passion of the latter for Antiope: he engages them in a hunting match at which he orders his daughter to be present. She would have been torn in pieces by a wild boar, but for Telemachus who rescues her. He is afterwards very unwilling to forsake her, and to take leave of the king her father; but being encouraged by Mentor, he overcomes his reluctance, and embarks for his native country.

IDOMENEUS, who feared the departure of Telemachus and Mentor, made it his whole study to retard it. He represented to Mentor that he could not without him adjust a dispute

that was risen between Diophanes, a priest of Jupiter Conservator, and Heliodorus, a priest of Apollo, concerning the presages which are drawn from the flight of birds and the entrails of victims. Why, said Mentor, would you intermeddle in things sacred? Leave the decision of them to the Etrurians, who have the tradition of the most antient oracles, and are inspired, that they may be the interpreters of the Gods. Use your authority only to stifle these disputes in their birth. Show neither partiality nor prejudice: content yourself with supporting the decision when it is made. Remember that a king is to be subject to religion, and is never to take upon him the regulation of it: religion come from the gods, and is above kings. If kings meddle with religion, instead of protecting they enslave it. Kings are so powerful, and other men so weak, that every thing will be in danger of being changed, according to the fancy of princes, if they should be permitted to concern themselves in questions relating to things sacred. Leave, therefore the free decision of them to the favourites of the Gods, and confine yourself to the quelling of those who shall not conform to their determination when it is made.

Idomeneus afterwards complained of the perplexity he was in with regard to a great number of law suits between divers private persons, which he was importuned to determine. Decide, replied Mentor, all new questions, which may be the foundations of general maxims, and become precedents of law; but never burthen

yourself with trying private causes; they would come and besiege you in crouds. You would be the only judge of all your people. All the other judges, who are under you would become useless; you would be overburthened; trifling affairs would take you off from the important, and yet you would not be sufficient to adjust all the particulars of the trifling. Take care therefore not to plunge yourself into this perplexity; refer the causes of private persons to the ordinary judges; do nothing but what no body else can do to ease you, and you will then discharge the real functions of a king.

I am also importuned, said Idomeneus, to interfere in certain marriages, The persons of distinguished birth, who attended me in my wars, and who lost large estates in my service, aim at a sort of recompence by marrying certain rich maidens; and I need but speak one word to procure these fortunes for them.

It is true, replied Mentor, that it would cost you but one word; but this word itself would cost you too dear. Would you deprive fathers and mothers of the liberty and satisfaction of chusing their sons in law, and consequently their heirs? This were to bring all families into the severest slavery. You would make yourself answerable for all the domestic evils of your subjects. Marriage is full enough of thorns without this addition of bitterness. If you have faithful servants to reward, give them uncultivated lands; to these add rank and honours in proportion to their condition and services. Add likewise, if necessary, some

money saved out of the funds appointed for your own expences : but never pay your debts by sacrificing young maidens of fortune contrary to the Inclination of their families.

Idomeneus soon past from this question to another, The Sibarites, said he, complain of our usurping some land that belong to them, and of our giving them as grounds to be cultivated to the strangers whom we have lately allured hither. Shall I yield to these people ? If I do, every one will think that he needs only to form pretensions upon us, to have what he claims.

It is not reasonable, replied Mentor, to believe the Sibarites in their own cause, neither is it reasonable to believe you in yours. Who then must decide the matter, replied Idomeneus ? Neither of the two parties, continued Mentor. A neighbouring people, whom neither side can suspect of partiality, must be chosen as an umpire ; such are the Sipontines, who have no interest opposite to yours. But am I obliged, rejoined Idomeneus, to be determined by an umpire ? Am I not a king ? Must a sovereign submit himself to foreigners as to the extent of his dominions ?

Mentor thus resumed the discourse. Since you persist in keeping the lands, you must necessarily believe that your title to them is good. The Sibarites, on the the other side, abate nothing of their pretensions, and maintain that their right is incontestible. In this opposition of opinions an arbitrator chosen by both parties must make up the difference, or the fate of

arms decide it; there is no medium. Were you to go into a republic, where there are neither magistrates nor judges, and where every family should think it had a right to do itself justice by violence against all the pretensions of its neighbours; you would deplore the misery of such a nation, and be struck with horror at its dreadful disorders, where all families would arm themselves one against another. Do you think the Gods would with less horror behold the whole world, which is the universal commonwealth, should every nation, which is but as a large family, think it had a right to do itself justice by violence, as to all the pretensions it had upon other neighbouring nations? A private man, who possesses a field by inheritance from his ancestors, cannot maintain himself in it but by the authority of the laws and the decree of the magistrates; he would be severely punished as a seditious person, should he attempt to maintain by force what justice has given him. And do you think that kings may immediately make use of violence to support their pretensions, without having first tried all the ways of gentleness and humanity? Is not justice much more sacred and inviolable in kings with regard to whole countries, than in private families with regard to a few ploughed fields? Is a man unjust, and a robber, who seizes a few acres of land? And is he just, and an hero, who seizes whole provinces? If men are prejudiced, if they are deceived and blinded in the trifling concerns of private persons, ought they not to be much more afraid of be-

ing deceived and blinded in the great concerns of state? Shall a man rely upon his own judgment in an affair wherein he has so much reason to mistrust it? Will he not dread being mistaken in cases, wherein the error of a single person has such terrible consequences? The mistake of a prince whose pretensions are ill-grounded, often occasions devastations, famines, massacres, losses, and depravation of manners, whose fatal effects extend to the remotest ages. Should not a king, who is continually surrounded by crouds of flatterers, fear his being flattered on these occasions? If he agrees upon an umpire to decide the difference, he gives a proof of his equity, sincerity and moderation, and publishes the solid reasons on which his cause is founded. The appointed umpire is a friendly mediator, and not a severe judge. His decisions are not blindly submitted to, but a great deference is paid to him. He does not pronounce sentence like a supreme judge; but he makes propositions, and some things are given up by his advice for the preservation of peace. If a war happens, notwithstanding all the pains which a prince takes to preserve peace, he then at least has on his side the testimony of his conscience, the esteem of his neighbours, and the just protection of the Gods. Idomeneus was affected by this discourse, and consented that the Sipontines should be mediators between him and the Sibarites.

The king then perceiving that all his attempts to detain the two strangers were in vain, tried to hold them by a stronger tie. He had ob-

served that Telemachus loved Antiope, and he hoped to detain him by that passion. With this view he ordered her to sing at several entertainments; she did it that she might not disobey her father, but with such a reserved and melancholy air, that one easily saw the pain she suffered by her obedience. Idomeneus went so far as to bid her sing the victory gained over the Daunians and Adrastus; but she could not prevail on herself to sing the praises of Telemachus; she excused herself in a respectful manner, and her father did not think fit to restrain her. Her sweet and ravishing voice went to the very soul of the young son of Ulysses; he was quite transported. Idomeneus, whose eyes were fixed upon him, took a pleasure in observing his transport; but Telemachus seemed as if he did not apprehend the king's designs. He could not help being moved on these occasions; but his reason prevailed over his love, and he was no longer the same Telemachus whom a tyrannical passion had formerly enslaved in the island of Calypso. While Antiope was singing, he would observe a profound silence; as soon as she had done, he would turn the conversation on some other subject.

The king not being able in this way to succeed in his design, resolved at last to have a great hunting-match, and ordered his daughter to partake of the diversion. Antiope wept, being unwilling to go to it; but her father's command must be obeyed. She mounts a foaming fiery steed, like those which Castor broke for battle; he manages him with ease; a troop

of young virgins with eager joy attend her; and she appears in the midst of them, like Diana in the forests. The king sees her, and cannot tire his eyes with the sight, which makes him forget all his past misfortunes. Telemachus sees her also, and is more struck with Antiope's modesty, than with her dexterity and all her graces.

The dogs chased a wild boar of an enormous bulk, and furious as that of Calydon. His lengthful bristles were hard and stood upright like darts; his glaring eyes were red and fiery; his breath was heard from afar, like the murmurs of seditious wind, when Æolus recalls them to his cave to still the storms; his tusks, long and crooked as the keen sythe of the mower, cut the trunks of the trees. All the dogs, that ventured to approach him, were torn in pieces. The boldest hunters were afraid to overtake him in their pursuit. Antiope, as swift in the chase as the winds, was not afraid to approach and attack him. She hurls a javelin at him, which pierces him above the shoulder; the blood of the fierce animal gushes out like a torrent, and makes him more outrageous. He turns towards her who has wounded him. Upon which Antiope's courser, notwithstanding his great courage, trembles and starts back. The monstrous bear rushes against him, like ponderous engines which shake the walls of the strongest cities. The courser staggers, and is thrown down. Antiope lies on the earth, incapable of avoiding the fatal gripe of the fangs of the exasperated boar. But Telemachus see-

ing Antiope's danger, had already leapt from his horse ; he swifter than lightning, darts between the fallen steed and the boar, which was going to revenge his blood ; he holds a lengthful spear in his hand. and buries it almost entirely in the flank of the terrible animal, which falls raging on the ground.

Telemachus immediately cut off his head, which is still terrible when nearly viewed, and which astonishes all the hunters. He presents it to Antiope ; she blushes, and consults her father with her eyes, who after his fright is transported with joy to see her out of danger, and makes her a sign to accept of the present. As she took it, she said to Telemachus, I thankfully receive from you a more valuable gift ; for I owe you my life. She had hardly spoken, but she feared that she had said too much ; she looked on the ground, and Telemachus, who perceived her confusion, ventured to speak only these words ? Happy the son of Ulysses in preserving so precious a life ! but still more happy, could he pass his with you ! Antiope, without replying, immediately rejoined the troop of her youthful companions, and mounted her steed again.

Idomeneus would that moment have promised Telemachus his daughter, but he hoped to enflame his passion the more by leaving him in suspense, and even imagined that he should detain him longer at Salentum by his desire to insure his marriage. Thus reasoned Idomeneus within himself ; but the Gods deride the wisdom of men. What was to detain Telemachus

was the very thing which hastened his departure what he began to feel, gave him reason to be diffident of himself. Mentor redoubled his assiduity to inspire him with an impatience to return to Ithaca; he urged Idomeneus at the same time to let him go; the vessel was now ready. Thus Mentor, who regulated every moment of Telemachus life, in order to raise him to the highest pitch of glory, did not let him stay in any place longer than was necessary to exercise his virtue, and to make him gain experience.

Mentor had taken care to order the vessel to be got ready as soon as Telemachus arrived; but Idomeneus, who beheld it equipping with great reluctance, fell into a deadly melancholy and a deplorable state of grief, when he saw his two guests, from whom he had received so much assistance, going to forsake him. He shut himself up in the most private parts of his house, where he eased his heart by sighs and tears; he forgot his food; no slumbers soothed his smarting grief; he withered, he pined away with his uneasiness, like a large tree, which hides the earth with the shade of its spreading branches whose trunk a worm begins to gnaw in those curious canals, through which the sap for its nourishment flows: as this tree, I say, which the winds could never shake, which the fertile earth delights to nourish in her bosom, and the ax of the woodman always respected, continually languishes without any apparent cause of its malady, and withers, and is despoiled of its leafy honours, and is but a trunk

overspread with cloven bark, and sapless branches ; so Idomeneus appeared in his grief.

Telemachus was moved, but afraid to speak to him. He dreaded the day of their departure ; he sought for pretences to put it off, and would have remained a long while in this uncertainty, had not Mentor said to him, I am very glad to see you so altered. You were naturally obdurate and haughty ; your heart used to be touched only with your conveniency and your own interests ; but you are at length become a man, and begin by the experience of your own misfortunes to compassionate those of others. Without this sympathy, a man has neither goodness, nor virtue, nor a capacity to govern others ; but he must not carry it too far, nor sink into the weaknesses of friendship. I would willingly speak to Idomeneus to prevail on him to consent to your departure, and would spare you the confusion of so irksome a conversation but I would not have a vicious modesty and sheepishness tyrannize over your soul. You must accustom yourself to blend resolution and firmness of mind with the warmth and softness of friendship : you must be afraid of grieving men unnecessarily ; you must sympathize with them in the troubles which you cannot help occasioning, and soften as much as you can the stroke from which it is impossible to exempt them intirely. It is in order to soften it, replied Telemachus, that I should rather chuse that Idomeneus should be informed of our departure by you than by me.

Mentor immediately answered you are mis-

taken, my dear Telemachus; you are naturally like the children of kings, who are bred up in purple, and insist that every thing be done in their own way, and that all nature be obedient to their humour, and yet have not resolution enough to oppose any one to his face. It is not that they have any regard for men, or that they are tender of grieving them through any principle of goodness; but it is for their own ease; they do not care to see sorrowful and discontented faces about them. The distresses and miseries of mankind give them no concern, provided they are not under their eyes. If they hear them mentioned, the discourse is grating and saddens them; to please them they must continually be told that every thing goes well; while they are pursuing their pleasures, they do not care to see or hear any thing which may interrupt their mirth. If there is a necessity to reprove, chastise, or undeceive any one, or to thwart the pretensions and unreasonable passions of some troublesome person, they will always commission others, rather than speak themselves with mildness and resolution on these occasions: they would suffer the most unreasonable favours to be extorted from them, and cause the most important affairs to miscarry, for want of courage to determine contrary to the sentiments of those with whom they have every day to do. This weakness, which is perceived in them, prompts all men to study to make their advantage of it; they tease, they solicit, they tire them; and by tiring them obtain their ends. They at first flatter and praise

them, in order to ingratiate themselves; but as soon as they have gained their confidence, and are seated near them in places of power, they lead them whither they please, and impose their yoke upon them. They groan beneath it, and often try to shake it off, but they wear it as long they live. They are solicitous not to seem to be governed, and yet they always are so; nay, they cannot do without it; for they resemble feeble vines, which not being able to support themselves, creep around the trunk of some large tree.

I will not suffer you Telemachus to be guilty of a failing, which unfits a man for government. You, who are of so tender a disposition as to be afraid to speak to Idomeneus, will not feel his grief the moment you are got out of Salentum. It is not his grief which affects you, it is his presence which confounds you. Go, speak to Idomeneus yourself; learn on this occasion to be tender-hearted and resolute at the same time. Tell him how sorry you are to leave him, but tell him also with a peremptory tone how necessary your departure is.

Telemachus did not dare either to oppose Mentor, or to go to Idomeneus; he was ashamed of his fears, but had not courage to overcome them; he paused he took a step or two, and immediately returned, to allege to Mentor some new reason of delay: but a single look of Mentor deprived him of his speech, and made all his fair pretences vanish. Is this then, said Mentor with a smile, the vanquisher of the Daunians, the deliverer of the great

Hesperia, and the son the wise Ulysses, who is after him to be the oracle of Greece? He dares not tell Idomeneus, that he can no longer put off his return to his own country, to see his father again! O ye people of Ithaca, how unhappy will ye one day be, if you have a king who is a slave to a criminal modesty, and who sacrifices his most important affairs to his weaknesses in the veriest trifles! See, Telemachus, what difference there is between valour in battle, and courage in business: you were not afraid of Adrastus's arms, and yet you fear Idomeneus's grief. This is what dishonours princes who have performed the greatest actions; having shewn themselves to be heroes in war, they shew themselves to be the lowest of mankind in common occurrences, wherein others support themselves with vigour.

Telemachus feeling the truth of these words, and stung with this reproach, hurried away without giving his passions time to speak. But as soon as he entered where Idomeneus was sitting with downcast languid, and sorrowful eyes, they were afraid of and durst not look at each other; they understood one another without speaking a word; each feared that the other would break the silence, and they began both to weep. At length Idomeneus, prompted by his excess of sorrow, cried out, What profits it to pay one's court to virtue, if she so ill requites her lovers? I am made sensible of my weakness, and then deserted! Well! I shall soon relapse into all my former misfortunes. Let no man talk to me of governing well; no,

I am incapable of it, I am sick of mankind. Whither would you go, Telemachus? Your father is no more, you seek him in vain; Ithaca is become the prey of your enemies; they will destroy you, if you return thither. Some one of them has married your mother. Stay here, you shall wed my daughter, and be my heir; you shall reign after me: Nay, during my life you shall have an absolute power here; my confidence in you shall be unbounded. But if you are unmoved by all these advantages, at least leave me Mentor, who is my only resource. Speak, answer me, harden not your heart, pity the most wretched of men. How! silent! Ah! I feel how cruel the Gods are to me; I have even a quicker sense of it than I had in Crete, when I slew my own son.

At length Telemachus replied with a disordered and timorous voice. I am not at my own disposal, Destiny recalls me to my country. Mentor, who is endued with the wisdom of the Gods, commands me in their name to depart: what would you have me do? Shall I renounce my father, my mother, my country, which ought to be yet dearer to me than they? As I am born to be a king, I am not designed for a life of pleasure and repose, nor to follow my own inclinations. Your kingdom is richer and more powerful than that of my father; but I ought to prefer that which the Gods have allotted me to that which you have the goodness to offer me. I should think myself happy, were Antiope my wife, without any hopes of your kingdom; but to render myself worthy

of her, I must go where my duty calls me, and it must be my father who demands her of you. Did you not promise to send me back to Ithaca? Was it not upon this promise that I, with the allies, fought for you against Adrastus? It is time for me to think of repairing my domestic misfortunes. The Gods who gave me to Mentor, gave Mentor also to the son of Ulysses, that he might fulfill the decrees of fate. Would you have me lose Mentor, after having lost every thing else? I have now neither estate, nor place of retreat, nor father, nor mother, nor any certain country; nothing is left me but a wise and virtuous man, who is the most precious gift of Jupiter. Do you yourself judge if I can renounce him, and consent that he should forsake me. No, I would sooner die. Take my life, my life is a trifle, but take not Mentor from me.

As Telemachus spoke, his voice grew stronger, and his fears vanished. Idomeneus knew not what to answer, nor could he consent to what the son of Ulysses said. When he could no longer speak, he endeavoured at least by his looks and his gestures to move his pity. The same moment he saw Mentor appear, who made him this serious address:

Do not grieve; we quit you, but the wisdom which presides in the councils of the Gods will remain with you; believe that you are very happy, in that Jupiter has sent us hither to save your kingdom, and to reclaim you from your errors. Philocles, whom we have restored to you, will serve you faithfully. The

fear of the Gods, a taste for virtue, a love of the people, and compassion for the miserable, will always possess his heart. Hearken to him, and employ him with confidence and without jealousy. The greatest service which you can receive from him, is to oblige him to tell you of all your failings without any softenings. The greatest fortitude of a good king consists in his seeking for real friends, who may point out his mistakes to him. If you are endued with this fortitude, our absence will be no prejudice to you, and you will live happy; but if flattery, which insinuates like a serpent, again finds the way to your heart, and makes you mistrust disinterested counsels, you are ruined. Do not suffer yourself to be dejected by grief; but exert yourself in the pursuit of virtue. I have told Philocles every thing which he ought to do to assist you, and never to abuse your confidence; I can answer for him. The Gods have given him to you, as they have given me to Telemachus; every one ought to follow courageously where his destiny leads; it profits not to grieve. Should you ever want my assistance, after I have restored Telemachus to his father and his country, I will visit you again: and what could I do that would afford me a more sensible pleasure? I seek not riches nor power on the earth; I would only assist those who seek after justice and virtue. Can I ever forget the marks of confidence and friendship which you have shewn me?

At these words Idomeneus became of a sudden quite another man; he felt that his soul

was calmed, as Neptune with his trident calms the angry waves and the most lowring tempests: There remained only a gentle peaceful sorrow, which was rather a concern and a sense of fondness than anguish. Courage, confidence, virtue, and a reliance on the assistance of the Gods began to revive within him.

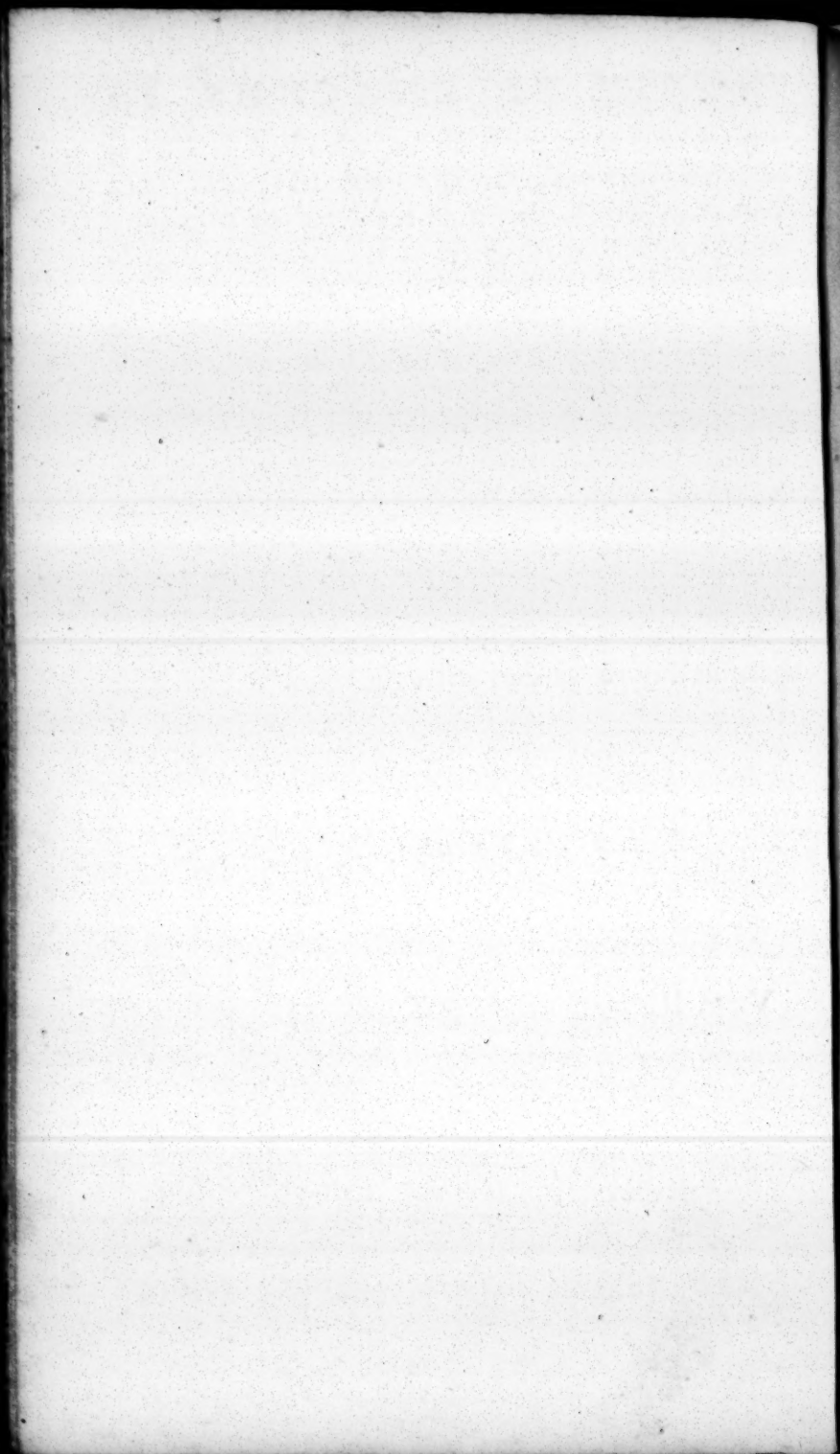
Well then, said he, My dear Mentor, I must lose every thing, and not be discouraged? At least be mindful of Idomenious, when you arrive at Ithaca, where your wisdom will crown you with happiness; do not forget that Salentum is the work of your hands, and that you there left an unhappy king, whose only hope is in you. Go worthy son of Ulysses, I detain you no longer; I am far from opposing the Gods, who lent me so great a treasure. Go, Mentor, also, thou greatest and wisest of mortals, (if humanity can indeed perform what I have seen in you, and if you are not some deity who have borrowed this from to instruct weak and ignorant mankind) go, be a guide to the son of Ulysses, more happy in the possession of you, than in being the vanquisher of Adrastus. Go both, I dare say no more, excuse my sighs. Go, live, be happy together; nothing in the world is left me now but the remembrance of having enjoyed you here. O happy, thrice happy days! days of whose value I was not sufficiently sensible! O days which are too swiftly fled, you will never return! Never will my eyes behold again what they see now!

Mentor laid hold of this moment to get a-

way; he embraced Philocles, who bedewed him with his tears without being able to speak. Telemachus would have taken hold of Mentor's hand to get out of those of Idomeneus; but Idomeneus advancing towards the port interposed between Mentor and Telemachus; he gazed upon them, he sighed, he began to speak some broken words, but could utter none distinct.

And now a confused murmur is heard on the shore, which is crouded with mariners; the cordage is stretched, the sails are hoisted, a favourable gale begins to blow. Telemachus and Mentor take leave of the king, who holds them a long while locked in his arms, and pursues them as far as he can with his eyes.

End of the Twenty-third Book.



T H E
A D V E N T U R E S
O F
T E L E M A C H U S,
The Son of U L Y S S E S.

BOOK the TWENTY-FOURTH.

The A R G U M E N T.

During the voyage, Telemachus gets Mentor to explain to him several difficulties concerning government ; among others those of knowing men, in order to employ only the good, and not to be imposed upon by the bad. Towards the end of their conversation a calm obliges them to put in at an island where Ulysses was just landed. Telemachus sees him there, and talks to him without knowing him. But having seen him embark, he feels a secret uneasiness of which he cannot conceive the cause. Mentor explains it to him, comforts him, assures him that he will soon be with his father again, and makes a trial of his piety and patience, by putting off his departure, to offer a sacrifice to Minerva. At last the Goddess concealed under the figure of Mentor, resumes her own form and discovers herself. She gives Telemachus her last instructions, and disappears. Telemachus departs, arrives at Ithaca, and finds his father in the house of the faithful Eumæus.

THE sails already swell, the anchors are weighed, the land seems to fly, and the skilful pilot descries at a distance the mountains of Leucate, which hides its head in whirling storms of freezing snow, and the Acroceraunian hills, which still uplift their haughty brows to heaven, though they have so often been shattered by thunder.

During the voyage Telemachus said to Mentor, I now understand the maxims of government which you have explained to me. At first they appeared to me like a dream, but their obscurity gradually vanished, and I now view them in a clear light. So all objects look dark at the first dawnings of Aurora in the morning, but afterwards seem to come as it were out of a chaos, when the light, which insensibly increases distinguishes them, and restores them, to use the expression, their figures and natural colours. I am thoroughly convinced that the essential point of government is to discern the different characters of men, in order to chuse and employ them according to their respective talents; but I am still at a loss to know how one may obtain such an insight into mankind.

Hereupon Mentor replied, You must study men in order to know them; and to know them, you must often see and have an intercourse with them. Kings ought to converse with their subjects, to make them speak, to consult them, to try them by little employments, of which they should make them give an account, in order to see if they are capable

of higher functions. How, my dear Telemachus, did you in Ithaca acquire your skill in horses? It was by often seeing them, and by taking notice of their faults and perfections in the company of persons of experience. In the same manner speak frequently of men's good and bad qualities with other wise and virtuous men, who have long studied their characters, and you will insensibly learn the turn of their minds, and what may be expected from them. Who taught you to know the good and the bad poets? It was frequently reading and reflecting upon them with men who had a taste for poetry. Who procured you judgment in music? It was the same application in observing skilful musicians. How can any one expect to govern men well, if he does not know them? and how can he know them, if he does not converse with them? It is not conversing with them, to see them in public, where nothing is said on either side but what is indifferent, and prepared with art. The business is to see them in private, to draw out to view all the secret springs of their hearts, to probe them on all sides, to sound them in order to discover their maxims. But to form a right judgment of men, it is necessary to begin by knowing what they ought to be; it is necessary to know what real and solid merit is, in order to distinguish those who have it from those who have it not. Men are continually talking of virtue and merit, without knowing precisely what merit and virtue are. They are only fair words and indefinite terms in the mouths of the generality of mankind, who

take a pride in talking of them eternally. It is necessary to have certain principles of justice, reason and virtue, to know who are reasonable and virtuous. It is necessary to understand the maxims of a wise and good government, to know men who are furnished with them, and those who depart from them through a false subtilty. In a word, to measure several bodies, it is necessary to have a mixed measure: to form a judgment of men's minds, it is likewise necessary to have constant principles which may be the standard of all our judgments. It is necessary to know precisely what is the end of human life, and what end we ought to propose to ourselves in the government of men. Now this sole, this essential end is never to covet power and grandeur for one's own sake, for this ambitious pursuit would only tend to gratify a tyrannical pride; but a man ought to sacrifice himself to the infinite toils of government, to make men virtuous and happy; he otherwise walks in darkness and at random as long as he lives; he drives like a ship on the open sea, that has no pilot, that does not consult the stars, nor know any of the neighbouring coasts; he cannot but be wrecked.

Princes many times, for want of knowing wherein true virtue consists, know not what they ought to look for in men. True virtue has something of harshness for them; it seems for them too austere and too independant; it affrights and sours them: they incline to flattery. From that moment they can no longer find either sincerity or virtue; from that mo-

ment they pursue an empty phantom of vain glory, which renders them unworthy of the true, and they soon habituate themselves to think that there is no true virtue in the world. For the good do indeed discern the wicked; but the wicked do not discern the good, nor can they believe that there are any. Such princes suspect every body alike; they hide themselves, they shut themselves up, they are jealous on the most trifling occasions, they dread mankind and make themselves dreaded by them. They shun the light, and dare not appear in their natural colours. Though they would not to be known, they always are so; for the malicious curiosity of their subjects pries into and guesses every thing, but they themselves know no body. The selfish crew which besets them, is overjoyed to see them inaccessible. A king who is inaccessible to men, is inaccessible to truth also. They blacken by infamous tales, and remove every thing from him which might open his eyes. Such kings pass their lives in a savage inhuman grandeur; they are continually afraid of being imposed upon, and yet they always unavoidably are and deserve to be so. When a man converses only with a small number of persons, he necessarily imbibes all their passions and prejudices: and even virtuous men have their failings and prepossessions. Besides, one is at the mercy of tale-bearers, a base malicious tribe, who feed upon venom, who poison the most innocent things and magnify the least, who invent the evil rather than cease to injure, and who for their own interest play upon the jea-

lousy and base curiosity of a weak and suspicious prince.

Get a knowlege therefore, my dear Telemachus, get a knowlege of men; sift them, make them speak of one another, try them by little and little; deliver yourself up to none; profit by your own experience when you have been mistaken in your judgment, (for you will sometimes be mistaken) and thereby learn not rashly to judge well or ill of any man. The wicked are too deep dissemblers not to impose upon the good by their disguises; but your past mistakes will be useful lessons of instruction. When you find a man of ability and virtue, employ him with confidence; for men of integrity are pleased to see others conscious of their uprightness: they prefer esteem and confidence to riches: but do not spoil them by entrusting them with an unbounded power. Many a man would have continued virtuous, who is no longer so, because his master has given him too much wealth and power. A prince, who is so beloved of the Gods as to find in a whole kingdom two or three real friends of a steady wisdom and integrity, quickly finds by their means other persons who are like them, to fill inferior posts; by the men of virtue in whom he confides, he learns what he could not of himself discern in his other subjects.

But is it right, said Telemachus, to make use of ill men when they have talents for business, as I have often heard it is? One is often, said Mentor, under a necessity to make use of them. In a convulsed and disordered state one

often finds unjust and crafty men who are already in authority ; they are possessed of important posts which cannot be taken from them ; they have insinuated themselves into the confidence of certain persons of influence with whom one must needs keep well : nay, one must keep well with the villains themselves, because they are to be feared, and have it in their power to throw every thing into confusion. It is highly necessary therefore to make use of them for a time ; but it is necessary also to have in view the rendering them by degrees unnecessary. As for a real and intimate confidence, take care never to repose it in them ; for they may abuse it, and hold you fast whether you will or not by your secrets, a chain harder to be broken than any chains of iron. Employ them in temporary negotiations, treat them kindly, and engage them to be faithful to you by their passions themselves, for you have no other hold of them ; but never admit them into your more secret counsels. Always have some spring ready to put them in motion whenever you please, but never give them the key either of your heart or your affairs. When your kingdom is quiet, settled, and governed by wise and upright men on whom you can depend, the wicked men, whom you were constrained to make use of, become useless by degrees. You must not then however cease to treat them kindly, for it is never allowable to be ungrateful even to the wicked ; but at the same time that you treat them kindly, you must endeavour to make them virtuous. It is necessary to wink at cer-

tain human frailties in them; but you must however by degrees assume more authority, and check the growth of evils which they would commit openly were they suffered to go on. After all, the doing good by wicked instruments is an evil; and though this evil is often inevitable, we must proceed gradually to put an entire stop to it. A wise prince who aims only at good order and justice, will in time be able to do without corrupt and treacherous men; he will find good men enough who have sufficient abilities to serve him.

But it is not enough to find good subjects in a nation; it is necessary to make others so. That, answered Telemachus, must needs be very difficult. Not at all, replied Mentor; your diligence in seeking for able and virtuous men, in order to prefer them, excites and spurs on all persons of abilities and spirit; every one exerts himself. How many men are there who languish in idleness and obscurity, who would become great men, were they spurred on to industry by emulation and hopes of success! How many men are there whom indigence and an impossibility of rising by virtue, tempt to raise themselves by vice! If therefore you annex rewards and honours to genius and virtue, what numbers of your subjects will of themselves become eminent and virtuous! But how many will you render so, by making them rise step by step from the lowest employments to the highest! You will exercise their talents; you will prove the extent of their genius, and the sincerity of their virtue. The men who ar-

rive at the highest posts, will have been trained up under your eyes in the inferior. You will have followed them all your life step by step, and will form your judgment of them, not by their words, but by the whole course of their actions.

While Mentor was reasoning thus with Telemachus, they perceived a Phæacian vessel that had put in at a little island, which was desert, wild, and surrounded with frightful rocks. The winds at the same time were hushed, the gentle Zephirs themselves seemed to hold their breath, the sea was become as smooth as a mirror, the flaging sails could no more animate the vessel, and the efforts of the weary rowers were vain ; it was necessary therefor to land in this island, which was rather a rock than earth proper to be inhabited by men. In less calm weather it would have been impossible to have landed there without the utmost danger. These Phæacians, who were waiting for a wind, did not seem less impatient than the Salentines to proceed in their voyage. Telemachus advances towards them on these rocky shores, and immediately asks the first man he meets, if he had not seen Ulysses king of Ithaca in king Alcinous's palace.

The person to whom he accidentally address'd himself was not a Phæacian, but an unknown stranger, of a majestic but melancholy and dejected air. He seemed thoughtful, and at first hardly heard Telemachus's question ; but at length he answered, You are not mistaken, Ulysses was entertained in king Alcinous's pa-

lace a place where Jupiter is revered, and hospitality practised; but he is not there now; you would seek him there in vain; he is departed in order to revisit Ithaca, if the appeased deities will at length suffer him to salute his household Gods again.

This stranger had hardly spoken these words in a melancholy manner, but he rushed into a thick grove on the top of a rock, whence he stedfastly viewed the sea, flying from every one he saw, and seeming uneasy at not being able to prosecute his voyage. Telemachus looked stedfastly upon him, and the more he looked the more he was moved and astonished. This stranger, said he to Mentor, answered me like one who does not much attend to what is said to him, and who is oppressed with grief. I pity the misfortunate, since I have been so myself, and I feel that my heart is concerned for this man, without knowing why. He was not over-civil to me, hardly vouchsafing to hear me and answer me; and yet I cannot help wishing that his miseries were at an end.

Mentor replied with a smile, Lo the use of the evils of life; they soften the hearts of princes, and make them feel the woes of others. When they have tasted only of the sweet poison of prosperity, they fancy themselves Gods; they will have mountains become plains, to gratify them; they esteem mankind as nothing, and make all nature their sport. When they hear of suffering, they know not what it means; it is a dream to them; they have never seen the distance between good and evil: misfortune a-

lone can teach them humanity, and change their hearts of stone into hearts of flesh. They then find that they are men, and that they ought to be tender of others who are like them. If a stranger excites so much pity, because he is a wanderer on this shore like you; how much more compassion ought you to have for the people of Ithaca, when you hereafter see them suffer! This people, whom the Gods will commit to your care, as a flock is committed to a shepherd, will perhaps be rendered miserable by your ambition, or pride, or imprudence; for the people suffer only through the faults of princes, who ought to be watchful to prevent their sufferings.

While Mentor was speaking thus, Telemachus was overwhelmed with grief and trouble, and at length replied with some emotion: If all these things are true, the condition of a king is very unhappy, he is the slave of all whom he seems to command; he is not so much born to command as to serve them; he owes himself entirely to them; he is burdened with all their wants: he is the servant of all the people, and of every one in particular; he must accommodate himself to their weaknesses, and correct them like a father, that he may render them wise and happy. The authority which he seems to have, is not his own; he can do nothing for his own glory or pleasure: his authority is that of the laws; he must obey them, in order to be an example to his subjects. Properly speaking, he is only the guardian of the laws, to make them reign; he must watch and toil to maintain them;

he has the least freedom and tranquillity of any ~~man~~ in his kingdom; he is a slave, who sacrifices his own repose and liberty for the liberty and happiness of the public.

It is true, replied Mentor, that a king is a king only to take care of his people, as a shepherd takes care of his flock, or a father of his family. But do you think, my dear Telemachus, that he is unhappy in being obliged to do good to such multitudes? He corrects the wicked by punishments, he encourages the good by rewards, and represents the Gods in thus conducting all the human race to virtue. Has he not glory enough in causing the laws to be observed? That of placing himself above the laws is a false glory, which inspires nothing but horror and contempt. If he is wicked, he cannot but be unhappy; for he can find no peace in his passions and vanity. If he is virtuous, he must needs taste the purest and most solid of all pleasures, in toiling in the service of virtue, and in the expectation of an eternal recompence from the Gods.

Telemachus, who had a secret uneasiness in his heart, seemed as if he had never understood these maxims, though his mind was well stored with them, and he had himself taught them to others. A melancholy humour inspired him, contrary to his real sentiments, with a spirit of contradiction and subtilty, to oppose the truths which Mentor explained. To these arguments Telemachus opposed the ingratitude of men. What! said he, take so much pains to win the affections of men, who perhaps will never love

you, and to do good to wretches who will make use of your benefits to your prejudice !

Mentor made him a calm reply : We must expect men to be ungrateful, and yet we must do good to them : we must serve them less for their own sakes, than for the love of the Gods who command it. The good which a man does is never lost : if men forget it, the Gods remember and reward it. Besides, if the multitude is ungrateful, there are always some virtuous persons who are affected with your virtue : nay, the multitude itself, fickle and capricious as it is, never fails sooner or later to do a sort of justice to real virtue. But would you prevent the ingratitude of men ? Do not labour solely to make them powerful, rich, formidable in arms, happy in their pleasures : this glory, this abundance, these pleasures corrupt them ; they will only be the more wicked for them, and consequently the more ungrateful ; it is making them a fatal present, it is offering them a delicious poison : but apply yourself to reform their manners, and to instill into them justice, sincerity, a fear of the Gods, humanity, fidelity, moderation, and disinterestedness. By making them good you will hinder them from being ungrateful, and confer virtue, a real good, upon them ; and virtue, if it be real, will for ever attach them to him who has instilled it into them. Thus by conferring the real good upon them, you will do good to yourself, and will have nothing to fear from their ingratitude. Is it any wonder that men are ungrateful to princes who never taught them any thing but injustice, un-

bounded ambition, a jealousy of their neighbours, inhumanity, haughtiness and treachery? The prince should expect nothing from them but what he has taught them to do. But on the contrary if he endeavoured by his own example and authority to render them virtuous, he would find the fruits of his labour in their virtues; or at least he would find in his own and in the friendship of the Gods, wherewithal to comfort himself under all his disappointments.

This discourse was hardly ended, when Telemachus hastened towards the Phæacians, whose ship was anchored on the shore. He addressed himself to an old man amongst them, and asked him whence they came, whither they were bound, and if they had not seen Ulysses. The old man replied, We come from our own island, which is that of the Phæacians; we are going to Epirus for merchandize; and Ulysses, as you have already been told, came into our country, but is departed from it.

Telemachus immediately added, Who is that melancholy man who seeks the most solitary places, while he waits for the departure of your vessel? He is, replied the old man, a stranger, that is unknown to us. But it is said that his name is Cleomenes; that he was born in Phrygia; that an oracle foretold his mother before his birth that he would be a king, provided he did not remain in his own country; and that if he did remain there, the wrath of the Gods would fall upon the Phrygians in a dreadful pestilence. As soon as he was born, his parents delivered him to certain mariners, who

carried him to the island of Lesbos, where he was privately brought up at the expence of his country, which had so great an interest to keep him at a distance. He soon grew tall, robust, handsome, and expert in all exercises of the body. He even applied himself with great taste and genius to the sciences and the liberal arts; but he was not suffered to stay in any country. The prediction concerning him became famous; he was presently known wherever he went, and kings were every where afraid that he would wrest their crowns from them. Thus has he been a wanderer from his birth, and can find no part of the world, where he may have the liberty to settle. He has often travelled into nations the most remote from his own; but he hardly arrives in any city before his birth and the oracle concerning him are discovered. He in vain hides himself, and chuses in every place some obscure kind of life; his talents for war, letters, and the most important affairs shine forth, they say, whether he will or not; there always offers in every country some unforeseen occasion which gets the better of him, and makes him known to the public. His merit is the cause of his misfortune; it makes him feared, and excludes him from all places where he attempts to reside. It is his fate to be every where esteemed, beloved, admired, but expelled from all the known countries in the world. He is not young, and yet has he not hitherto been able to find any coast, either of Asia or Greece, where they would suffer him to live in peace. He seems to have no ambition, and

does not aim at greatness; he would be very happy, had not the oracle promised him a crown. He despairs of ever seeing his country again; for he knows that he should carry nothing but mourning and tears into every family. A crown itself, the cause of his sufferings seems not desirable to him; he pursues it contrary to his own inclinations, through a sad fatality, from kingdom to kingdom, and it seems to fly before him, in order to mock this unhappy man even to his old age. Fatal gift of the Gods, which clouds his brightest days, and causes him nothing but pain, at a time when feeble man needs nothing but rest! He is going, he says, to Thrace in quest of some savage lawless people, whom he may assemble, civilize, and govern for some years; after which, the oracle being accomplished, the most flourishing kingdoms will have nothing to apprehend from him. He designs then to retire to some village of Caria, where he will devote himself to agriculture, of which he is passionately fond. He is a wise and sober man, who fears the Gods, who has a thorough knowledge of mankind, and who knows how to live in peace with them without esteeming them. This is what is reported of this stranger, of whose fortunes you desired me to inform you.

During this conversation, Telemachus was continually turning his eyes towards the sea, which began to be in motion. The winds raised the waves, which beat against the rocks, and whitened them with their foam. The same instant the old man says to Telemachus, I must

go; my companions cannot wait for me. As he speaks these words, he runs to the shore; the Phæacians embark, and nothing is heard but the confused clamours of the mariners, who were eager and impatient to be gone.

The stranger, who was called Cleomenes, had strayed some time up and down the island, climbing up to the tops of all the rocks, and from thence taking a melancholy survey of the vast expanse of the sea. Telemachus had not lost sight of him, nor ceased to watch his steps. His heart was moved for a virtuous, wandering, unhappy man, who was born to perform the greatest actions, and was made, far from his native country, the sport of rigorous fortune. I perhaps, said he to himself, may see Ithaca again; but this Cleomenes can never return to Phrygia. An instance of a man more unhappy than himself alleviated Telemachus's grief.

At length this man seeing the vessel ready, descended from the craggy rocks with as much speed agility, as Apollo in the forests of Lycia, having tied his flaxen locks together, flies over the precipices, when he pursues the stags and wild boars with his arrows. And now this unknown person is on board the ship, which cleaves the briny wave, and flies from the land.

Hereupon a secret impression of sorrow is made on Telemachus's heart: he greaves without knowing why; tears trickle from his eyes, and nothing is so pleasant to him as to weep. At the same time he sees all the Salentine mariners on the shore, lying fast asleep on the grass; they were tired and quite spent; gentle sleep

had insinuated itself into their limbs, and all the humid poppies of the night had been shed upon them, by Minerva's power, in the middle of the day. Telemachus is surprised to see this universal drowsiness of the Salentines, while the Phæacians had been so watchful and diligent to improve a favourable wind ; but he is more intent on viewing the Phæacian ship, which was ready to disappear in the midst of the waves, than to go and awake the Salentines. Amazement and secret anguish fasten his eyes on the departed bark, of which he now sees nothing but the sails, which look a little white in the azure waves ; he does not even hear Mentor who speaks to him ; he is quite beside himself, and transported like the priestesses of Bacchus, when they hold the Thyrsus in their hands, and make the banks of Hebrus and the mountains of Rhodope and Ismarus ring with their frantic howlings.

At length he recovers a little from this kind of enchantment, and tears again begin to stream from his eyes. Whereupon Mentor says to him ; I am not surprised, my dear Telemachus, to see you weep ; the cause of your sorrow, which is unknown to you, is not unknown to Mentor ; it is nature that speaks and works in you ; it is she that melts your heart. The stranger, who excited such lively emotions in you, is the great Ulysses, What the old Phæacian told you of him under the name of Cleomenes, is only a fiction, the more securely to conceal your father's return to his kingdom. He is going directly to Ithaca ; he is already

near the port, and at length sees that so long wished for place again. Your eyes have seen him, as it was formerly foretold that you should, but without knowing him; you will quickly see him again, and know him, and he will know you. But at present the Gods do not permit you to know each other out of Ithaca. His soul was not less moved than yours; he is too wise to discover himself to any mortal, where he might be exposed to the treachery and insults of the cruel suitors of Penelope. Ulysses, your father, is the wisest of all men; his heart is like a deep well; his secrets cannot be drawn out of it. He loves truth, and never says any thing that wounds it; but he speaks it only when it is necessary; wisdom, like a seal, always keeps his lips shut against all useless words. How was he moved when he spoke to you! What violence did he do to himself, that he might not be known! What did he not suffer in seeing you! It was that which made him sad and dejected.

During this speech, Telemachus being greatly moved and troubled could not help shedding floods of tears, and his sobbings hindered him a long while from making a reply. At length he cried out, Ah! my dear Mentor, I felt I know not what in this stranger which attracted me to him, and moved all my bowels within me. But why, as you knew him, did you not tell me that it was Ulysses before his departure? Why did you let him go without speaking to him, and without seeming to know him? Pray what mystery is this? Shall I be wretched for

ever? Will the angry Gods punish me with thirst like Tant'lus, whom a delusive dream derides by its flight from his greedy lips? O Ulysses! Ulysses! art thou gone for ever? Perhaps I shall never see him more! Perhaps Penelope's lovers may cause him fall into the snares which they laid for me! Had I went with him, I should at least have died with him. O Ulysses! Ulysses! if storms do not throw you on the rocks again, (for I have every thing to apprehend from adverse fortune) I tremble lest on your arrival at Ithaca you should meet as dreadful a fate as Agamemnon did at Mycenæ. But why, my dear Mentor, did you envy me my happiness! I had now embraced him, I had now been with him in the port of Ithaca, we had been fighting to vanquish all our enemies!

Mentor replied with a smile, See, my dear Telemachus, the temper of mankind. You are now in the greatest distress, because you have seen your father without knowing him; and yet what would you not have given yesterday to have been assured that he was not dead? To day you are assured of it by your own eyes, and this assurance, which ought to overwhelm you with joy, fills you with anguish. Thus does the sickly soul of mortals esteem as nothing what it most desired, as soon as it possesses it, and is ingenious in tormenting itself with regard to what it does not yet possess. It is to exercise your patience that the Gods keep you thus in suspense. You look upon this as lost time, but know that it is the most useful of your whole

life ; for it exerciseth you in virtue which is the most necessary in those who are to command. It is necessary to be patient, in order to become master of one's self and others. Impatience, which seems strength and vigour of soul, is nothing but weakness and an inability of bearing pain. He that cannot wait and suffer is like a man who cannot keep a secret ; they both want a firmness of soul to contain themselves ; like a charioteer in a race, whose hand is not strong enough, when it is needful, to stop his fiery couriers : they no longer obey the reins, they rush down a precipice, and the feeble driver with whom they run away, is dashed in pieces by his fall. So an impatient man is hurried by his fierce and unconquerable desires into an abyss of miseries. The greater his power is, the more fatal to himself is his impatience. He waits for nothing, he does not allow himself time to weigh any thing, he breaks through all things to gratify himself ; he tears off the branches to gather the fruit before it is ripe ; he breaks down the doors rather than stay until they are opened to him ; he will needs reap when the wise husband-man sows ; every thing which he does in a hurry and out of season is ill-done, and cannot last longer than his fickle desires. Such are the mad projects of man who thinks he can do every thing, who gives himself up to his impetuous desires, and abuses his power. It is to teach you to be patient, my dear Telemachus, that the Gods do so much exercise your patience, and seem to mock you in the vagrant life wherein they always keep

you in doubt. The good which you hope for shows itself to you, and flies away like an empty dream, which a man's awaking causes to vanish, to teach you that the very things which you think you hold fast in your hands may slip away in an instant. The wise & lessons of Ulysses will not be so useful to you as his long absence, and the hardships you suffer in quest of him.

Mentor afterwards resolved to put Telemachus's patience to a last and yet a severer trial. The moment the youth was running to urge the mariners to hasten their departure, Mentor stopped him on a sudden, and engaged him to offer a great sacrifice to Minerva on the shore. Telemachus readily executes what Mentor desires. Two altars of turf are erected, the incense smokes, and the blood of the victims streams around. Telemachus sends up tender sighs to heaven, and acknowledges the powerful protection of the Goddess. As soon as the sacrifice was ended, he followed Mentor into the gloomy paths of a neighbouring grove, where he suddenly perceived that the face of his friend assumed a new form. The wrinkles of his brow disappear, as shades vanish when Aurora with her rosy fingers opens the gates of the east, and enflames all the horizon. His hollow and severe eyes are changed into eyes of a celestial azure, and filled with a divine fire. His white and uncouth beard disappears. Noble and majestic features, tempered with sweetness and grace, present themselves to the dazzled eyes of Telemachus. He sees a woman's visage

with a complexion more beautiful than a tender flower just unfolded to the sun ; the whiteness of the lily is there blended with the crimson of the opening rose. Eternal youth blooms on her face, with a plain and unaffected majesty. An ambrosial odour is diffused from her flowing tresses. Her vestments glister like the lively colours with which the rising sun paints the dusky vaults of heaven, and gilds the clouds. The Goddess does not touch the earth with her feet, but glides with ease through the air, as a bird cleaves it with his wings. In her puissant hand she holds a glittering spear, that would terrify the most warlike cities and nations ; nay, Mars himself would tremble at it. Her voice is sweet and mild, but strong and insinuating ; all her words are darts of fire, which pierce the very soul of Telemachus, and make him feel a pleasing kind of pain. On her helmet is seen the solitary bird of Athens, and on her breast glitters the formidable Ægis. By these marks Telemachus knows Minerva.

O Goddess ! said he, it is you yourself then who have deigned to conduct the son of Ulysses for the sake of his father !—He would have proceeded, but his voice failed him, and his lips vainly endeavoured to express the thoughts which impetuously rushed from the bottom of his heart. The presence of the Goddess overpowered him, and he was like a man who is so much oppressed in a dream as to lose his breath, and who by the painful agitations of his lips cannot form a single word.

At length Minerva spoke these words : Son

of Ulysses, hear me for the last time. I have never instructed any mortal with so much care as you ! I have led you by the hand through shipwrecks, unknown countries, bloody wars, and all the evils which can try the heart of man. I have shewn you by striking examples the true and false maxims of government. Your faults have not been less useful to you than your misfortunes : for where is the man that can govern wisely, if he has never suffered, and never profited by the sufferings into which his faults have plunged him ? You, like your father, have filled the earth and the seas with your disastrous adventures. Go, you are now worthy to tread in his steps. You have but a short and easy passage to Ithaca, where he is this moment arrived ; assist him in fight, obey him like the meanest of his subjects, and be an example to others. He will give you Antiope for your wife, and you will be happy with her ; because you sought for beauty less than for wisdom and virtue. When you come to reign, place all your glory in renewing the golden age ; hear every body ; believe a few ; be sure not to rely too much on yourself ; be afraid of being deceived, but never be afraid to let others see that you have been deceived ; love your people, and use all means of winning their love. Fear is necessary when love is wanting ; but like the most violent and dangerous medicines, it should always be used with reluctance. Always consider at a distance all the consequences of what you design to undertake ; be careful to foresee the most terrible evils, and know that true cou-

rage consists in facing and despising dangers when they become necessary. He that will not look upon them, has not courage enough to bear the sight of them with tranquillity; he who surveys them all, who avoids all those which may be avoided, and who calmly encounters the rest, he alone is wise and magnanimous. Fly luxury, pomp and extravagance; place your glory in simplicity; let your virtues and good deeds be the ornaments of your person and palace; let them be the guards which surround you, and let every body learn of you wherein true honour consists. Never forget that kings do not reign for their own glory but for the good of their people. The good which they do, descends to the latest ages; the evil which they do, multiplies from generation to generation even to remotest posterity: one bad reign is often the cause of ages of calamity. Be particularly upon your guard against your own humour, an enemy which you will carry every where with you as long as you live, which will intrude into your counsels, and betray you if you listen to her. Humour makes a man lose the most important opportunities; she gives him the desires and aversions of a child to the prejudice of his greatest concerns; she causes his most weighty affairs to be decided by the most trifling reason; she obscures his talents, debases his courage, and renders him unequal, weak, mean and insupportable. Be jealous of this enemy. And, O Telemachus, fear the Gods; this fear is the greatest treasure of the human heart; it comes attended by wis-

dom, justice, peace, joy, unmixed pleasures, real liberty, delightful abundance, and spotless glory

I leave you, O son of Ulysses; but my wisdom shall never leave you, provided you are always sensible that you can do nothing without it. It is time for you to learn to go alone. I was separated from you in Egypt and at Salentum, only to accustom you to live without me, as children are weaned when it is time to take their milk from them, and to give them more substantial aliments.

As soon as the Goddess had ended this speech, she sprung up into the air, and involved herself in a gold and azure cloud, into which she disappeared. Telemachus sighing, amazed and transported, threw himself prostrate on the earth, and lifted up his hands to heaven. He afterwards went and waked his companions, departed, arrived at Ithaca, and found his father in the house of the faithful Eumæus.

End of the twenty-fourth and last Book

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